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THE RAMBLER.

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THE IRISH CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT. CAN WE UPSET IT?

It requires a great deal of skill to make the most of a good grievance. The very best of grievances may be spoiled by want of judicious management. It may be over-worked, or under-worked, or at unfitting times and in unfitting company; or it may be perverted by the aggrieved into a means for blinding themselves, instead of an instrument for confounding their adversaries. And so, instead of being a very valuable gift for the furtherance of political or social strategy, it may turn out not merely a grievance, real or imaginary, but a very serious evil.

We have sometimes thought that we Catholics have not altogether attained perfection in the management of our grievances. This, no doubt, is partly to be accounted for by the fact that so many of them have been not only grievances, but matters of life and death, if not physically, yet politically, socially, and religiously. A man must have acquired some sort of recognised equality with his adversary in order to allow him to employ his grievances to any advantage at all. It is of no use to call out, "Strike, but hear me!" to a villain who does not even say, "Your money or your life," but knocks one down senseless before he proceeds to rifle one's pockets. And as this prostrate condition has been a fair type of the state of Catholics for the greater part of the last three centuries, it is not to be wondered at that we still sometimes mistake the nature of the evils that yet oppress us, and mismanage them to our serious loss.

There is also another way in which those who suffer from a grievance may themselves add to its evils instead of diminishing them; we mean by over-estimating the importance of one injury, and underrating that of another. When a man is galled and stung, almost past endurance, by the pressure

of a complicated wrong, it is not easy calmly to analyse its several parts, and decide on the precise degree of pain and suffering which each element of injustice produces in him. It is, indeed, one of the arts of the tormentor so to agitate and bewilder his victim, as to neutralise his power of resistance by making him waste his strength in indiscriminate blows and unreflecting struggles. The tyrant thus manages at once to cover his own weak points, and to enfeeble the remaining energies of his victim. Yet there is perhaps no situation in human affairs which more urgently demands self-possession and calmness in calculation than that of a man who is striving to rid himself of a cruel wrong. Every mistake he makes is so much gain to his oppressor; who in the mean time husbands his means and watches his time, and never exerts his strength except to rivet the sufferer's chains anew.

It is not difficult to see in what way these truths are applicable to our own proceedings with regard to the Established Church in Great Britain and Ireland. Here we have a state of things which to us Catholics is both a wrong and an evil of the first magnitude. With all the advantages that we derive from living under the British Constitution, as contrasted with the despotism of the Continent, here is a combination of special injustice and practical mischief which is not to be found exactly paralleled in any other European state. We suffer from a double usurpation almost peculiar to the British isles. Elsewhere the same original crimes have been perpetrated with fully as unsparing a hand; elsewhere the State has openly attacked the Church, seized her revenues, destroyed or appropriated her cathedrals, churches, and monasteries; banished and executed her clergy, and made the very practice of Catholicism as a private religion penal. But nowhere else has Protestantism succeeded so fully in usurping the title to all moral, intellectual, and material greatness, and in branding the true faith with just that stigma which makes it specially odious in the eyes of the most influential portion of the people. Doubtless the same game of misrepresentation is played every where. It is the common cant of Protestantism to allege that Popery is identical with intellectual feebleness; that the dignity of man is lowered by his believing in miracles and going to confession to a priest. Still, it is here only that the imposition has succeeded with all that is wisest and best in the non-Catholic portion of the nation. Men of sense and honour abroad, when not Catholics, are often to some extent superior to the anti-Catholic prejudices of the vulgar Protestant mind. But here it is the

reverse. The belief in the degrading influences of Catholicism is wrought into the very texture of the English Protestant brain. The Englishman has imbibed it, often insensibly, with every morsel of intellectual and moral food which has been presented to him. He actually cannot think differently. It shocks all he holds dear and sacred ; it seems to militate against the first truths of reason and all the experience of humanity to look on Popery as any thing but an enslaving, senseless, and debasing superstition. When you force the facts of the past on his notice, he stares like a man who, for the first time, is told that his father was a scoundrel, and his mother no better than she should be. In all sincerity he looks down on Catholics as Pariahs; as another race of beings; as men who, by the laws of morals, must be treated in a different way from the adherents of every other religion on earth. Such is the force of that double usurpation which Protestantism has accomplished in this land of liberty, equality, common sense, and legal justice.

Stung to the quick, however, as we have been, by robbery, spoliation, murder, and outlawry, and witnessing as we do the splendours of our own former possessions now in the hands of our enemies, we are sometimes apt to confuse past wrongs and present evils, and to overlook the working of the most fertile sources of injury to our religion in the present day. The memory recurs again and again to the state of things under which the gigantic crime was originally perpetrated ; and we forget to study the entirely new condition of society under which we are living. Could the old wrong be redressed, we say to ourselves, all would go well with us. And so we bend our energies towards denouncing the crimes of the dead, and flatter ourselves that could we tear from our oppressor those particular possessions which he stole from our fathers ; could we eject him from the position which once was ours,—the real problem of the day would be solved ; and not only Catholics, but the Catholic religion—its faith and its morals—would once more flourish in the land.

Led aside by these pardonable misconceptions, we too often waste ourselves in efforts which are practically worthless, because they can come to no result ; and worse than worthless, because they distract our attention from that course which alone will actually cure the evils we complain of. A sort of unreality stamps itself on our anti-Protestant proceedings, and gives to many of our most serious efforts the appearance of mere party animosity. When we are busied in the cause of Almighty God and of immortal souls, people take us to mean no more than is meant by

an election cry, or the noisy clamourings of selfishness and greediness of gain. We have too often suffered ourselves to be led away, and to be represented to the world, by men who are mere politicians ; who carry " the Catholic cause " into the parliamentary market as so much stock-in-trade, and whose object is their own personal advancement, and not the well-being of the whole body of English and Irish Catholics, as a portion of the English and Irish nation. With these men, of course, the natural plan is, to make the most of those grievances which tell on the hustings, or in Parliament, or at a dinner, or on a platform, or in a letter to a newspaper. That silent and laborious work which tends to raise the Catholic character and to disabuse the better class of Protestants has little charms for them. They want some tangible object for themselves to strike at, while the crowd stands by and applauds their blows. Thus they attain their own ends—notoriety, place, position, pay, or whatever it may be—at little cost of labour to themselves ; while we too credulously accredit them with the character of defenders of the faith, of men of dauntless courage, and patriotic citizens of the great Catholic commonwealth.

The readiest object for political attack is naturally the Established Church of England and Ireland. When a speaker or writer has nothing else to say or scribble, he falls foul of this monstrous institution, bespatters it with the facts and figures of parliamentary blue-books, and winds up with a grand denunciation of its especial iniquity in Ireland, on the ground that the Catholics there are a more numerous portion of the whole people than they are in England. Now of course we have not the smallest objection to any exposure whatever that can be made of the wealth, the absurdities, the inconsistencies of the Protestant Establishment, and especially of the concentrated absurdity of the establishment of a Protestant ministry where there is no flock at all for the hireling to look after. By all means let us lose no opportunity for refreshing the Protestant mind with these interesting facts, and suffer none of the misdoings of established Protestantism to be overlooked or undervalued. We only object to this kind of " Catholic tactics " when it makes us forget the only practicable means for actually upsetting the whole tyranny of Protestantism, and deludes us into assuming principles which we are far from wishing to see carried out.

Here, however, we must pause, to explain what we ourselves hold to be the principles on which our plans for the future should be based in the matter of Establishments and church-property ; for to those who differ from us, all we can

say on mere matters of tactics will be so much waste of words. Until we are agreed in our aims, we cannot agree in our actions. In one word, then, we do not want the revenues of the Established Church, either in England or Ireland. Whether we want their buildings, either all or some of them, is another thing. At any rate, we do not want their tithes, their glebes, their comfortable parsonages, or their episcopal palaces; still less do we want to see our prelates, like their prelates, in the House of Lords. We prefer our poverty to their wealth; our independence to any sort of servitude to the State, however thickly gilt. We want no exclusive privileges. We want to stand on precisely the same level with the professors of all other religions or no-religions. We want equality of rights as citizens, and nothing more; for every thing else we wish to depend on our own capacities, our zeal, our learning, our honesty, and on the protection of God, and on nothing more.

With any scheme, therefore, or agitation, which has for its object the making the Established Protestant clergy change places with our own, we have no sympathy whatever, but the reverse. Whatever might have been said in favour of the State-Establishment of the true religion in past days, we believe that now the balance of argument is entirely against every thing of the kind, at least in countries where Catholicism and the State are not already bound up together. Of these cases we say nothing, as they are not our own, except that, on the whole, we imagine that wherever the separation can be quietly carried out, the better for the cause of true religion, and of good government into the bargain.

It will be concluded at once, then, that we take no interest in those attacks which are made on the Irish Establishment, as distinguished from the English, on the ground that in Ireland Catholicism is the religion of the majority; and which imply that there is comparatively no great harm done by the establishment of Protestantism in England, where Catholics are so few. If these especial assaults are made on the Irish Establishment with any ultimate plan for transferring its revenues to the Catholic clergy, as being the clergy of the majority, for ourselves, we say, rather than hang the incubus of vast and territorial wealth and of State connection on the neck of Irish Catholicism, let the Establishment stand as it is. The harm it does now is most serious; but the harm its riches and position would do, if they were ours, would be tenfold. A well-filled purse may be a powerful enemy, but it is a fatal friend. Modern society is such, and the relations of various religious sects to one another also such, that

the Catholic Church cannot now flourish if placed in the same position which she enjoyed in the middle ages. And how men of good sense and devout intentions, with the knowledge of what medieval wealth brought upon the Church, can sigh for high temporal places for the Catholic priesthood and hierarchy, is a marvel only to be accounted for by the fact that it is hard to believe any difficulties to be so trying as those which beset ourselves. Does any man believe that if the Church had remained comparatively poor and unconnected with the State, the "Reformation" would have taken place? People talk as if this same "Reformation" was the work of Protestants; and forget that it was the work of Catholic prelates, Catholic priests, Catholic monks, Catholic sovereigns, Catholic nobles, and Catholic gentlemen, corrupted to their heart's core *by gold*. Who, then, with all our present disasters, shortcomings, dissensions, and difficulties, can desire to see the palaces of Lambeth, York, Dublin, or Armagh inhabited by the rightful owners, rightful though they be? As to the greater mischiefs supposed to be done to religion by the Irish Establishment than by the English, the notion is very questionable. Undoubtedly it is peculiarly monstrous that all the machinery of a well-endowed parish should be kept up for the benefit of "dearly-beloved Roger," as Swift called his "congregation." And, at first sight, it seems less hard for an English Catholic to see the old Catholic buildings and the old Catholic tithes in anti-Catholic hands, when these anti-Catholics outnumber the resident Catholics as ten or twenty to one. But really the positive *wrong* is just the same in both cases. Whether I am kicked out of my own house in company with one-tenth or with nine-tenths of my neighbours similarly served, the injustice and suffering is the same to me; *I* suffer just the same; I have to pay my full share of the expenses necessary for building and keeping up a new church, and for supporting my own clergy, whether I am one of ten Catholics in a parish, or one of ten hundred; nay, if there is any difference, I who am one of a few am worse off than he is who is one of many; for many people together can carry on any work, whether ecclesiastical or otherwise, at a less cost per head, supposing each individual gains the same benefit in both cases, than can be managed by only a few people acting in concert. We have an illustration in the comparative temporal conditions of the English and Irish Catholic clergy. The English Catholic aristocracy and gentry, as a class, are, at the very least, as liberal in their gifts to the Church as are Catholics of equal rank and wealth in Ireland; but nevertheless, as a body, the Irish priesthood are in

more comfortable circumstances than the English. There are hard cases in Ireland, and there are a few priests in England who are well supported by their flocks; but nevertheless the English clergy find it much harder to live than do their Irish brethren, for this special reason, that Catholics being scattered, the cost of the maintenance of their clergy presses more severely upon them than where Catholics are many.

That the Catholic people of either England or Ireland would be gainers in a pecuniary way by the simple destruction of the Establishment, is simply fiction, except so far as English church-rates go. If tithes were utterly from this hour abolished, the mass of the people would not be one sixpence the richer. The sweeping away of the tithe (whether commuted or not) is simply the transferring of its amount from the present possessors *to the owners of the land*. The occupiers and the people in general would neither gain nor lose one farthing. If the tithes were transferred to the Catholic clergy, that would be quite another thing; but as we have said, may the day be far distant when we thus sow the seeds of corruption in our own body, and prepare Ireland, and England too, for a second "reformation."

All this, however, touches only the money part of the question. The real evil of the Establishment is of a far different nature, and requires to be met by measures of which the upsetting the Establishment itself is but a part. As an antagonist to our religion, and not simply as a rifler of our pockets, the Establishment injures us by fostering in the minds of the British and Irish people an idea that Catholicism is low, ungentlemanly, un-English, unintellectual, lax in morals, and a foe to civilisation and freedom. It is one of the main props of that vast system of misrepresentation by which the true claims of the Church are completely kept out of the sight of nine-tenths of the best members of the social state. It is by means of the Establishment, and through the stimulus supplied by the Establishment, that our books are put upon an *index expurgatorius*, the good deeds of our nuns are unremembered, our clergy are viewed as the hired minions of a foreign and anti-English potentate. It is the Establishment which ever strives to mark us with the ignominious name of "Dissenters," which perpetually whispers doubts of our honour and candour, which makes the respectable and aristocratic consider themselves *disgraced* when a member of their family "becomes a Romanist," as they phrase it. It is the Establishment that keeps up that "reign of terror" which holds so many timid souls in bondage, and terrifies those who are sensitive to ridicule, and gives a cur-

rency to those cant expressions which serve to make the conscientious imagine that they are serving God by stifling the voice of conscience itself. It is the Establishment which pays and feeds ten thousand popes throughout the land, whose very existence depends on the keeping alive the ridiculous old traditions of their immediate ancestors, and who can no more be expected to tell the whole truth than a doctor can be expected to decry drugs, or a butcher to advocate vegetarianism. The Establishment is the correlative of that *quasi-virtue* so dear to the heart of the Englishman and Englishwoman ; we mean, respectability. With such an Establishment, so venerable, so well-conducted, so free from vulgar fanaticism, so well-dressed, with such a liturgy, such anthems, such organs, such choristers, such cathedrals, such parsonages, such a literature, such universities, such college chapels and gardens, such libraries, such degrees, how is it possible that the genuine English mind can conceive it possible that, after all, the whole thing is a spiritual sham, a delusion of the past, a folly and crime of other days, to be swept away in order to make room for the true successors of the Apostles ?

It is, then, in its influence on the popular mind of Great Britain and Ireland that we recognise the grand injury that the Establishment does to the Catholic faith ; we see in it the clever possessor of stolen goods, who, to make sure of his ill-gotten wealth, contrives to blacken the character of its rightful owner, so that when he comes into court for redress he is forthwith turned out as a contemptible lying scoundrel. Of course we do not say that all the Anglican clergy and their adherents *know* what they are doing, when they do all this ; far from it. The old original thieves knew it well enough, and pretty shameless they were ; but their successors, who have inherited their gains, have not, we gladly admit, inherited their consciousness of the crimes they committed. But still, their acts are those of men who utterly misrepresent and malign us Catholics and our creed, and whose undeniable interest it is to prevent the British nation from opening its eyes.

Again, it is the interest of every one who is in any way connected with the Establishment to keep down Popery, as the rival of the Establishment, by branding it with the worst of characters. We never shall estimate rightly the strength of the Establishment if we view it simply or chiefly as a clerical or religious institution ; it is essentially a part of the income of the middle and upper classes of the community ; its welfare is bound up with their welfare in a totally different

way from that in which church-revenues are associated with the general stability of property in Catholic countries. The Catholic clergy and religious bodies, by the simple fact of their celibacy, never can form a large and integral portion of the middle and upper classes like the Anglican clergy. Even in the wealthiest times of the Church, when mitres and abbeys were too often regarded as prizes by a sort of fitness belonging to the clerical members of great families,—even then there was a very large proportion of the clergy who had no ties of blood with the rich and powerful sections of the community. When, therefore, the nobility of the time united with the sovereign to plunder the Church of its possessions, they did not feel that while they took from the Church with one hand, they were robbing themselves with the other. But here in England there is hardly a family of respectability that does not look upon the Establishment as a means for supplying a respectable income, a gentlemanly position, for one or more of its kinsfolk. Whatever damages the Establishment, therefore, is a positive loss to all this immensely numerous class; whatever lowers its respectability, or detracts from its ancient reputation, or robs it of its revenues, is just so much personal injury to nearly the whole body of the English and Irish aristocracy and gentry, and to many of the mercantile and trading classes besides.

It is the overlooking these vast ramifications of the roots of the Establishment in English society which often leads Catholics into erroneous calculations as to its probable stability. We see the cry for church-reform, the coolness with which Parliament rearranges the ecclesiastical revenues, the meekness with which the clergy submit to the doctrinal dictations of temporal courts, and the ridicule cast on their pretensions to be successors of the Apostles by newspaper-writers; and from this we argue that the Establishment is losing its hold on the nation as an institution. Never was there a more illogical deduction. The British aristocracy, gentry, and commercial classes no more uphold the Established bishops as successors of the Apostles than we do. When a man like Henry of Exeter tries the game, with ever such cautiousness, he is forthwith laughed at for his impudence. And as for any pretensions made by the great body of the clergy to *teach* the educated classes of the community what is the undoubted word of God, with the authority of divinely-appointed ministers of *the* gospel,—such things may pass muster with a few female coterie here and there about the country, but they would be the mere jest of ninety-nine out of a hundred *men* of every respectable class.

When the laity cry out for, and carry forward "church-reform," they take the best possible care to preserve the church-possession to the Establishment itself; they are perfectly aware that they are merely rearranging their own property, and making their own servants do their work more properly and decently, so as to neutralise the efforts of Papists and Nonconformists by showing what a practical common-sense affair the Church of England is, after all. Logic and theology have nothing to do with the matter. The governing classes in this country want a good, useful, working institution, thoroughly respectable, knowing its own place, and keeping to its own business, and supplying *them* with some fifteen thousand good places, to be filled by members of their own families, as interest and luck may settle the prizes. We are sometimes simple enough to imagine that if the Maynooth grant were withdrawn, the English Parliament would upset the Irish Establishment, for the sake of consistency. Who ever heard of men giving up an immense number of good places, varying in value from one hundred to eight or ten thousand a-year, for the sake of logical consistency? What on earth do the upper and middle classes of this kingdom care for logical consistency? You might as reasonably expect a national revolution in favour of Mr. Jelinger Symons' crotchets about the moon. With logical consistency on one side, and an annual million sterling on the other, is it in man's nature to hesitate for the infinitesimally smallest fraction of a second? We may rest assured that if the Maynooth grant does go, there will be a year or two's grand hubbub on our part, in which we shall be backed up by the Parliamentary opposition for the time being, whichever political party it may be, and then all will subside again, and we shall be called impudent dogs if we continue to grumble.

We entreat our fellow-Catholics, then, in arranging their plans for upsetting church-establishments, not to suffer themselves to be misled by any superficial view of the facts of the case. Unless we comprehend, not only the theological weaknesses of Protestantism, but also the sources of its political strength, we shall do ourselves more harm than good by miscalculating the means necessary for reducing it to its proper level. It cannot be too urgently repeated, that the strength of Anglicanism, as established in England and Ireland, is *not* a theological and doctrinal strength; and moreover that it is *because* it is thus not theological and dogmatic, that it is so difficult to overthrow. The Establishment is strong, because it embodies just enough of the dogmatic and religious principle, and just enough of the Catholic system generally, to

appear an essentially religious institution, and to answer the purposes of the governing classes; and at the same time furnish good worldly positions to an overwhelming majority of these same ruling castes.

To suppose, therefore, that the Establishment is to be overthrown by mere force of reasoning on logical, or theological, or moral grounds, is clearly absurd. The mass of mankind, rich and poor, English, Irish, and Continental, invariably act on grounds of personal and temporal interest. No man ever yet impoverished himself, except for motives to which nine persons out of ten are utterly insensible. Nothing will ever disendow Anglicanism in England or Ireland but a sheer Parliamentary out-voting of its supporters. And this can never be looked for until in the House of Commons there is a *large* majority of men who have no personal or family interest in the loaves and fishes of the Establishment. A small majority would not suffice; for the Lords would never yield to any thing less than a majority so great and so determined as to terrify them into acquiescence. Such popular commotion as that which carried Catholic emancipation would, of course, have its practical weight in this case but such an agitation as that which carried emancipation would not really disendow Protestantism, because the Lords and Commons are personally far more deeply interested in the Establishment than they were in keeping a few Catholics out of Parliament. Many of the most determined of Protestants laughed at the fanaticism and bigotry of their fellow-religionists, and voted on our side. But a man does not laugh at fanaticism and bigotry when fanaticism and bigotry bring him in five hundred a-year. A family-living is a argument in favour of things as they are as cogent as the mathematical proof that there are two right angles in every triangle.

Practically, then, our conclusion is this: first, that there is no chance whatever of upsetting either the Irish or English Establishment at present; and as a corollary, that we must not waste our strength by expending it on agitations, which can only be desirable on the ground that they will soon succeed in their aim. And secondly, that the best thing that Catholics can do with a view to the future is, personally to take that place in the community which will enable them to come in and join the agitation, when the right hour is come with efficient, nay, with overwhelming force.

To treat, however, these two conclusions a little more in detail. And first, as to the expediency of present political agitation. It may be taken as an undoubted axiom, that

every agitation which fails of attaining its end in a moderate space of time, so far injures the cause it is intended to serve. It emboldens its enemies, and it disheartens its supporters, while it distracts their attention from other and more practically important labours. This, however, is not the case with agitations which are intended to be preliminary, and to last probably a long time, possibly even to be handed on to another generation. These, indeed, can hardly be called agitations. They are conducted by a different sort of machinery; they aim at affecting, on the whole, a different class of people, and they appeal to a different set of motives and passions. They are instructive rather than exciting; they are occupied in informing friends, or people disposed to be friends, rather than in defying or terrifying foes. They do not call for any vast exertion of energy or strength, and can be taken up and laid down, and again taken up, just as opportunity offers, or leisure allows.

Thus keeping ourselves unhampered by any fierce and engrossing present political agitation, we shall have more leisure and energies to devote to the grand duty of strengthening ourselves. Shut out as we have been from those advantages which have made the ruling classes of the empire what they are, our truest wisdom, now that matters are changed, is to strain every nerve to place ourselves on an equality with the most highly favoured and the most efficiently disciplined. If we neglect this first of duties, we shall have little or no weight to throw into the scale when the time is really come for the death-struggle of Establishmentism; we shall no more be a body of vast social influence than we are now, when—whatever may be our deserts—our favour rather injures a cause than upholds it. As things are now, “the Catholic” opinion and action on affairs in general just go for nothing. There have been a few Irish members of Parliament who have had so many votes to bully or support a minister with, but of these the larger portion have been notoriously venal; and now that Mr. Lucas is dead, our representatives are nearly all nonentities or confessed “bores,” which is worse.

To suppose that these evils are to be remedied by talking and agitation, is pure nonsense. There is nothing for it but a vigorous and determined training of ourselves, both rich and poor, combined with a practical readiness to take our places personally in the social and political world as opportunities offer. We must, as the saying is, throw ourselves into our work with all our hearts, and force the world to see what we are by *being* all that we can be. So far as the notions of the

age are good, or even harmless, so far it is for us to accept, appropriate, and act upon them. If we choose to play the Quixote, and take ourselves to be medieval knights, commissioned to assault the whirling mill-sails of modern life, we shall share the fate of the poor Don, and be dashed sprawling on the ground, sorely bruised and utterly discomfited. What the English world is prepared to honour, let us honour, so long as it is allowable. In former days, people associated the ideas of secular splendour with lawful spiritual power. Now-a-days, they recall the poverty of the Apostles, and refuse obedience to those who do not practise the apostolic self-denial. But, at the same time, they connect intellectual cultivation, and all its kindred graces, with the idea of the sacred ministry. They cannot conceive a primitive bishop, living at Lambeth, with fifteen or twenty thousand a-year; but they are convinced that were Saint Paul now alive, he would be a very respectable mathematician, and hold sound views on draining, guano, and the steam-plough. At present, the English mind is filled with the most ridiculous notions about us and our creed. It holds us to be the enemies of freedom, of manliness, of openness, of honour, of industry, of enlightenment, of national prosperity; and on these grounds—far more than on abstract theological reasons—it sets itself to keep us down, and to permit us none of that equality in rivalry which it allows to every other class in the community. To destroy this hostility, it is of no avail to argue till we are hoarse on general grounds. It profits little to prove, that for all these blessings and virtues which the model Englishman so highly prizes he is really indebted to the Catholicism of the middle ages; that the seeds of this very freedom and civilisation were sown six hundred years ago; and that the immediate effect of the “Reformation” was just to throw back the progress of the country towards barbarism and slavery. The English mind has small taste for this sort of reasoning; it is untheoretical, unhistorical, and unscientific. It goes by what it sees, and has a profound suspicion of every thing that has not been tried by itself. It hardly believes in facts, unless they are the facts of to-day, and can be touched, seen, and examined, within the limits of the British isles. We cannot, accordingly, talk or write down the anti-Catholic prejudices of our neighbours. Our only way is, to live them down. We cannot point to Westminster and York Minster, and argue the question as to who *ought* to have them, and who would make the best use of them. They had rather see the noble aisles cold and desolate—and yet in the possession of an institution which they think respectable,

national, and on the whole, learned and intelligent—than turned to practical use by those whom they believe to be priest-ridden simpletons. “If your religion is what you pretend,” they say, “why are you not as a body equal to the highest and ablest in the kingdom? If your Jesuits and Benedictines have done such things for learning as you assert, where are their works, or the works of their pupils, now? If your fathers created our freedom, why are you not found carrying out the system they erected?” It avails nothing to answer these questions by pointing to past penal laws, and to present poverty and paucity of numbers. The Englishman to his other notions about Catholics adds the crowning delusion—that whatever they choose to do they can do. And so he answers his questions for himself, by imputing to us wilful ignorance, wilful slavishness, wilful superstition, and wilful laziness. And he will never accept any other answer, except palpable visible facts, forced on him by the acts of English and Irish Catholics—the living proofs of the erroneousness of his prejudices.

So far, then, as the actual destruction of the Establishment is concerned, we fear there is no hope of it at present. Nothing but an increase of political power in the hands of its enemies can overthrow it; and this increase can come only by so large an extension of the electoral suffrage as to imperil the existence of our whole political constitution, or by *our* gaining, through conversions and the general education of our entire body, such a position in the nation as may counterbalance the interest which the upper classes of society now have in maintaining the Establishment. While the electoral suffrage is, as now, confined to the wealthy and comfortable classes, the Establishment is safe. Dissent will never upset it, because Dissenters almost always join the Establishment when they get rich; or if they do not join it themselves, their children do. Besides this, they would, as a body, rather see the Establishment upheld than Catholicism benefited, unless the gain to themselves would be so great as to make them lose for a time their anti-Popish feelings. Moreover Dissent is now a losing speculation in the country. It has but flimsy theological convictions; its old anti-prelatic fury is marvellously soothed down; it coquets with Gothicism, chantings, and liturgies; its preachers love to look like Anglican clergymen; it aims at being intellectual, polished, gentlemanly; and thus is fast losing that peculiar anti-Anglican spirit which gave it its hold on the fanatical, the discontented, and the rude. To whatever extent it becomes more and more latitudinarian, just so far it sits

easier in the neighbourhood of its endowed rival. Latitudinarianism allows, on principle, astonishing lengths of casuistry in the way of signing articles and creeds without believing them in their grammatical meaning. If it was right in Saint Paul to use the current language of his day, they argue, when he meant something far more enlightened and philosophic, surely we may adopt his forms of speech in Anglican devotions and dogmatic statements, when our meaning is just what *we* say was Saint Paul's meaning. Thus argues modern Socinianism, or Germanism, or "largeness of view," or whatever else be its fashionable title. And thus will Latitudinarianism continue to spread, without damaging the Establishment any where but in its outworks. We Catholics alone can advance in social position, in education, in wealth, in numbers, and yet retain our conviction that the Establishment ought to be abolished for the glory of God and the good of men's souls. Let us, then, bide our time, watching and in patience. Perhaps the day may come, when we least expect it, for the actual attack, the bombardment, and the storming. But in the mean time, let us wisely and securely take up our position, fortify our camp, and train our troops; and then when the hour *is* come, there will be no fear of defeat; the persecutions of three centuries will be avenged, and we shall stand where only we desire to stand—on a footing of perfect equality with the sects that surround us in all their motley multitude.

A MORNING AT THE STAR-CHAMBER.

WE begin our series of records of the sufferings of the Catholics under the penal laws with the report of a trial in the Star-chamber, which originated in the alleged confession of Father Campian at the rack. It is said that the martyr, when stretched on the instrument of torture, trusting to the oath of the rackmasters that no evil should come to the parties named, confessed that he had been at the house of certain Catholics in the county of Northampton. It is further alleged that he afterwards reproached himself for his weakness, and wrote to a fellow-prisoner, Mr. Pound, that he had confessed only the names of the persons at whose houses he had been,

but not a word of their secrets. This letter (whether true or forged) was intercepted; and, together with the confession, became the ground of the following trial, so far as Lord Vaux, Sir Thomas Tresame, and Sir William Catesby are concerned. The other parties, the Gryffyths and Powdrel, were named with more circumstance in the alleged confession; and when taken up were found, by their own admission, to have really entertained Campian and his companions. They were then joined in one batch with the rest, that the direct proof in their case might serve to prejudice the case of the others, who seem to have been put down in the alleged confession simply because they were the chief recusant families of the county of Northampton, which Campian chiefly frequented. We ourselves have no hesitation in expressing our belief that the confession was a forgery, and known to be so by most of the judges; and that the denials of Lord Vaux, Tresame, and Catesby, were perfectly true. We found our opinion not only on the known characters of the parties, and the proofs which we hold of the perjury of the witnesses to the confession in other matters, but also on the deportment and characters of Sir Thomas Tresame and his companions, as well as on other grounds, which we hope to have an early opportunity of explaining more at length.

We hope that none of our readers will be frightened at the prolixity of the following report. Independently of the interest which every Catholic ought to feel in the details of the sufferings of the confessors of the faith, as Englishmen we ought to be proud of the noble stand which these accomplished gentlemen made for the dearest liberties of our country. The just reader will acknowledge that the services which are always attributed to such men as Hampden, were in reality performed before him by Tresame and his companions. They were not so happy as Hampden, in lighting the conflagration which destroyed the oppressor; but they have the greater merit of having suffered not only for religion, but also for the best rights of Englishmen, which they claimed with an amount of boldness and eloquence seldom to be found in defendants before such a dreaded tribunal as that of the Star-Chamber, and in such times of rampant injustice as the days of Queen Elizabeth.

At the Court of Starre-Chamber, Wednesday the
20th November 1581.*

Where were set in order the Lords Chancellor, Chamberlain,

* Harleian Ms. 859.

Leicester, Cromwell, Buckhurst, Hunsdon, Norrys; Sir Francis Knolls, Treasurer; Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Chief-Justice of England; the Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, and the Chief Baron.

The prisoners at the bar were Lord Vaux,* Sir Thos. Tresame,† Knt., Mr. Powdrell, Mrs. Gryffyth of Bucks, and her husband's brother, Mr. Ambrose Griffyth. All these came from the Fleet together, and were brought to the bar between nine and ten o'clock in the morning.

Sir Wm. Catesby,‡ Knt., was brought from the King's Bench; whose warning of coming thither was very late. The Lord Vaux and Sir T. Tresame had been heard before his coming to the Star-Chamber.

The queen's counsel was Popham, the attorney-general; Eger-ton, the solicitor; and Mr. Cenant, who spoke nothing.

The attorney gave evidence against the prisoners, with a long exordium of the happy reign of the queen; showing what a malicious enemy the Pope was, who had stirred the rebellion§ in the north; who sent in the excommunication with Shelton;|| who sent in Maynie;¶ who stirred the late rebellion in Ireland;** and who now had sent in renegade Jesuits and seminary priests, the very seed of sedition. Among whom was one Campian,†† who had been received sundry times in the houses of Lord Vaux, Sir T. Tresame, Sir W. Catesby, Mr. Powdrell, and Mrs. Griffyth.

Then against Lord Vaux, Sir T. Tresame, and Sir W. Catesby, he further gave in evidence, that they, being examined thereof, did deny it; who, being required by the council to confirm it by an oath, refused it: who then charged them on their allegiance to swear, but they refused it. Whereupon he urged the contempt; but he neither produced for that warrant of law nor precedent.

* William, third Lord Vaux, of Harrowden, Northamptonshire, married to Mary, aunt of Sir T. Tresame. A most generous assister of priests, in spite of the persecution he endured on their account. *Ob.* 1595.

† Sir T. Tresame, of Rushton, Northamptonshire, born 1544; knighted by Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth. Confined for a long time for recusancy in Wisbeach Castle. In 1597 he had been already three times in custody. He was an accomplished scholar, and no contemptible architect. His son, Francis Tresham, joined in the Gunpowder Plot.

‡ Sir Wm. Catesby, of Ashby Leger, Northamptonshire, was brother-in-law of Sir Thos. Tresame, and father of Robert Catesby, the author of the Gunpowder Plot. He had a house in Southwark, where he hospitably entertained many of the persecuted Catholics.

§ 1569.

|| Felton, hanged for publishing the bull of S. Pius V., Aug. 8, 1570.

¶ Cuthbert Mayne, the proto-martyr of the Seminaries, suffered Nov. 29, 1577.

** The rebellion of Fitzmaurice and Desmond, 1579-80.

†† Campian, a gentleman of a Northamptonshire family, which furnished several incumbents to parishes in that county, both before and after the Reformation. He was originally a clergyman of the Establishment, of St. John's College, Oxford; and after his conversion, joined the Society of Jesus. He was enthusiastically admired by all persons that knew him, and finished a saintly life by a glorious martyrdom, Dec. 1, 1581, eleven days after this trial. (See Challoner's *Missionary Priests*, No. 5.)

Against Mr. Powdrell he urged, that he also, being by the council required to swear to certain articles, likewise refused to swear to the interrogatories, unless he might first see them.

Against Mrs. Griffyth and her brother, in that they, being examined before him, the said attorney, refused to swear.

The evidence read in that behalf was a confession of Mr. Campian's at the rack in August last, before the lieutenant of the Tower,* Norton,† and Hammon. The content whereof was that he had been at the house of Lord Vaux sundry times; at Sir T. Tresame's house; at Mr. Gryffyn's of Northampton, where also the Lady Tresame then was; and at the house of Sir W. Catesby, where Sir T. Tresame and his lady then were. Also at one time when he was at Lord Vaux's, he said that Lord Compton was there; but not mentioning conference with them, or the like.

Also to enforce this there was a letter produced, said to be intercepted, which Mr. Campian should seem to write to a fellow-prisoner of his, namely Mr. Pound; wherein he did take notice that by frailty he had confessed of some houses where he had been, which now he repented him, and desired Mr. Pound to beg him pardon of the Catholics therein, saying that in this he only rejoiced that he had discovered no things of secret.

Then the court demanded of the Lord Vaux what he could answer herein, and whether he confessed or denied this to be true which for the queen had been given in evidence against him.

Lord Vaux, making an humble and lowly obedience, offered to speak; but Lord Leicester (as it seemed), disliking of some want of duty or reverence therein, something said (as we guessed) touching the same to the lord chancellor.

Lord Chancellor. My lord, doth it become you so unreverently to presume to make answer with only bowing of your leg, in so high an offence as this is that you have committed against her majesty? No, it little beseemeth you, and greatly is to be disliked.

Lord Vaux. My lords all, if I have failed in any part of my duty, I humbly pray pardon; for I had intention not to offend therein (God is my judge). And the rather I hope you will pardon it in me, who through ignorance have committed this error, being erst never acquainted with the answering of any like cause in this or any other court. (All this he spake upon his knee; and so continued kneeling all the time of his answer, and so likewise the residue.)

Ld. Chan. Answer to the matter that her majesty's attorney hath charged you withal. Do you confess it or deny it?

* Sir Owen Hopton, a great persecutor of the Catholics; but who made much money out of them, by charging Government for their keep long after death had removed them from his custody.

† A miscreant who was M.P., and who drew up many of the bills against Catholics; but who got into prison in March, in the year 1582, for a libel against the Bishops of the Establishment. While in prison he wrote a letter to the lords of the council, in apology for his cruelty in torturing Campian and Briant, which we intend to publish as soon as we have an opportunity.

Ld. V. My lords, I acknowledge all to be true that I am charged withal concerning my refusal to swear, and withal do affirm my examination, taken before Sir Walter Mildmay, to be true; offering now, as always heretofore I have done, to depose to any interrogatories that concern my loyalty to her majesty, or duty to the State, requiring only to be exempted from deposing in matters of conscience, which, without offending of my conscience grievously, I may not consent to do: with further offer that if I be not a most true and faithful subject to her majesty, show me no favour, but cut me off forthwith; at whose commandment my goods, my lands, and my life ever hath been and ever shall be ready in all duty to be employed. And as to the receiving of Mr. Campian (albeit I confess he was schoolmaster to some of my boys), yet I deny that he was at my house. I say that he was not there to my knowledge; whereof reprove me, and let me be punished with the punishment I deserve.

Ld. Chan. You have denied it unsworn; why do you refuse to swear it? Nay, you were but required to say it upon your honour, and withal but to your knowledge; and favour you had also showed you, that Campian's examination in that point was read unto you, wherein he confessed to have been at your house.

Lord Vaux answers that a nobleman's affirmation on his honour is the same as an oath; and he refused it, for fear of its being impeached by untrue accusations.

Ld. Chan. You see he hath said herein what he can. You may proceed with Sir T. Tresame.

Ld. V. Thus much I humbly pray, that if I have committed any offence herein, you would not impute it to contemptuous obstinacy, but rather to fear of offending my conscience.

Ld. Chan. Sir T. Tresame, what say you to that which Mr. Attorney-General hath charged you withal; is it true or false?

Sir T. Tresame, making humble and low reverence to the court, kneeled down upon his knee, and made his defence as followeth:

Mr. Attorney, you have charged me generally with sundry times receiving of Mr. Campian. I pray you limit the times and place, that my answer may be particular and direct.

The attorney caused Mr. Campian's confession to be read in that behalf; which being finished, Sir T. T. answered:

Being hitherto brought unto this bar by order of this honourable court, necessity now forceth me to plead my own defence, since none other will, or may; who being wholly unfraught of skill or art, and wholly unexperienced to speak before so honourable and great an assembly, and never practised heretofore to make answer in the like cause, and withal meanly—yea, too too meanly—indebted to nature for her gifts, even which I find to be marvellously impaired with my now many months' imprisonment; which being mere contrary to my ever heretofore liberty at large, hath wrought no small alteration in me; wherefore I am in all humility and duty most humbly to beseech your honours that if any thing escape me

which beseemeth me not, that in respect of my more than many aforesaid defects, your good lordships, of your great benignity, will pardon the same in me, or else give me leave to expound myself, who hath intention to satisfy, and in no wise further to move offence unto you, right lowly beseeching you to carry in memory what St. Augustine saith: *Lingua ream non facit nisi mens rea*—which I protest is not in me.

Mr. Attorney, you have with great skill inferred my offence, wherein if I were faulty in the same nature and form as you have charged me, worthily I ought to be punished; but I doubt not but to make it otherwise to appear. A great part of your speech concerneth me not; wherefore I will answer to those points which chiefly do concern myself, wherein I have to make answer only to two points: the one for the receiving of Mr. Campian in such sort as you have charged me; the other in contemptuously refusing to swear.

These being the several parts whereto I should answer, whether is it your lordships' pleasure that I shall answer to one or both? being ready to yield you sufficient answer to them both; for he who hath innocency for his advocate can never be taken unprovided.

Upon this demand, Lord Leicester moved towards the lord chancellor, and so likewise the attorney; whereupon presently the chancellor commanded Sir T. Tresame to speak to the contempt only.

Sir T. T. Then I trust I am acquitted of the receiving of Mr. Campian, wherewith I was charged by Mr. Attorney, in that I have denied it, and am ready to yield proof thereof; and that your lordships will not have me to answer thereto, but to the contempt only. Wherein I being delivered of the principal and original supposed offence, I make no question but my offence then in not swearing will greatly be extenuated, if not wholly avoided; for hardly—nay, impossibly—may that which is framed upon the foundation stand, when the foundation itself is removed and taken away from it. Wherefore (under correction of the court) I take the offence to be either nothing or else very little, if I refuse to swear to discover the thing that is of itself no offence at all.

But before I enter to answer of the contempt, may it please you to grant me, that whatsoever I shall be necessarily occasioned to plead in my defence, that you will not deem it in me presumption or arrogance that I intend thereby to persuade the court to be of my mind and opinion; but to make manifest only that I have not persevered of any obstinate undutifulness, but induced thereto by great reason and authority, seeming in my weak opinion unanswerable; wherein if I have failed, I humbly pray to be reduced forth of my errors by your singular knowledge and deep judgment, and then shall I be most ready to accept of that oath which now in no respect I may. And for my warrant herein (under your correction I say it) I have the express word of God not to be controlled, the opposition of the received doctors of the Church not to be denied,

the practice of the primitive Church when she was in most purity, by examples of glorious martyrs to us faithfully testified, and by probable reason not to be gainsaid; the one inhibiting me upon pain of present worldly shame, the other upon peril of future eternal damnation, which be two principal inhibitions to any honest Christian.

And inasmuch as all laws ought to be guided by God's law, and all our actions ought to take their directions thence, I will begin with my warrant out of God's word, which if I shall sufficiently prove, I shall trouble you the less, and shall not need to travel for further proof in any of the other authorities, the same of itself being most sufficient to free me from all suspect of contempt. My contempt consisteth in refusing to swear whether Mr. Campian, a Jesuit, was in my house, did say Mass, or preach there, who were present thereat, and such-like; all which tendeth to the discovery of the practice of a religion which is not warrantable in this State, and which by the laws now in force is penal. In this case, I said, even if I were faulty (as I protest I am most faultless), yet I might not accuse unsworn; *à fortiori* not swear therein; *nam qui jurat aliquid illicitum cum animo faciendi bis peccat*. Wherefore I make no question but that it is unlawful in this case to accuse, and more unlawful to swear. And because an oath herein is demanded of me, I first will seek what is an oath, and what is incident and proper to an oath; each of which being indifferently considered, it shall manifestly appear that to refuse to swear herein is no contempt at all.

St. Augustine, treating *de verbis Apostoli, Ante omnia nolite jurare*, proposeth this question now in hand; and also answereth himself, *Quid est juramentum nisi jus reddere Deo quando per Deum juras?* If, then, I am bound by my oath *jus reddere Deo*, I must heedfully foresee that with circumspection I do not the thing not lawful or inconvenient to be done; for such things be not due to God. And in the 4th of Jeremias we plainly are taught what is incident to an oath, without which no oath ought to be taken. The words be, *Et jurabis, dicit Dominus, in veritate, justitiâ et judicio*. The exposition whereof very briefly, but withal most pithily, the schoolmen do signify: *Judicio caret juramentum incautum: veritate mendax; justitiâ iniquum et illicitum*.

If, then, we be taught by God's word, that of necessity those three, viz. Truth, Justice, and Judgment, must all concur in an oath, which reason also teacheth us that they ought; and if this exposition of the learned schoolmen and deep divines be not denied, which is that an indiscreet oath wanteth judgment, a false oath wanteth truth, and an unlawful and unrighteous oath wanteth justice, and that without them no oath is to be accepted,—then, in this my present case, suffer me to lay open to this court, that not one but sundry of these three principles and maxims incident to an oath be wanting; that is, both *judicium* and *justitia*; either of which is sufficient to free me from my accused contempt. Wherefore, as they be placed in the words of the prophet so do I begin my defence with them. Therefore first to *judicium*, which I will but briefly

touch, relying especially to prove it *illicitum et contra justitiam*, which when I descend unto I doubt not but to make most evident.

Judicium is requisite in an oath ; and an unadvised or improvident oath doth want judgment, which of necessity must be wanting if I depose herein. For if I swear falsely, I am perjured ; if by my oath I accuse myself, I am condemned to the penalty of the law and displeasure of my prince, which is contrary to the law of nature *seipsum perdere* ; if I swear truly, then I lay myself wide open to perjury, because Mr. Campian hath oppositely accused me in the affirmative ; lastly, if I swear as he hath confessed, I thereby should record myself before no meaner witnesses than your honours to be an egregious liar, to affirm one thing before you unsworn, and by oath before you to swear the contrary. Secondly, I should greatly sin uncharitably to belie him, to make him and myself both guilty by my oath, who to my knowledge are most innocent,* which I am by God's word expressly forbidden. Lastly, I should commit a grievous sin, to swear against the knowledge of my own conscience, wherein *perhiberem meæ conscientie falsum testimonium*.

Thus being plunged in this peril, which by no means I may escape, I then humbly pray judgment of the court whether I should not want judgment indiscreetly to depose herein ; which if it be wanting, as doubtless it is, then am I by the authority of this holy prophet not to be condemned, but to be commended in not swearing, for to swear when *judicium* is wanting is forbidden : *non tentabis Dominum Deum tuum*.

Mr. Attorney. My lords: it appeareth that Sir Thomas Tresham, upon the excommunication of the Pope, doth not hold you lawful judges, and therefore you want *judicium* in ministering of an oath ; and I know it to be true that by a book which I have seen (which is common amongst the Papists), the Pope hath forbidden to swear *quousque* ; and this is his reason of refusal to swear, and the daily practice of this court is, if one refuse to swear, he is punished by the court for the contempt.

Ld. Chan. Sir Thomas, herein wanteth not *judicium*, which is requisite in an oath, when we authorised magistrates do offer you an oath, which in duty you are to swear unto.

Sir T. T. Mr. Attorney, you do me wrong ; you reason *ex falsa hypothesisi*. I derive no argument from any excommunication ; neither do I say, or give you occasion to say, that I hold not your honours lawful magistrates to administer an oath ; but it pleaseth you to suppose so, and then to make answer to your own supposition ; but to my argument you have answered nothing, for if you understand me, I reason only that *judicium* is wanting in me and not wholly in them, if I should swear herein, which still I affirm. And as for your book and *quousque*, I protest I never heard of any such ; or, if I had, what had it been to the purpose, when I take my original and ground simply forth of the Scripture ; and as to your precedent, it maketh

* Sir T. T. seems here to hint his suspicions of the alleged confession being a forgery.

with me and not against me, for in that case —. [Here he was interrupted.]

Mr. Solicitor. I will prove to you directly, that in this oath is *judicium, veritas et justitia*; and thus I prove it. The magistrates have lawful authority to minister an oath to you; and they tender it you in *judicio*, and therefore also in *veritate et justitia*.

Sir T. T. Sir, I grant that these magistrates be lawful magistrates, and therefore may tender an oath; but in this I said I ought not to depose, because *judicium* should be wanting in me, in whom it specially ought to be in; for though it ought to be in both, yet principally it ought to be in the party deposed, for the magistrate cannot be perjured in ministering of the oath, but he only who deposeth. Therefore chiefly it behoveth him to see that *judicium jurantis* be not wanting, which the express words of Scripture do teach, saying, *Et jurabis*, &c., speaking to him that is to take the oath, and not to him that ministereth it; wherefore I still affirm that in *judicio*, which in this place is discretion, I cannot take this oath, and therefore I ought not.

Sir Walter Mildmay. Sir T. T., I then perceive that you think it as needful to have *judicium jurantis* in an oath as to have *judicium* in the magistrate.

Sir T. T. Yea, sir; and I think it much more needful in that party than in the magistrates; for it concerneth him most, who may take most detriment by it, which is the party to be deposed.

Sir Walter Mildmay. By this argument, then, every deponent may refuse if he see *judicium* to be wanting in the things he should depose unto.

Sir T. T. In every such case I make no question but the party to be deposed doth better to refuse to swear, yea though he refuse to swear when in true judgment he ought to swear; for in refusing to swear in such a case as is a mere temporal demand, is but a temporal contempt; but to swear to such a lawful act against the judgment of his conscience is unlawful and a great sin, and hereof divines make no doubt.

Ld. Chan. If your lordships think good, I would minister an oath to him by what means he cometh to these instructions out of the doctors; and I hold it requisite to tender him an oath herein.

Sir T. T. With good will, if it please your honours; but that shall not need; for the same parties that instructed me be still in my study; which is the Bible, St. Augustine, Soto *de jure et justitia*, and Naner in his cases of conscience, and the *Summa* of St. Thomas: let them be perused, and the notes on those places with my own hand will manifest whence I had them.

Ld. Hunsdon. You have greatly deceived me; I had thought you had not been so well studied in divinity as it now seemeth you are.

Sir T. T. My study is little; yet the most time I employed in study is in divinity, and very little had I profited if in so clear a case as this I could not have avouched express authority to prove this no contempt in refusing to swear.

Ld. Chan. Why, then, you will swear to nothing, or but to what you list; this smelleth somewhat of the Anabaptistical opinion.

Sir T. T. There is none in this great assembly more free from that detestable opinion than I am; for I know the Scripture, both in the Old and New Testaments. *Juravit Dominus, et non pœnitebit eum, &c. Per meipsum juro, dicit Dominus. Per gloriam vestram, fratres, quotidie morior. Deum invoco super animam meam, &c.* Also the place of Jeremias, by me avouched, doth testify no less: *Et jurabis, &c.* saith the prophet; that is, not "thou shalt not swear," but "thou shalt swear," with this limitation, so it be in verity, discretion, and justice. And to free me from all such suspect, I appeal to my Lord of Leicester, to whom, with my lord chamberlain, and my lord treasurer, now absent (who were the three that committed me), I did send sundry articles, whereto I offered to depose, which I beseech you to produce to the court, because I wrote them only to you three, and here I have now many more judges, who, it seemeth, did never see them, and do condemn me deeply in that I will not swear at all (which is very untrue), whom it behoveth me also to satisfy therein now, as you then.

Ld. Leicester. Sir T. T., you were not best to have them showed; for I promise your lordships they will make most against him.

Sir T. T. My good lord, I beseech you, notwithstanding that, to show them to the court; for I am the man that did write them, that did send them, that did premeditatedly deliberate upon them, that still do justify them; and I am he who, if I therein have erred, must bear the blame of them. Therefore I humbly pray this justice of both your honours, to whom I did write them.

Ld. Chamberlain. (I was somewhat far off from my lord chamberlain; but I take it he said that indeed he heard of sundry articles, but did never see them.)

Ld. Leicester. I confess you did set down sundry articles whereto you offered to depose, but that was in effect to nothing; and as for those articles, I assure your lordships I have them not here, otherwise I willingly would produce them in court.

Sir T. T. By your lordship's favour, I pray to put you in remembrance of them, which I know to be far otherwise; for therein I offer not in effect to swear to nothing, but almost to every thing. I offer to depose to any thing concerning my loyalty to her majesty, and to any matter of state whatsoever, and not only what my actions and speeches therein have been, but also with what intention I have done them. And furthermore, what even my thoughts have been of any acts past, present, or in future time to be done by me, as more at large in those articles most manifestly appeareth, wherein I am so far from swearing nothing in effect, that I dare to say that hitherto never subject during her majesty's reign did at any time depose to the like or so largely. And because my lord saith he hath not them present, and that it behoveth me to satisfy the court herein, I humbly pray license of the court that this, a true copy thereof, may publicly be read in the court.

Ld. Leicester. It is very true that his articles be to that effect ; but in his conclusion of them, he doth affirmatively put down his resolution that he will accuse no Catholic in cases of conscience.

Ld. Hunsdon. Then now you are contented to swear, I perceive. Why would you not before ?

Sir Francis Knolls. Your swearing now, I can tell you, will not avoid the contempt ; albeit it is better for you to yield than persevere.

Sir T. T. I am ready now to depose as much as I then offered, and then as now ; which is briefly, as Lord Leicester signified, to all things of allegiance and state ; but not to accuse any Catholic in cases of conscience only, which I still affirm, and which more particularly and fully appear in these articles, which I pray may be read in the court.

Ld. Chan. You that are so full of Scripture, do not you know that the Scripture commandeth you to be obedient to your superiors ? which it seemeth you little do understand.

Sir T. T. My good lord, I know it right well, and hold it a strict commandment for me dutifully to obey and religiously to observe ; yet your lordship knoweth that some things be proper to God, others to Cæsar, which we may not confound ; but in this, it being no mere temporal demand, but a matter in conscience, and thereby concerning my soul, I mean to have such special regard thereto in this my oath before you, as I may be able to make my account before Almighty God at the dreadful day of judgment.

Ld. Hunsdon. If it please your honours to call to remembrance, Sir Thomas Tresham yielded a reason even now why he might not swear ; for he said if he did swear falsely he should be perjured, and therein indeed he said very truly ; and so it seemeth to me that he fully hath satisfied the court why he will not swear.

Sir T. T. It is very true that I said if I did swear falsely I should be perjured ; but that I said that was my reason why I would not swear, I utterly deny ; for had you remembered the words and reason immediately following, I had left you small scope to play upon me. For, may it please your honour and your honours all, at that time when I yielded sundry instances to prove that I could not *in judicio* take this oath, I propounded, if I did swear falsely I were perjured ; and if I did swear truly, I should lay myself wide open to perjury, because Mr. Campian had affirmatively accused me ; and if I did accuse myself by mine own oath, I should condemn myself against the law of nature and God's law ; lastly, if I should swear as Mr. Campian had said, wrongfully I should accuse him and myself both, also record myself before you to be an egregious liar ; and above all, in so swearing, *perhiberem meæ conscientiæ falsum testimonium*, which is a great sin ; which, then, I trust, without offence, I may boldly affirm, that my reason why I refuse to swear is not for fear of perjury in false forswearing, but that I cannot in this labyrinth swear, but fall into one of the perils and inconveniences aforesaid, which if it may not be eschewed, then can there not be *judicium*

jurantis in me; and therefore, by the authority of the prophet, I ought not to swear in this point.

Ld. Chan. You argue ignorantly, and it seemeth you are taught a lesson; but you have not well carried it away. How can you lay yourself open to perjury, when Campian is not deposed? will not your oath be always of more validity than Campian's accusation? Your speech is herein to little purpose.

Sir T. T. Under the correction of the court, I suppose I have reason to say that if I should swear contrary to Mr. Campian's testimony, I should offer myself to the peril of perjury, were my oath most true. And that is most evident—which lesson I have learned of reason only. That Mr. Campian hath not made his accusation by oath is more than I erst heard; for I hear nothing of him (myself being close prisoner) but what I hear reported by you. Notwithstanding it is not unlikely but that you would have had him testify by oath, seeing you will not be satisfied with my confession, nor my betters, but by oath. Wherefore I have reason to think he was deposed, and accordingly to misdoubt the inconvenience that thereby might grow to me. But admit that he be not yet deposed, it is to be thought that he will testify this his accusation when time shall serve by oath, as well as in this sort to confess it and to accuse me. Well, take it in the weakest sort that may be, and it shall be always a most strong evidence against me to haste me to the pillory, there infamously to lose my ears; for if I swear to the contrary, my deposition is of record, so likewise is his accusation. Mine is but a bare negative; and in these cases a man cannot purge himself by his own oath. Every offender will say no; and therefore that is no proof, nor yet worthy of much credit. But on the contrary part, the proof lieth directly, as he sweareth affirmatively that he was in my house, that he lay in my house, and in what chamber of my house; and had talk with me, and what talk, and such-like. In this case (I say), suppose that he neither sweareth, nor is present to testify it, nor hath none else that will concur in testimony with him; yet inasmuch as the same is for the queen, and against me, a disgraced person, with many enforcements which by men of skill may be urged, as not likely that a man of so great expectation and learning would come so many miles to my house, and would not discover himself to me being a Catholic, and especially he being a priest would not wrongfully accuse a Catholic, with such-like;—in this case, I say, what jury—nay what most indifferent jury—would not condemn me to be falsely perjured? Which evidence seemeth potent with you, that you deem his testimony true and mine false. Wherefore I think I have great reason to say as I already have alleged, and to eschew by all means possible so apparent and prepared a ruin of my credit and loss of my ears. Which reason of mine not only soundeth probable (I hope) in the ears of all your honours, but also of this great assembly here present. Wherein I should greatly want *judicium* to swear, if I had no other point to stand on but only this. There having been sundry other

also by me probably alleged, and namely that this is [not] a mere temporal demand, but a case of conscience, therefore it is against *judicium* to swear herein.

Ld. Chan. To yield account by your oath whether that Campian was at your house is a civil cause, and you forget yourself too much to refuse to swear thereto.

Sir T. T. Under your lordship's favour, I deny this to be a mere temporal demand; for I was examined whether Mr. Campian was at my house, whether he said Mass, and such-like; only inquiring after causes of religion, and never of causes of state, or mere temporal demands, unto which I never refused to depose, nor yet do.

Ld. Leicester. We examined you only whether Campian was at your house, and because you denied it, we proceeded no further with you; therefore you cannot plead for yourself what we in your opinion would have demanded of you; therefore this is but a shift.

Sir T. T. My lord, if it be a shift, it is a true shift, and that shall I duly prove sundry ways; witnesseth first Sir Walter Mildmay, in my first examination before him, by virtue of the council's letters.

Sir Walter Mildmay. I did not examine you whether Campian did say Mass, or preach, or such-like, because you denied he was at your house, which first I should have known.

Sir T. T. Sir, may it please you to call to remembrance that I was examined upon seven articles, which you showed me, and your warrant for them from the council; among which principally I should have answered unto matters of religion and conscience, and nothing of state at all; and among other this general article was one, what Masses I had heard any priest to say, or by report did hear any to have said; whereto I answered: and I think you will grant that if I had confessed his being in my house, you would then particularly have demanded what Masses and such-like I had heard him say, for so were your instructions which I did see. Also, since my coming to prison, I sending to the court to know to what articles I should depose, answer was returned me from some of her majesty's council, only to swear whether Mr. Campian was at my house, whether he preached and said Mass, and who were present thereat. Also, since my coming to the bar, it was my position at the first, whereupon I framed my defence, which till now was not denied. Lastly, I see that one of my fellows at the bar, which confessed his being at his house, was also examined only whether he said Mass, preached, and such-like, and who was thereat present. Wherefore it cannot be denied that this is no mere temporal demand, but only a case of conscience, which being granted, I ought not to depose herein.

Ld. Leicester. Is it not only a civil cause to ask for Campian? What if it be added also whether he said Mass; what religion is in this case?

Sir T. T. Your question, as your honour avoucheth it, is no mere civil cause, because the principal thing you inquire is whether, according to his vocation, he hath practised a religion not warrantable by our present laws. And, my lord, what you make of a Mass

I know not, but I never heard it accounted of any but a mystery in religion, which being annexed to the inquiry of Mr. Campian, most plainly maketh the difference between a temporal demand and this case; which being, then, a cause of conscience, I offer myself to be judged of any divine, old or new, Catholic or Protestant—I refuse none—whether I ought to swear herein; and so far as they shall yield that by God's law I ought, so far I will depose.

Ld. Chan. My lords, I would willingly (if you so think good) minister an oath to him here in court, how he cometh by these instructions in divinity; for it were not well he should pass away in this sort.

Sir T. T. My good lords, I am right sorrowful that necessity forcing me to make my defence, and having yet scant touched the same, that in so little saying I should so much offend you; wherefore I, perceiving that in that which I have to say I should offend more, I will forbear to proceed to prove it *illicitum*, and therefore *contra justitiam* (whereof I have invincible proofs). And so in silence do refer the same to the consideration of this honourable court, being prepared with obedient patience contentedly to endure what herein shall be imposed upon me.

This ended, Sir T. Tresame, all this time kneeling, did rise up, making a lowly and humble obeisance to the court.

Ld. Chan. Mr. Powdrell, what do you answer hereto; do you confess it in the same sort as you are charged, or no?

Mr. Powdrell. My lords, I deny that part of Lord Shrewsbury's testimony of my confession, wherein he saith I came to the latter ending of the Mass; for I neither did so, neither did I say so. Also the day of the receiving of Mr. Campian into my house is not set down as in truth it was; for it was the 8th of January, which was four days before that day which is set down in Lord Shrewsbury's certificate. But that I have received Mr. Campian, I have confessed it; and I hope I have not offended therein, for bestowing a night's lodging on him who sometime did read to me in the university, and by whom I did never know evil.

Ld. Leicester. Your lordships may see how bold he is to deny that which Lord Shrewsbury himself hath testified under his own hand; and that he came to the latter ending of Mass—to the kissing of the pax; which I am sure you thought worth the kissing.

Mr. P. May it please your honours, I must deny it, because it is untrue. If I had done it, I would have confessed it; but this was the confession of Mr. Sacheverell, and not of me.

Mr. Attorney. For the difference of the days, that you did take exception unto, it altereth not the case.

Mr. P. Thus much it changeth the case, that I say it was done two days before the proclamation of Mr. Campian; and by that certificate it should be two days after the proclamation when Mr. Campian came to my house.

Ld. Chan. What say you to your refusing to swear; can you deny it, I did offer the oath to you?

Mr. P. I confess your honour did so; to whom I answered, that I would not depose unless I might first see the interrogatories whereto I should swear.

Ld. Chan. At that time I declared unto you that you should answer to nothing but to such as concerned her majesty.

Mr. Attorney. Your lordships see that he confesseth that he refused to swear unless he might first see the interrogatories wherewith he is charged. If it please you, I will proceed to another of the prisoners, *Mrs. Gryffyth*. This gentlewoman hath been a great receiver of Campian and Parsons, and many the like, as one of her husband's brothers hath confessed, sometimes by the names of Foster, Colt, &c.; and this as well before the proclamation as after. And thither were they brought by one Morryce, sometime a schoolmaster, a common conductor of such. This gentlewoman, being examined before me, refused to answer upon her oath.

Ld. Chan. What say you to this? Why did you refuse to swear?

Mrs. Gryffyth. My lords, an oath is a thing of great importance, and I do not know the danger thereof; therefore, as one scrupulous in conscience, and being afraid to swear for offending of my conscience, indeed I refused to swear, which I acknowledge.

Mr. Attorney. My lords, this gentlewoman's house hath been the ordinary house to receive them and such-like; and I have heard that it is rare to find such a house for that purpose. It standeth absent from other houses; there is a wood of a mile long adjoining to it, and it is moated about, and yet sundry secret ways to escape out, as *Mr. Blunt*, that standeth thereby, can inform you.

By this time was *Sir W. Catesby* brought in from the King's Bench, to whom was read the accusation of *Mr. Campian* upon the rack, and his letters intercepted being sent to *Mr. Pown*; and who was then charged with refusal of deposing; and being demanded whether he would confess or deny it, he answered:

My lords, true it is that I have denied that *Mr. Campian* was at my house to my knowledge; either that he was there by that name, or that, coming by other names, I did know him to be *Campian*, which still I justify. And where I am charged with refusing to swear, I confess it; wherein of no disloyalty or fraudulency, as being faulty of any criminal cause, I so refused to swear, but for fear of more peril that might pass thereby to me than (in my mean discretion) good would come to her majesty or to this state. Which is in offering myself wittingly, and yet falsely, to be convicted of perjury, because you signified to me that *Campian* had affirmatively accused me; but otherwise to swear to my allegiance, or to any thing concerning her majesty or estate, or any other thing whatsoever, other than to discover matters of conscience, which I may not do without offence of my conscience; thereof I pray only to be exempt from swearing, and from none else, which always in all duty and obedience I have offered, and here now in court again do; for I desire not to live longer than that I remain an honest and faithful

subject. In which denial of swearing, if I have offended, I pray pardon thereof, having faithfully showed my reason thereof.

Ld. Hunsdon. Your lordships may see that this man hath been in another prison, yet both he and Sir T. Trespasse tell one tale; you may perceive thereby that they have had both one schoolmaster.

Sir W. Catesby. I grant as much as your lordship hath said; for I assuredly hope, however we be disjoined, that we have ever one schoolmaster, that is God, who teacheth us to speak truth.

Mr. Attorney. Your lordships do see that he confesseth the refusing to swear, and you have heard his allegation. An' it please your honours, now having heard all the prisoners, I will make brief repetition thereof.

Sir Walter Mildmay. Yet you want one Ambrose Gryffyth; where is he?

Mr. Attorney. Your honour doth say true. His brother, being examined before me the last day, confessed that this Ambrose hath been present at his brother's house sundry times when Campian and Parsons and such-like have been there. Whereof I, intending to examine him, tendered him an oath; and he refused to swear, which I think he will not deny.

Ambrose Gryffyth. My lords, I am a student in Lincoln's Inn, and but seldom repaired to my brother's house; so that what was done there I little know, neither have I to meddle therewith; but as to the refusing to swear, I confess it, for I will not offend my conscience.

Ld. Chan. You have heard what they can say; we may proceed to judgment.

Sir T. T. This only I would note to your honours, that at that time I was at Leicester House, when I am charged to have contemptuously refused to swear, I then made petition to you both, that in case I might see Mr. Campian, or hear him speak, where by his speech or face I might call him to remembrance, I then offered to depose, if I could call him to memory.

Ld. Chan. You wanted discretion to make such a demand; and it was only a delaying of time, for you were to answer only to your knowledge.

Sir T. T. By your favour, I was specially induced so to do; for as I had desire to satisfy you, so was I unwilling to minister foul blot of perjury. If by seeing him I could call to memory that he had been at my house, then would I have deposed according to Mr. Campian's examination, whereby I should have avoided all scruple of perjury. For this Mr. Campian and I were never of much familiarity, so that in thirteen years' space he might grow out of my knowledge. Who never saw him in the university but once, before his departure beyond the seas. Who, as your lordship did say, stayed little with me, came much disguised in apparel, and altering his name. All which made me refuse to swear to my knowledge, lest haply he might have been in my house, and in my company both, I not knowing him; and yet that the same should be

referred to a jury, who sometimes participate of affection or ignorance to judge, whether I be perjured or no. Wherefore (as I have said) my desire was that by means of seeing him or hearing him that I the better might remember him, which haply would have procured the full satisfying of you.

Ld. Chan. I can see no reason why it should be granted you.

Sir T. T. I now find mine own wants apparently, in that all seemeth unreasonable to your honours that I held for assured and grounded reason; and that the same doth aggravate my offence, which I thought would have freed me of this my fault; whereat I must needs sorrow, and learn to hold silence.

Then beginneth the attorney to make a brief repetition of the evidence; and so the court proceeded to judgment.

Sir W. Mildmay. His speech was first in extolling her majesty for her happy government, and planting of the true religion. Then what a malicious enemy the Pope hath been to her majesty; reciting that the rebellion in the north was produced by him; the rebellion in Ireland of Fitzmorrys, and the residue; the procuring thither of Spaniards to invade the realm. And lastly, that he hath sent in a rabble of seminary men and runagate freers, who call themselves Jesuits (amongst which one Campian) to sow sedition and subvert the true doctrine, and thereby to withdraw the obedience and hearts of her majesty's subjects from her, under colour of preaching the Catholic doctrine; who there, making definition of Catholic, proved by the property of the word that it could not be Rome only; and therefore they had not the true Catholic religion among them. Then he generally made show of the shires where Campian made his peregrination, nominating Northamptonshire, where he came to the houses of these prisoners at the bar; and lastly unto Berkshire, where he was apprehended, declaring that like a trusty officer he faithfully and diligently, and withal discreetly and shrewdly, performed what he had in charge; not tarrying long in a place, and shrouding himself most commonly in houses of best worship; in whom he thought great boast of learning was supposed to be, yet could he see no learning in him, but only brag of learning and vanity.

Then he showed his coming to the houses of the prisoners, viz. the Lord Vaux, Sir T. Tresame, and Sir W. Catesby, all faulty in one predicament, that had received him, and being examined thereof, did deny it; who being demanded upon oath and allegiance, and required by the council to swear it, have refused it. And albeit that Sir T. Tresame hath pleaded his defence by warrant of God's word and authority of the doctors why he refused to swear; but I know (saith he) the gentleman to be so honest (setting his religion apart), that I certainly persuade myself that this is no piece of his conscience, which being indeed a deep point of divinity, wherein I will not give my censure, but refer the same to the learned schoolmen in divinity; yet I am of opinion that we may as well proceed against him as the rest. First, I think them worthy that they should

return to their prisons from whence they now came, and there to abide till they have conformed themselves to swear herein.

Also that they should be punished with pecuniary pain, wherein I think it requisite that the Lord Vaux shall pay 1000*l.*, Sir T. Tressame and Sir W. Catesby each of them 1000 marks apiece, and Mrs. Gryffyth and Ambrose Gryffyth 500 marks apiece. And for Mr. Powdrell, inasmuch as he confessed the receiving of Campian, and that his refusal to swear was only because he might not first see the interrogatories, I could wish his fine to be the less; wherefore I think 500 marks sufficient for him.

Sir Roger Manwood, the Lord Chief-Baron. He sought to urge it to proceed from malice, and not ignorance or zeal; alleging that all the prisoners at the bar, at the altering of religion, were not of years to judge of or know the old religion; and that though the law did forbid a man to accuse himself, where he was to lose life or limb, yet in this case it was not so. But he avouched no authority for it. Then, lastly, he urged that this was a great matter of State; wherefore for the punishment he liked it well, so the fines had been greater; for he supposed that this was not passing one year's revenue, which at least would have been double. Yet he concluded that because Sir W. Mildmay had begun before him he would not alter it.

Sir James Dier, Lord Chief-Justice of Common Pleas. He began by saying that in case where a man might lose life or limb, the law compelled not the party to swear; and avouched this place: *Nemo tenetur seipsum perdere*. Afterwards he produced two precedents in law; the one the statute of hunting, whereby it is made felony if upon his oath he answered not the whole truth. Also he alleged a precedent of a riot in burning of a frame, which was brought into the Star-Chamber in Lord Audley's time, where the party was punished; but what it was he mentioned not, neither could the court then produce the record. Lastly, he urged it to be a great matter of state, and so concluded with the punishment that Sir W. Mildmay first had set down.

Sir Christopher Wraye, Lord Chief-Justice of England. He also began with the Lord Chief-Baron's original: that no man by law ought to swear to accuse himself where he might lose life or limb; but that he was of opinion that they ought in this case to swear; and avouched the practice of his court, that usually they did swear men to give evidence between party and party, and therefore, *à fortiori*, where the queen is a party. And as for the fines, he would not alter them, because so many had passed before him; but he thought them very small in so great a case of state and importance as this was, when he usually doth, upon a juror's not appearing before him, tax him at one year's fine. And for the taxing and levying of these fines, it is lawful; for the law is, where a bishop doth refuse to admit a clerk upon the queen's writ, in that case his temporalities shall be seized into the queen's hands till she hath levied such fine as shall be taxed upon him.

Sir Francis Knolls. The matter had been so sufficiently touched

by them that have spoken before, that they have prevented him much of that which he had to say. He protested that he bare no malice to the parties, for that they never deserved evil of him; yet inasmuch as it concerned her majesty and the state, he in conscience was bound to speak thereto; in fine, he made it participating of treason, and little differing from treason. Lastly, he briefly spake to Sir T. Tresame's argument, saying that he had been bred up in Popery, and also had the experience of the persecution in Queen Mary's time; and he was sure that in all that time they knew no such evasion for an oath as school-divinity. And therefore he wondered how Sir T. Tresame had stumbled upon it; manifesting that he never held Sir T. Tresame for so well learned in divinity before that day. And as for the fine, he agreed with the residue that went before him, signifying that if any had increased it higher, it should have had his consent.

Ld. Norrys. He framed his speech very brief, signifying that he had thought that this realm could not afford any so undutiful a subject, that, considering her majesty's government, would have received Campian; but to see such of such calling as were the prisoners at the bar, that would not only receive him, but contemptuously refuse to swear, it was far beyond his imagination to think any so ungrateful and faithless subjects had been to be found. Therefore he spake to the increasing of the fines, earnestly requiring that so it might be.

Ld. Hunsdon. He agreed in opinion with them all going before him, declaring that he verily believed that Campian was at their houses; and that he held it to be a very disloyal fact to refuse to swear in a case of so great importance and state as that was. Yet in this he notably differed from them all that went before him, that he would have had Sir T. Tresame to be fined at the least at 3000*l.*, because Sir T. Tresame committed a greater offence in making of his public defence in court than he did erst in refusing to swear; signifying that in his conscience he did verily think that Sir T. Tresame had studied and premeditated his argument forth of the Scripture and doctors more to incense the ears of so great an assembly, and thereby (as it were) to premonish all Catholics by his example how to answer, and how to behave themselves in like cases, than that he did it in defence of his own cause. Wherefore he instantly prayed the court to have regard to it, and deeply to aggravate his fine.

Ld. Buckhurst. It seemed that the Lord Buckhurst had studied somewhat which he meant to utter; though he said, or rather iterated, the same that had been spoken before, commending the queen, condemning the prisoners, and wishing that the fines might be greatly raised; declaring it was an odious act, and which concerned the state greatly; adding this only of his own, that he verily thought, and thereof made no question, but that Campian had been at their houses, especially for that they refused to swear, which (he said) was an undoubted token of his being there.

Lord Cromwell. His speech correspondently answered the speech

of the Lord Buckhurst, saying that particularly he would have had them—viz. the Lord Vaux, Sir T. Tresame, and Sir W. Catesby—to be doubled in their fines: so to the purpose, but briefly, he concluded, for he was not long in his speech.

Ld. Leicester. My Lord Vaux, Sir T. Tresame, and Sir W. Catesby (said he), you know how careful I was over you, and how friendly I admonished you; but no warning would serve you. I cannot but show you I would you had been advised by me, for then you had never come to this.

Ld. Chamberlain. He argued discreetly what belonged to government, and then descended to the punishment of offenders; lastly, he manifested that he liked of the proceeding of Sir W. Mildmay, and those that had gone before him, and so ratified the punishment.

Ld. Chancellor. He presently entered into the body of the cause, without any long narration, saying that because time did draw away, he would be short. He held in his opinion the prisoners guilty of receiving Mr. Campian. He noted their obstinacy and undutifulness in refusing to swear. He thought they had said untruly, and upon that he produced *Os quod mentit occidit animam*. He afforded good commendation of Sir T. Tresame, but disliked him in this course. He urged against the Lord Vaux that he was at full years at her majesty's coming to the crown; who at that time did his homage, whereto he was sworn; declaring that in the refusing to swear he had violated the same, which was a grievous offence; declaring that he, being the last, could not alter what already was agreed upon, otherwise he would deeply have increased his fine. And for Mrs. Gryffyth, he thought it convenient to discharge her of her fine of 500 marks, because she was covert baron, and it could not be levied on her; and because she knew not what belonged to an oath, she should tarry in prison till she did know. For Mr. Powdrell, he urged two things against him: that he would refuse to swear when he told him that he should be examined of no things but such as concerned her majesty; also that he denied one part of Lord Shrewsbury's certificate concerning his hearing of Mass. Lastly, he added, the prisoners should not only return to prison, to continue there till they had sworn, but withal that they should not be delivered without her majesty's special favour obtained first therein. And where it was ordered that every prisoner should return from whence he came, he thought it mete that they should all return to the Fleet.

And herewith the court did arise, and the prisoners were carried away.

Notes observed by us that were present of arguments whereto it was marvel that Sir T. Tresame did not reply, having so much advantage; but it is to be supposed, because he was so checked a little before, that then he would not. Also, perhaps it is against the order of the court to reply after judgment delivered.

All the court seemed to be of opinion, and most of them pro-

nounced in their speeches, that the Lord Vaux, Sir T. Tresame, and Sir W. Catesby, had received Campian, and this by Campian's examination, and circumstances gathered in the court; albeit Sir T. Tresame desired to speak at the first against the receiving of Campian. Hence it seemed to us that he had reason to misdoubt a jury would have found him faulty therein, when upon that evidence, without any enforcing, so honourable an assembly was thereby satisfied that Sir T. Tresame's former testimony was untrue.

Also all of them held it a great matter of state, and some judged it little differing from treason; and yet all the three judges were clear of opinion that where a man may chance lose life or limb (and loss of ears is loss of limb), that there he is not bound to accuse himself; which if it be a matter of state and little differing from treason, then by the judges' arguments as aforesaid Sir T. Tresame nor the residue ought not to accuse themselves; for *nemo tenetur seipsum perdere*.

The attorney's case in law against himself. For he avouched that the court of Star-Chamber might compel a man to swear who is either defendant or witness, if not to punish him (which case did greatly make for the prisoners, as we did take it). First, that was done by force of statute; so if they could not do it without then, then not now. Item, a man might make a contempt, and not to be forced to swear; for if the matter be not contained in the bill, we think that the court cannot force him to swear. In which case of refusal no contempt at all. Lastly, all punishments for contempt of non-appearance, and such-like, be punishable, but not finable. So that case, then, maketh much for the prisoners.

Ld. Dier's two cases. He produced the statute of hunting, wherein it is made felony if the party therein offending do refuse to swear; which case, he said, agreed with this case; but it proveth that such an offender was not bound to accuse himself before that statute was made. Also that statute is for the discovery of the whole truth therein; for if an offender swear, and do not discover the whole truth, but leaveth any part thereof unrevealed, being demanded, that maketh it felony, which maketh another difference in this case.

Also that is a mere temporal demand, and the act is in itself evil, which likewise maketh a most different contrariety in it; for this now is a case of conscience, and of all Catholic divines reputed good.

At that time he likewise alleged a precedent of that court; but it could not be produced then, and few heard thereof, which was in the Lord Audley's time; that in riotous manner a frame of a house was burned, and the party was punished in that court, not showing what, or in what sort. But not mentioning at all a refusal to swear, which was nothing to the purpose; for the riot, or unlawful act of burning the frame, ought not to escape unpunished, for it is a wicked act in itself, and hath no affinity to this case, neither was it proved, but only alleged; and if proved, it would prove nothing.

The Chief-Justice avouched a daily precedent in his court; also a case at the common law, which was to prove that they might fine them, as well as punish them. His case was, that if a bishop, upon

process directed to him from the court, shall refuse to accept his clerk, he is finable at the queen's pleasure, and shall have his temporalities seized till the money be levied ; which case hath no affinity with this supposed contempt : for the bishop doth withstand the ordinary course of the common law, and this usually is in practice. But this of theirs is no contempt to the common law to refuse to swear to accuse in cases of conscience. Also we be of opinion that there was never a precedent in this case before, neither in the common law nor civil law.

Lastly, this differeth much in the punishment ; for there the bishop is not punishable by body, but by pecuniary fine only ; and these prisoners were both by body and grievous fine. Some contempt is neither punishable by body nor fine ; some only by body ; some only by fine. But we have not seen both by body and fine, but where some statute specially doth authorise it, as in riots, cosinage, counterfeiting of hands, perjury, and such-like.

His other precedent was of his usual fining and committing also to prison in his court, when a man made contempt to appear upon a jury, whereupon he also noted that he usually did set a year's fine at the least of such. Wherefore, he said, in this case it ought to have been much more, being for the queen, and in so great a matter of state ; which precedent did make much for the prisoners. This is done by statute, and if then not without statute there, no more here, till a statute be provided for it. Again, deciding of right between party and party is a mere civil cause, so is not to accuse in cases of conscience.

Lastly, for the heightening of the fine his precedent is to little purpose ; for true it is that he many times assesseth fines upon the jurors that be poor men, which haply amount unto a year's fine ; but with a knight, or such-like, who may dispend 500*l.* or 1000*l.* or but 100*l.*, he doth not so, nor even the tenth part ; wherefore that precedent maketh little to urge the fines, as we (who did stand by) did take it.

We feel that no remarks of ours can add to the force of Sir Thomas Tresame's argument, or to the hideous and unblushing effrontery of the injustice of the impatient judges. We have only to add, that the accuracy of this *ex-parte* report is confirmed by several papers in the State-Paper Office, which we hope some day to publish with this in a more complete state ; for we have thought it best to retrench a few prolix forms, such as " your lordship my Lord of Leicester," and a few repetitions, so as to render the report more readable ; but in no case have we altered a single word so as in any way to modify the sense. Our object is not to reproduce old documents *verbatim* for the delight of antiquarians, and to print archaisms which would deter the modern reader, but to publish, that is, to make known as widely as we can, the authentic records of the virtues and the sufferings of our glori-

ous predecessors. We do not know when we shall be able to trace the rest of the history of these confessors of the faith; we will only say here, that after their liberation from prison, Lord Vaux, Sir Thomas Tresame, and Sir William Catesby, undeterred by the danger of the gallows, and unmoved by the memory of their former troubles, proved to the end of their lives to be the most generous and hospitable receivers and fosterers of the persecuted clergy and laity, in spite of the act of Parliament which entailed the penalties of treason upon their charity.

PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION.

WILL young fellows ever become old fellows? In years no doubt they will; but in opinions, feelings, views? We once heard an ancient address a youth after this manner: "Ah, you young fellows, you begin very well, you do a great deal, and want to go very fast; but wait; by and by you too will settle down, and be quiet sensible old fellows like us. Wait, I say." And is it indeed so? Are the old fellows in the right, and the young fellows simply hot-headed and impetuous because they are young? Is the remedy of all present evils to be found in the consolation that the young fellows are growing old, and will be *bonâ-fide* old fellows some of these days? We don't believe it. We cannot bring ourselves to think that all the high views and ardent aspirations of the young are to sink and cool down—

"Till all our hopes and hues of day
Have faded into twilight gray."

But if it is so, if indeed this is our sad but inevitable destiny, what then? Why, let us be up and doing at once. We are not old fellows yet; and if we are—O melancholy reflection!—to end so, yet let us not begin so. Let us do our work while we still have the life and energy. We are not ourselves a young fellow (as an American reviewer might say), but we are for the young fellows; we are for energy, activity, and exertion. It is not from too much of these that we are at present suffering.

We are not now about to lecture on the necessity of energy and activity in all matters, but only in that with which we are at present concerned, namely, education. Let us suppose, then, that we have a clear, distinct, definite idea of what is to be aimed at. This we discussed in our last Number, and showed

that the required results can reasonably be expected only from *education* as distinct from *instruction*. Let us also suppose it settled that education is the impressing certain fixed principles upon the mind, and building upon those principles certain settled habits, brought into actual use and practice. In other words, that it consists in learning not the science, but the art and practice of virtue, or how to use rightly that free-will which is possessed, and will be called into exercise, by every rational creature, of whatever age, sex, or condition.

All this being settled, let us now consider how these high views of education can be carried out,—from what methods such good results can reasonably be expected. Now there are many methods of education; there must and ought to be many, for the varying circumstances both of the teachers and the taught make different methods unavoidable. And education, in order to effect its object, ought to take all these circumstances into consideration, to allow for them, and to build upon them. Once make a rigid rule or system of education, unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and however perfectly it may fulfil its object at the time it is made, yet its becoming stiff, antiquated, and useless for any practical purpose, is simply a question of time. The world is going on, society shifts, nations change places; old opinions, feelings, and aims die out, and new ones come in; and though the laws of God and His Church, and the rules of what is right and good, are immutable, yet the application of these to our own circumstances must needs be modified from time to time, if we would be successful. And how are methods of education discoverable? Like other things, by experience and hard thinking. Experience, no doubt, is the best way. Nothing will supply the place of a thoughtful man's observation of what actually produces the best results. But still there are some difficulties and dangers in the way. First of all, most men are *not* thoughtful; they are satisfied with very "small experiences,"—they generalise a great deal too fast, not taking into account ever so many circumstances and considerations which ought to modify their conclusion; and because their conclusions are, as they say, founded on facts, they are as obstinate as an ass about them. Moreover, if ever the proverb is true, that experience keeps a dear school, it is emphatically so in education. While the manager learns by experience, the unfortunate little subjects of his experiments jeopardise soul and body under his hands. Could one, indeed, have a normal school, peopled by little creatures who had, as politicians speak, no future, in a literal sense, or at

least none dependent on the way in which they are at present taught, it would then be in every way best to learn by experience, and that alone. But, as things are at present, it must be done cautiously, and not without some tenderness for the interests of those who may chance through our mismanagement to make shipwreck of their prospects either in this world or the next.

On the other hand, hard thinking and original designs of education, so to speak, are not to be depended on unless founded on and modified by experience. The turnings and windings of the human heart, the springs of action, the balances and counter-movements, that really produce the actual results of life, are too intricate and subtle to be known and calculated on by us prior to experience and trial. It will, then, be by the union of thought and experience, by reflection built on observation, that we shall be most sure to come to right conclusions as to the best method of education.

However, whatever means we take, method of some sort we must have if we are to succeed. It is all very well for men to sneer, as they sometimes do, at acting upon principles in these things. For a time they may take things as they turn up, and do what seems best at the moment, without either reflecting on the past or looking forward to the future; but in the long-run men must, if they are active and successful, lay down certain principles and rules of conduct to guide them in their work,—principles and rules which they act upon because either reason or experience, or both, have convinced them that they are the right and true ones.

Nor is it to the purpose to object against adherence to rules and principles that we have for the most part to make them for ourselves, and so may be in error both as to the rules themselves and their application to particular instances. What is this, after all, but to say that we are such poor and short-sighted creatures that we may fall into mistakes? And is it not because we are so weak and short-sighted, that we need the support of rules and the guidance of principles to help our weakness? If it is difficult to avoid mistakes and errors in choosing principles of conduct, or in applying them to particular cases, is it less difficult to avoid mistakes without any rules? If the one requires ability and judgment, does the other require less? Better even to make mistakes than to have no principles of action; because the mistakes will in the end be fewer and lighter. And let it not be forgotten, that in one case we may have the assistance of others, their judgment and experience—that is, we may act on the principles of wiser and more practical and practised men than our-

selves ; in the other, we are left to the mercy of what modicum of these qualities we happen to possess ourselves.

But if we only look into things, we shall find it to be a fact, that those who succeed in their undertakings are men of enlarged mind as well as personal energy,—men who have formed certain principles in their mind, and who adhere to them. And as in schools the whole character of the education and its success depends on the principles we set out with, it will be well to enter more fully into the subject, and show by some examples the nature and importance of right principles of education.

And first let us explain more precisely what we mean by principles of education. We do not mean here what are called first principles,—those fundamental laws which are founded on the distinction between right and wrong ; or at least rules that are so important and primary, that a difference about them implies a difference of end and aims. But this is not the case here. We are all agreed as to what we are aiming at in Catholic education ; there is no question which is a matter of right and wrong amongst us. On first principles we are agreed ; but we also call by the name of principles those rules which men lay down to themselves, to guide them in the application of first principles to the work they have in hand,—practical rules formed from first principles, and which are in fact so many expressions and adaptations of them to the particular circumstances,—rules, in short, which we have in some way learnt are now and here the ones to go by in what we have to do, and which, though they may be modified or departed from for a cause, are not to be departed from without a cause.

Now we all aim by education at making children good Christians ; but as to the means, those who are intent on succeeding in their work get to act on some plan or method, and adhere to certain rules which they think the best for attaining the end in view. And the whole school will take its character from the character of this plan or principle. Thus, some men say, that as temptations are the material of our trial on earth, and surround us through life, the object to be attained in a school is, by strict discipline and punishment to teach a self-restraint, and to associate vice with pain ; while others think that associating virtue with pleasure, and teaching the happiness of being good by making the school a cheerful, happy place, is the truer method of attaining the same end. Some think that to keep out the knowledge of evil is the way to prevent a taste for it ; others depend more on the maxim, that to forewarn is to forearm. Some schools seem

plainly to prepare children for the world as a place of work ; others as plainly seem to teach them to dance and sing through life. Some aim at taming and subduing and humbling our headstrong passions and proud self-will ; while others seek to encourage and elevate all that is hopeful and good in our nature, as the better way of insuring virtue in after-life.

Now who will say that there is not a great deal of reason and good sense in each of these principles ; and who again will deny that if the school is carried on with any vigour or energy, its entire character will depend on whether one or the other of these principles is adopted ? According to the circumstances of the places, or the dispositions of the children, or the national character of the people, or the sort of temptations they will be most subject to, so one or the other of these methods may be most proper. And on the choice whether of the right and fitting principle, or of a wrong one, the whole future course of the children, their salvation or their ruin, will probably depend.

It will be evident from what we have said, that these principles, inasmuch as they are the application of fundamental rules to present exigencies, cannot be laid down once for all, nor again for one person by another who is ignorant of the circumstances of the case. All that we desire is, that those who have such vast power for good or evil in their hands as the management of a school implies, should think over and study these principles, that they may pick and choose what is best for themselves. If any thing at all great in the way of work is done, it must, let us say it once more, be done on principles, if it is to succeed. When active men ignore or slight principles, the result is generally not doing without any, but unknowingly adopting bad ones. But though we cannot dictate to others, yet it may be of use to discuss one or two of the methods, in order to show by an example how much depends upon them.

One system of education is founded on the principle, that to keep out evil, even the knowledge of it, is the one aim to which all other views and ends must bend and be subservient. And yet, while the truth of this principle cannot be gainsaid, there is another which contains also a great truth, viz. that as you *cannot* keep out the knowledge of evil, the important thing, the one aim is, to arm men against it, and to teach them how to use the knowledge and liberty they must inevitably become possessed of,—to send them at once to see the enemy and attack him. Now, however it may be argued that these principles are not exactly contradictory to one another, yet they are so far inconsistent, that both cannot be

at once the main principles by which the same school is conducted. They lead to an entirely opposite system of treatment, they mutually oust each other. Which shall be adopted?

The one says that the great thing is innocence; that the robe of baptism, if once soiled, cannot be washed again; that the way of penance is not only a lower course in itself, but an alternative that may never be adopted: it is a plank thrown out to the shipwrecked soul, by which he *may* be saved, not by which he infallibly will. What can make up for the loss of innocence? Is it not worth while to sacrifice all worldly prospects for the sake of it? What can education possibly do more than secure innocence? Is not this the very acme of success?

Yes, it may be answered by the advocates of the other principle, nothing is more important than innocence, no education more completely successful than that which secures it; but innocence not for childhood only, but for the whole of life. Innocence in childhood, if it is purchased by frailty in after-life, is worth but little. The chief value of innocence lies in its preservation to the end of our lives, not in our having possessed it some time or another. We will not be one whit behind you in our appreciation of innocence; but on your system you look only to the present; you are ready to sacrifice every thing to present innocence, or rather ignorance, whereas we look rather to the future, when temptations are stronger and helps fewer; and we consider how, by our system of education, we may secure a conscious and guarded innocence throughout life rather than an unconscious ignorance of evil at one particular point of it.

The answer to this takes the matter on a higher ground. It says, we have nothing to do with the future, which is in the hands of God; our business is with the present, and we have no right to sacrifice the least ornament of present innocence for the hope, in our short-sighted calculations, of a greater benefit hereafter. We have to do our duty now, and take care of what is intrusted to us; and leave the future alone,—it does not belong to us.

We should be afraid to say a word against this reasoning, did there not seem to be still more cogent arguments on the other side. For what is the case? A man is ill; he sends for a physician; he describes his symptoms, and asks advice and relief. The doctor sees that the man is in a bad case; but he can nevertheless apply remedies that shall set him up for the time, or by a course of painful treatment he can probably insure a more or less perfect but lasting recovery. What shall he do? Why, if he is a good doctor, you will say he

will not, *more doctorum*, regard his patient's present calls for immediate relief, but will look to make a lasting cure. Will you say he has nothing to do with the future? Or the lawyer who undertakes your cause,—is it his duty to ease your mind for the present, rather than to look to the lasting benefit of your property? Or the architect,—has he nothing to do with the future and permanent stability of his edifice? Now what is the work of the educationist, if we may use the word? Surely not simply to look to the present happiness or well-being of the children; but to prepare them for life, to fit them to enter into its struggles, and to resist its temptations with success. His work is pre-eminently with the future; to provide for their well-being not so much now, when they are under his care and protection, as for the future, when they will be left to themselves. If, then, it is said we have not to do with the future, but with the present, we answer, If you undertake the future, you are answerable for the future. And when the schoolmaster ceases to look to the future, he had better shut up his school; for the children are sent to him that they may be provided for in the future. It is indeed true that the future is not in his hands; but it is a great deal more in his hands than the health of the patient is in the hands of the physician, inasmuch as we can exercise more control over the free-will of man than over the decrees of God. And to strive to influence and lead the free-will of men, so that it may be exercised rightly in the future, is exactly and precisely the work of education. We may fail, notwithstanding our utmost endeavours, through causes that are beyond our control; but so precisely is education an undertaking to control the future as far as we may, that could we be sure that the children under our care would turn out badly, we should not educate them at all; unless, indeed, we desired that they should become what our friends in the sister-country call “finished blackguards.”

But the advocates of the first system will urge, that the case of the educationist is not analogous to that of the lawyer or physician; for these latter have only temporal good to look to, which they may use as they please; but when we come to treat of moral good, the case is different. Here our hands are tied by the laws of God; we are not allowed, on a calculation of what is probably to be the event of things, to give way to present evil, or to sacrifice any degree of present innocence. We must not, in short, do evil that good may come.

But this, it may be answered, is to mistake the point. The principle in question does not suppose that we should

consent, for the sake of greater innocence hereafter, that children should commit sin; but that they should be permitted to survey its snares and temptations while they are under control and restraint. It is not a question of permitting sin, but of permitting some knowledge and hence some danger of sin, or, to be still more precise, of permitting one danger in preference to another. But moreover, while theology teaches indeed that we cannot lawfully consent to sin under any pretence, yet it also teaches that we are bound under particular circumstances to permit it, that is to say, to keep ourselves neutral, not to step in to prevent it. And those circumstances are, when the evil, whatever it may be, seems to be less than another which would ensue from our stopping it. This is plain to common sense; for the same jealousy for God's glory, the same hatred of sin, which would make a man stop the commission of evil in every possible case, would also make him avoid what seemed the greater evil in any case where one or the other seemed inevitable. And it is not a true jealousy for God's glory, but a true and genuine narrowness of mind and shortness of sight, which makes a man careful about little things that are present and before him, and utterly blind to great future consequences. It is of course a truth, that we must not meddle with God's laws or abate one jot of them; but we also hold it for a truth, that we must use foresight and prudence about spiritual as well as temporal affairs. We do not see that the extraordinary assistances which God gives us, the gifts of faith and grace, are meant to supersede activity, foresight, prudence, or reflection, but to supply what those are unable to do. Hence if reflection and experience combine to teach us that being tolerant of a small evil now is the way to prevent a great evil hereafter; that permitting a certain amount of danger to be incurred now is the only sure or the most sure way of guarding against its being fatal hereafter,—right reason, as well as the law of God, teaches that we should act about this as we should about our health or property, or whatever else we most value in life. Because the cause is an important one; because the interests involved are higher and greater than in purely secular matters,—is that a reason for not using that practical wisdom and common sense which we rightly look upon as the most valuable quality to direct us in all other matters?

And while on this subject, we cannot resist making the reflection, what a monstrous evil is hasty legislation. Men who have to do with governing, whether a kingdom, or an institution, a school, or a family, observe certain abuses that creep in—certain advantages taken of that freedom and liberty

which those under them enjoy; and forthwith they proceed to strike, as they say, at the root of the evil by taking away the liberty altogether. They determine in their zeal to put an end at once to some mischief or malpractice, and they devise a rigorous penalty, which shall effectually prevent the recurrence of the evil; and perhaps in the meantime the state of things they have been so impatient under was the least imperfect and mischievous that was attainable, all things considered. And so they have indeed stopped one evil, but opened the way to another; they have closed the sluices, but have loosened the embankment, which will soon give way beneath the mighty waters. Physicians tell us of some disorders that, being once contracted, serve as a flux for all the ill and superfluous humours of the body; and though inconvenient themselves, cannot be stopped without danger of more serious maladies. And so, we take it, in the moral body, there are certain faults, weaknesses, and dangers, which we should do well to estimate, not only in themselves, but in comparison with others, and consider whether they are bearable—whether they are under control—whether they can be met by particular means, or made cases of special treatment—whether they are not the least of evils,—before we take any active means for annihilating them. This is the vicious maxim of a great deal of national legislation. Liberty is taken away from all, because it is abused by a few. The whole system is not to encourage and defend goodness, but to eradicate evil—to take it up—to imprison it—to cut it off from every outlet, and leave it entirely without resource. At last, it is hoped, all the ways and turnings to evil will be so perfectly hedged up and guarded, that men must needs perforce move on in the way of right and honesty because there is no other open to them. As if vice could not always find means to break out in a fresh place. The question, then, in all legislation is, not merely is this an evil that we can stop, but is it also an evil that it will be well to stop?

But we must resume our argument. It may still be urged, in favour of the principle of keeping the children at all hazards innocent and ignorant of present evil, that the best way to secure innocence—which we all agree is to be aimed at—is to make them know virtue, and be ignorant of vice. Men are prepossessed, they say, in favour of what they have studied and are well acquainted with. A man, through accident or necessity, takes up a pursuit; and through his intimacy with it he comes to love it. The strongest advocates of particular sciences are those who know them best; whereas what is unknown is undervalued and lightly esteemed. So, they

say, make children know and study virtue, its nature and beauty; let them learn its principles and its examples,—and thus they will admire and love it. But keep them in ignorance of vice,—let them not know its manners or its ways,—let them not become familiarised with its votaries; let them know it as something all the more horrible because it must not be known.

Now this argument, again, has no little to be said for it. We are prepared to allow that where the system is practicable it is absolutely perfect. The innocence which, like that of the angels, is not only guiltless, but ignorant of vice, is the highest virtue, and that most pleasing to God. Wherever the circumstances of particular ages, or countries, or classes of people, allow of its being attained, what more could be desired? But our precise difficulty is, that under present circumstances here and now it cannot be attained. Were we educating, for instance, children whose vocation it was to live secluded from the world, there would then be a reasonable hope that the very ignorance of vice in which we so carefully brought them up might be retained throughout life. But as the case stands, the children—at least in our poor-schools—are to go forth to mix freely with the world, to see and hear and know all the immoral doctrines and corrupt practices which flourish and abound in this country. As for keeping the poor children in ignorance of vice, you might as well talk of keeping a fish dry; they live in and are surrounded by it. They must become acquainted with it. If they do not already know it, this knowledge is only a question of time. And what we throw out as a doubt is, whether it may not be a wise course not to aim at keeping them from all knowledge of and contact with vice, which they must become acquainted with, so much as to show them how they may walk undefiled even in the midst of it. In short, shall the children know what sin is now, while they are still under guidance and control, or afterwards, when they have no external support either to answer its fallacious arguments, or arm them against its attacks?

But, it is said, knowledge begets a taste for a thing. Not always. If the thing is a science, or conventional usage, it does. Men are fond of that which they have made a study of,—which they are well acquainted with,—which they excel in. But if it is not a matter of science, but of natural feeling, then it depends upon what is the nature of the thing tasted. An intimate acquaintance with the flavour of good port begets a taste for it. The same acquaintance with a black-dose begets a distaste. So that we must take into account the na-

ture of the thing tasted. What is vice? Is it something of which the flavour is racy and excellent, and invites a second and third trial; or is it

“A monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen?”

The whole question depends on this. For ourselves, we do not doubt the poet is right, and that vice is never loved when it is seen. But, on the other side, it must be admitted that vice never is seen. It has a habit of dressing itself up and going about in disguise; so that it is only after some experience that its real character is known. The ancients described it more truly when they represented it under the form of a beautiful female; whose body, however, ended in a serpent. And so, who will deny that vice, as it presents itself to us, especially when young, is captivating and enchanting;—that it tempts us to further experience, until we are fairly within the meshes of its influence. Could we, then, succeed in keeping our children out of the sight and hearing of this siren, this would be best. But if we cannot,—if it is part of their trial in the voyage of life to be exposed to her blandishments,—is it not our truest policy to let her be seen while she can be made to appear in her true colours? In short, let her be known, and she will not be loved. Let it be only shown that she is in disguise, and her charms are gone. And this we have some power of doing while the tempted are yet in our hands, and while their passions are as yet undeveloped. We have none when they have left us.

Moreover there is another consideration. If unknown things are not relished like those that we are acquainted with, yet there is a *per contra* to this in the maxim, *omne ignotum pro mirifico*. In this dull world the things that men are most eager after are often objects the emptiness of which is taught by experience, and experience only. The most active and stirring are the very men who form schemes, and build airy castles, and feed their imagination with bright hopes and desires that can never be realised. And as this is the spring which excites men of business and of ambition to all the restless activity which we observe in them, so men of pleasure are energetic in their pursuit, not so much from natural impulse as because vice and pleasure are invested in their minds with a poetic beauty,—a romanticism which makes them irresistibly tempting. This is especially the case with the young and ardent. They feel a craving after what is called “stunning enjoyment.” They don’t believe that it is not to be had. Then they hear the boasts of the vicious that there is great fun in what is forbidden. They find but little enjoyment in

their present life ; and they get more and more convinced that behind all those restraints that are imposed upon them there is a great deal that is very jolly. The ignorance they are kept in of all that the world extols makes them fancy there is not only that amount of pleasure in vice which is actually to be found, but a great deal more ; and their very ignorance of life enables them to picture vice as possessed of charms and delights which in matter of fact she has not to give. How common is it to find children with the idea that their superiors, instead of being people who are providing for their happiness, are slow old fogies, who, because they do not care for pleasure themselves, keep them from having their fun ! When once a child gets this notion into its head, it is all up with him. He will be sure to have his fling. But deprive vice of the poetry and unknown jollity of character with which she loves to deck herself out, and she will be deprived, not, indeed, of all her powers of attraction—for she appeals to our natural passions—but of a good half of them. Let us give plenty of innocent amusement, as an outlet to the spirit of fun ; and unless vice is invested with fictitious charms, it will be comparatively an easy thing to keep children from it. We do not ourselves believe that the balance, even for this world, is in favour of vice. Is it impossible to prevent children from thinking so ?

One thing that is so continually overlooked is, that even children have free-will. You may generally lead them by judicious and careful treatment,—not even that always ; but drive them into virtue you cannot. And if you attempt it, you only lay the foundation for a more or less violent, but a certain reaction. There is a certain disposition of mind typified by a donkey, who being desired to go in a particular direction, plants his fore-legs firmly on the ground, at an angle that utterly precludes any possible danger of being moved a single inch that way. The same frame of mind is expressed in words by the negro, when he answered his master's shouts by replying, " More massa call, more me not come." And the seed at least of the same disposition is to be found in every child : it will be well not to excite it. There is many a poor child who goes on silently and sullenly in the course marked out for it ; it seems content without amusement,—it keeps steadily to its daily routine,—we seem to have completely broken it in to its work ; but it is only biding its time,—the long-looked-for day when it will be free must come at last. It had free-will all along ; it has strength now, and it sets vigorously to work to make up for past restraint. It finds that there *is* some pleasure in vice,—it looks for more

when it has gone deeper into it. As for virtue and religion, they are associated with that dull weary time of bondage,—it will never take up with them again.

But supposing this principle of making education to consist in the exercise of free-will, under guidance and control, to be the true one, or at least that most suited to our present circumstances, how will it apply,—how will it affect the regulations or system of our schools? Let us show by some instances. Take, for example, the matter of the children's reading,—reading books, newspapers, all sorts of things; what shall we do about this? The common literature of the day contains a great deal that is both irreligious and immoral. Are we to let them read all this? No, certainly not, if we can prevent it; but we cannot prevent it. As soon as they have left school for active life, nay, that very day, before or after school-hours, they can buy, borrow, or steal the forbidden production; and they think it must have something in it, or else why be so strict about it? Seeing, then, that it is not in our power to stop the thing altogether, we should reason thus about it: that, under the circumstances, it is better not to attempt to do what we can only do imperfectly and for a time, but rather to endeavour to strengthen the children against the danger which they must incur. We should seek to provide an abundance of healthy reading, books to which we can give the sanction of authority as being good and to be depended on. We should strive to strengthen the child's principles, with particular regard to this very danger, and take the opportunity of showing, with respect to these publications, how incorrect and untruthful they were; that they were many of them mere speculations, whose object was not to give knowledge or instruction, but to produce money. And we doubt much whether, if the children became in this way acquainted with them, while, at the same time, they learnt to place no confidence in them, we should not have more effectually disarmed them than by any impotent attempts to prevent the children from knowing any thing about them.

Sometimes a question arises on another point; which will be answered one way or another, according to the principle on which we conduct our school. Shall we allow of mixed schools, where boys and girls are educated together? And if it be thought that this question scarcely arises except in small country places, yet still there are a great many of these; and even in others the same question may arise respecting mixed confraternities or societies for the children. Considering the dangers that must attend free intercourse of the sexes even amongst the young, is it not an important thing,—a

great duty,—to separate them carefully from one another? The feeling of many, and those persons of religious earnestness and zeal, is that the thing must not be thought of. What! they would say with disgust, you would not let boys and girls be together?

For ourselves, we are inclined to go further still,—to object to young girls and boys mixing freely in the streets, and to be scandalised at young men and women working together in the same business, or living together as servants in the same house—in circumstances where it is not even pretended that any restraint can be exercised over them. We are even convinced that, far from its being desirable or necessary that young people should go to the theatre and see plays, in order, as Luther recommended, “that they might learn how to woo,” the old system of this sort of thing being done by proxy, and the young people being betrothed before they had seen one another, was the most moral and happiest state of things. Ah, but now you are becoming unpractical; you cannot bring back past times. Society has changed, and custom has introduced the social intercourse of the sexes; and it would appear certain that people may, if they please, be moral and virtuous in it. Moreover it is certain, as the great Balmez has shown, that the introduction of women into society has done no little towards elevating and refining its whole tone and character.

We are, then, to take things as they stand, and make the best of them. Such is the state of society we have to deal with. Boys and girls, men and women, are allowed in this country to mix very freely; we cannot prevent it. Well, then, if so, which is the safest—to let them begin young, while bad passions are weak, while they are under our care and guidance; or to make it a wrong, naughty thing for little boys and girls to play together, while at the same time plenty of opportunity is given them for doing so, and that too when no surveillance can be exercised over them.

“The consequence of the English system (says a periodical) is, that the sexes are kept strictly apart when there is no danger of rudeness, and allowed the freest intercourse when there is. Distinct and separate rooms divide them in the presence of their teachers, when they might learn lessons of correct behaviour; while they are poured out of school in marching crowds, to walk home by lanes and fields, the better prepared by previous restraint and separate confinement for the commission of rudeness or misconduct. The truth is, if the sexes are to meet in after-life, the sooner they are practised in becoming deportment towards each other the better.”

Whoever wrote this spoke with a great deal of common sense. The whole question lies in this. Here is a danger which we cannot prevent some time or another: shall we meet and grapple with it while we have some power and control over it; or avoid encountering it for the moment, though with a liability to greater danger when the time comes? We doubt whether in existing circumstances the wisest course would not be to permit and encourage the innocent intercourse of the sexes, as the very means of making that intercourse as little dangerous as possible.

And here comes in the use of the playground, which to those who adopt this principle of teaching the right use of liberty is invaluable; whilst those who look upon a school merely as a place in which children are to be *instructed* in what is right, and to be for the time on their good behaviour, will see no use or object in a playground. In the playground the teacher can more easily mix with the children as their friend and companion. He has opportunities there which he will never have in the school of observing the several characters and dispositions of the children, without a knowledge of which he can never be thoroughly successful in his work. Here too he sees what effect his instructions have had; and here, while the children are off their guard and exercising their liberty, he steps in to correct their faults, and to teach them not the theory but the practice of virtue, and that they are in matter of fact to carry out and act upon the precepts which he has so often inculcated upon them. Here, in short, it is that virtue and religion is not taught as a science, but begins to be practised as an art.

In all that we have advanced, we have done little more than apply to poor-schools that which Dr. Newman has said of universities: "Why do we educate, except to prepare for the world? The university is not a convent or a seminary; it is a place to fit men of the world for the world. We cannot possibly keep them from plunging into the world, with all its ways and principles and maxims, when their time comes; but we can prepare them against what is inevitable; and it is not the way to learn to swim in troubled waters never to have gone into them. . . . To-day a pupil, to-morrow a member of the great world; to-day confined to the lives of the saints, to-morrow thrown upon Babel,—thrown on Babel, without the honest indulgence of wit and humour and imagination ever opened to him; without any fastidiousness of taste wrought into him; without any rule given him for discriminating the precious from the vile, beauty from sin, the truth from the sophistry of nature, what is innocent from what

is poison,—how can he contend against the world's temptations?" The same fundamental principle presides over the education of the peer and the peasant. Each has to live with men of the same nature, of the same passions, of the same souls. Nature is wider than art; her one touch makes the whole world kin more really than any artificial classifications divide it.

Reviews.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS:

Arctic Explorations in the Years 1853-5. By Elisha Kent Kane, M.D., U.S.N. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson.

WE are very fond of Arctic exploration and adventure—that is, with our slippers on the fender and the thermometer at + 60. A whiff of Latakia, or an occasional sip of '34 (Sandeman's or Thomson and Croft's shipping), as the whim seizes us, does not interfere with our enjoyment. Under these circumstances we can take leave of our family and friends without shedding a single tear, and bravely set sail either with the intention of piercing the rocky labyrinths of Barrow's Straits, in search of a north-west passage, or of pushing northward through Sir Thomas Smith's Sound, in the hope of reaching that most mysterious Polar ocean, which, like the Gardens of Ad in the barren deserts of Arabia, appears to reveal its dreamy existence simply to bewilder the gaze of the excited traveller. It is clear that this our special liking for reading and pondering over the records of the heroes of modern navigation is shared by a large proportion of our fellow-travellers who "sit at home at ease." We have been so dosed with jottings by the way, and out of the way, in all the nooks and corners of Europe and America, by all possible competent and incompetent scribblers—the latter, of course, infinitely the more numerous class—that we fling down "Journeys up the Jura," "Pencilings of Pennsylvania," "Vacation Varieties," "Liquor from the St. Lawrence," and "Scrambles through Scandinavia," as hastily as a heated poker or Sam Warren's last poem. Even when we accompany an enterprising geographer to the barbaric court of King Nangoro, to those African lands where feathers are many but body-linen scarce, or wander with him into that vast void which yet stares us in the face as representing all we know of

the interior of the Australian continent, we are still sensible that something is wanting of the dignity of Arctic travel. It is in the frozen north alone that we seem brought face to face to the contemplation of Nature's gigantic operations, undisturbed to any appreciable extent by the busy hands of the swarming millions who scratch and delve and pile up and destroy in the regions which a more temperate climate renders available to their puny activity. The mountain-fires of the south are terrific in their power and magnificent in their grandeur; but we make terraces on the fertile sides of the volcano, that the clustering vine may there mature its fruit. The sweep of the falling waters is endless in energy and irresistible in violence; but we have spanned Niagara with a bridge, and the scream of the iron horse is heard above the thunders of the cataract. But the stillness of the Pole has in it something which is akin to the sublimity and awfulness of death. The lump of clay may have been ungainly in form—mean and of no account while animated with its living soul; a change has quickly come upon it—it lies motionless before us, *dead*, and we uncover our heads and are silent as we remember that world in which death has no place. In presence of the dead the outer world fades into nothingness; for one soul outweighs the material universe. So the passage from the teeming haunts of buying and selling,—from the loopholes of the warehouses and the bales that throng the dockside,—from the creaking crane and the shout of labourers,—is speedy and short; a few days, and the trebly-guarded bow of the exploring-vessel is crashing through the barriers which guard the realm where Nature in respect of man lies in the stillness of death, yielding no response to the toil of the husbandman, no material to the handicraftsman, no traffic to the merchant. Dead, however, as she is for the purposes of life, it is here we see her in her most majestic repose. The prolonged night of an Arctic winter, and the continuous day of an Arctic summer, yield to the gaze of the intrepid navigator phenomena more exciting in their appalling sublimity than any he can find where day and night follow in alternate course, and tell men when to work and when to sleep.

It is a most natural, and, as we think, praiseworthy curiosity which prompts men of energetic mind to visit and describe every portion of the kingdom which God has placed under the rule of the sons of Adam. Nor do we consider that the dangers of adventure should deter those who feel that they possess the proper qualifications. It is easy to understand how the problems, scientific and commercial, which remained to be solved in the high latitudes of the north had a

special interest for the enterprise of a nation essentially maritime, and which had to a great extent already exhausted the riches of the icy waters of Greenland by a vigorous and reckless prosecution of a perilous traffic. The entire failure, however, of a pretentious expedition in search of a north-west passage, under Captains Moor and Smith, in 1746, occasioned a long absence of adventure in this direction. It was not till the year 1818 that the Admiralty fitted out two expeditions, at the instance, and in consequence of the exertions, of the late Sir John, then Mr., Barrow; but from that time to the present the prosecution of Polar research has continued to be conducted with ability and success. On the whole, the loss of life was inconsiderable in Arctic travel, as compared with African and other expeditions, until the unhappy fate of Sir John Franklin and his brave companions startled and grieved the scientific world and the public at large. How every endeavour was made to relieve him by his countrymen, and how American and European sympathy lent ready aid, is known to all. At last melancholy evidence has been obtained that hope there is none of giving succour to the living; but with a noble desire to ascertain the precise spot and nature of the final catastrophe, and to offer such honour as is due to the relics of the dead, a further expedition is, we believe, about to be organised, as we gather from reports of meetings, and from the letters of Lieut. Pim and Capt. Collinson, lately published in the *Times*. The puddledock oracle takes a very material view of the case, and sees no good in it. It has consequently fulminated a leader, in which it declares that there is nothing more to be done;—that if scientific men choose to go out in a vessel together to the middle of the Atlantic, and there scuttle the ship, they have a perfect right, and may do so with pleasure to themselves and advantage to the public; but that further search for the 138 missing men shall not be, with Jupiter's consent. With all deference to the Thunderer, we think he will succeed in putting down this expedition pretty much as the great city knight succeeded in putting down suicide. Captains and lieutenants, and doctors and icemen, who have faced 40° minus, who have feasted on tallow and frozen liver, and cut up their fur-breeches at fabulous temperatures to mend dog-harness, will hardly be deterred from a noble deed by a splash of ink from Printing-house Square. In anticipation we wish them all success. Sufficient is now known to narrow the circle of search to a very small ring; and the energy and perseverance of a picked band of hardy voyagers will scarcely leave that unexplored.

The two handsome volumes before us contain the history of the *second* attempt made by Americans to rescue Franklin; and we have read them through with the deepest interest. In its main object this attempt was, like all the rest, unsuccessful; but it has added another record of manly courage and endurance under fearful dangers and sufferings,—of brave self-reliance, joined with all the charities of life,—to the long roll of modern Arctic adventure. Nor was it fruitless, by any means, in a scientific point of view; as we shall presently see, in giving a slight outline of the course of the expedition.

Elisha Kent Kane, who commanded it, is a doctor of medicine and a surgeon in the United States' navy. What his general qualifications as the leader of an exploring party are we may ascertain by a glance at his past career, premising that he is now thirty-four years of age, or thereabouts. Having completed his education at the universities of Virginia and Pennsylvania, he graduated as M.D. in 1843, and was appointed surgeon to the diplomatic staff on the occasion of the first American embassy to China. He took this opportunity to explore the Philippines, Camarines, and Mindora, and devoted much attention to the volcanic region of Albaif. "His sojourn among the Negritos and Arafuras was of romantic interest; and he was the first who descended the crater of the Zall." In this pleasant little descent "he was lowered more than a hundred feet by a bamboo-rope from an overhanging cliff, and, clambering down some seven hundred feet through the scoriæ, was dragged up senseless with the interesting specimens he had collected, including bottles of sulphurous acid from the mouth of the crater." He afterwards traversed India, visited Ceylon, the Upper Nile, and the oases of Jupiter Ammon, making acquaintance there with the learned Lepsius. He then sailed for Africa, visiting the slave-factories from Cape Mount to the River Bonny and the Barracoons of Dahomey. By way of change, he accompanied in his professional capacity the American forces to Mexico, was severely wounded on the field of Nopaluca, and made barometrical observations of the altitudes of Popocatapl. Peace being restored, he was appointed to the coast survey, and was engaged in the Gulf of Mexico when the first American-government expedition in search of Franklin was organised, through the liberality of Mr. Grinnell. Dr. Kane volunteered and was accepted as senior surgeon. He published his "personal narrative" of this expedition in 1852.

The liberality of Mr. Grinnell having again placed at his disposal a brig of 144 tons, duly strengthened for the Polar

seas, Dr. Kane was placed in a position to accomplish his ardent desire to renew the search; and in due course received his special orders from the Secretary of the Navy "to conduct an expedition to the Arctic seas" accordingly. The authorities gave but few and general instructions, wisely leaving all details to the consideration and judgment of the commander of the party, which consisted of eighteen, all hands counted. Having completed his equipment, which was chosen with much regard to hard service and with little to luxury, he sailed on the 30th May 1853, and reached the Danish fishing-station of Fiskernaes without incident, save that at St. John's, Newfoundland, they received a hearty welcome from Governor Hamilton, and "a noble team of Newfoundland dogs." At Fiskernaes the doctor obtained the services of Hans Christian, an Esquimaux boy of nineteen, and expert with the kayak and javelin, as huntsman-in-chief. He was fat and good-natured, and proved in the long-run "a right good fellow." On the 10th of July they put to sea in the teeth of a heavy gale; and the dangers and difficulties of their task commenced in real earnest. Dr. Kane's plan was founded on the analogies of physical geography, which led him to the conclusion that Greenland approached the Pole nearer than any known land; and its main features were to ascend Baffin's Bay to its most northern attainable point, and thence, pressing on northward by boats or sledges, taking land, where practicable, and not ice, as a basis, to examine the coast-lines in search of the lost expedition. In accordance with this plan, after infinite perils from bergs, and a terrific "nip" which forced the ship bodily up a wall of ice, a latitude of $78^{\circ} 41'$ was attained, being a position farther north than any of their predecessors "except Parry on his Spitzbergen foot-tramp." This latitude carried them well into what must now be called Smith's *Strait*; and, winter approaching, the momentous question of advance or retreat must be settled. We give the mode in which a decision was arrived at in the doctor's own words, which are very characteristic:

"August 26th, Friday. My officers and crew are stanch and firm men; but the depressing influences of want of rest, the rapid advance of winter, and, above all, our slow progress, make them sympathise but little with this continued effort to force a way to the north. . . . It is unjust for a commander to measure his subordinates, in such exigencies, by his own standard. The interest they feel in the undertaking is of a different nature from his own. With him there are always personal motives, apart from official duty, to stimulate effort. He receives, if successful, too large a share of the

credit; and he justly bears all the odium of failure. An apprehension—I hope a charitable one—of this fact, leads me to consider the opinions of my officers with much respect. I called them together at once, in a formal council, and listened to their views in full.”

With one exception, all were in favour of a return to the south. The doctor, “not being able conscientiously to take the same view,” explained the importance of securing a position for expediting future sledge-journeys; and announced his intention of warping towards the northern headland of the bay in which the vessel then was :

“Once there, I shall be able to determine from actual inspection the best point for setting out on the operations of the spring; and at the nearest possible shelter to that point I will put the brig into winter harbour.’ . . . My comrades received this decision in a manner that was most gratifying, and entered zealously upon the hard and cheerless duty it involved.”

Having at last a “breathing-spell,” a party of seven was organised; and a boat—the *Forlorn Hope*—equipped for rough service, with the intention of securing the best winter-quarters for the ship. Their passage was along the *ice-belt*, a most noticeable feature of these frozen regions; where the summer sun, though it for the most part breaks up the ice of the mid-water, never removes the marginal portion, which clings with a perennial gripe to the base of the savage and overhanging cliffs. Five days of toil gave but forty miles of distance from the brig. Here is an incident:

“Our night-halts were upon knolls of snow under the rocks. At one of these the tide overflowed our tent, and forced us to save our buffalo sleeping-gear by holding it up until the water subsided. This exercise, as it turned out, was more of a trial to our patience than to our health. The circulation was assisted, perhaps, by a perception of the ludicrous: eight Yankee Caryatides up to their knees in water, and an entablature sustaining such of their household gods as could not bear immersion!”

After a careful inspection from the highest point gained, an altitude of 1100 feet, Dr. Kane decided that the bay in which the vessel then remained combined more of the requisites of a good winter-harbour than any other he had seen; and hurrying as rapidly as possible the return march, she was again reached in safety:

“My comrades gathered anxiously around me, waiting for the news. I told them in few words the results of our journey, and why I had determined upon remaining; and gave at once the order to warp in between the islands. We found seven-fathom soundings, and a perfect shelter from the outside ice; and thus laid our little brig in the harbour, which we were fated never to leave together;—

a long resting-place to her indeed, *for the same ice is around her still.*"

From this time till the determination to abandon the ship, which was arrived at, after much consideration, on the 20th May 1855, the journal of the doctor and his comrades is one continued record of struggles against the most frightful dangers of travel, aggravated by scurvy, snow-blindness, and frost-bite; but endured, save in one or two exceptional instances, with loyal magnanimity and bravery. Dr. Kane evidently possesses in no small degree that best qualification of a commander, sound cheerfulness of spirit, with the power of communicating his own strength to his subordinates. The limits of a review will not permit us to follow as we could wish the numerous journeys by sledge and on foot, the intercourse with the Esquimaux, the routine course of observation, and the domestic arrangements which made up for so many weary months the life of this hardy little band. We must confine ourselves to a hasty notice of the two principal geographical results, referring our readers to the books themselves for details of such interest, that we shall be much mistaken if they skip a page from title to colophon.

In pursuance of his original plan of pushing as far north as possible,—be it remembered, on ground now untrodden even by the foot of the wandering savage, and after a terrible incident which eventually cost the lives of two of the party,—Dr. Kane determined on an extended journey. He proposed to follow the ice-belt to the Great Glacier which bears the name of Humboldt, and, skirting its face, to cross the ice to the American side; thence, passing to the west, to enter the great indentation the existence of which he inferred "with nearly positive certainty," where he might find an *outlet*, and determine the state of things beyond the ice-clogged area of the bay. We see how the thoughts of our intrepid traveller dwelt on the probable existence of open water beyond. Wherever the shore-line inclines to the north, the scenery of this strange coast is magnificent in its untamed ruggedness. Cliffs, rising to a thousand feet and more, come down boldly to the ice-foot; and immense turrets and pinnacles of green-stone flank cliffs battlemented into the dreamy resemblance of castles. One of these pinnacles, standing on the brink of a deep ravine solitary and threatening, is "as sharply finished as if it had been cast for the Place Vendôme. Yet the length of the shaft alone is four hundred and eighty feet; and it rises on a plinth or pedestal itself two hundred and eighty feet high." To this natural minaret the doctor has given the name of Tennyson the poet. Continuing the journey,

the commencement of the Great Glacier was reached,—a titanic mass of frozen water, a chained and fettered ocean, heaped on the mainland; so gigantic in its dimensions, that without an effort we can in no way realise them. It commences nearly with the 79th, and stretches beyond the 80th parallel. Glorious must have been the sight, even to the dimmed eyes and aching limbs of suffering and weather-beaten men :

“ A face of glistening ice, sweeping in a long course from the low interior, the facets in front intensely illuminated by the sun. But this line of cliff rose, in a solid glassy wall, *three hundred feet* above the water-level, with an unknown, unfathomable depth below it; and its curved face, sixty miles in length from Cape Agassiz to Cape Forbes, vanished into unknown space, at not more than a single day's railroad travel from the Pole.”

This last illustration is very racy in its nineteenth-century smack; and we can imagine how the railroad was in very truth present to the mind of the longing discoverer :

“ The interior, with which it communicated, and from which it issued, was an unsurveyed *mer de glace*—an ice-ocean—to the eye of boundless dimensions. It was slowly that the conviction dawned on me that I was looking upon the counterpart of the great river-system of Arctic Asia and America. Yet here were no water-feeders from the south; here was a plastic, moving, semi-solid mass, obliterating life, swallowing rocks and islands, and ploughing its way with irresistible march through the crust of an investing sea.”

Of course, to climb and cross this giant mass was totally impracticable. Subsequently, however, two bold fellows—let us name them, William Morton, and Hans Christian the hunter—with a light sledge, succeeded in traversing the bay; and then followed the second great discovery that marks this expedition. At the northern extremity of the cape that terminates the Great Glacier they found a channel; the ice was weak and rotten, and the dogs began to tremble. Turning as soon as possible, they reached the shore, and at last made good ice again; and presently, the fog lifting, they saw *open water*. Rounding the cape, they looked ahead, and again saw nothing but *open water*; presently a flock of Brent geese, and ducks in crowds, eiders and dovekies, tern, ivory gulls, and mollemokes. Travelling further north, the channel expanded into an iceless area, “ four or five pieces alone being visible over the entire surface of its white-capped waters;” and Dr. Kane estimates, from the mean radius of thirty-six miles open to reliable survey, that this sea had an extent of more than four thousand square miles. Finally Morton, leaving Hans and his dogs, proceeded along the porphyritic rocky

coast; and climbing with increasing difficulty in hopes of doubling a promontory which shut out further view, arrived at the forced conclusion of his march:

“It must have been an imposing sight, as he stood at this termination of his onward journey, looking out on the great waste of waters before him. Not a ‘speck of ice,’ to use his own words, could be seen. Then from a height of four hundred and eighty feet, which commanded an horizon of almost forty miles, his ears were gladdened with the novel music of dashing waves; and a surf breaking in among the rocks at his feet stayed his further progress. Beyond this cape all is surmise.”

The doctor, admitting the difficulty of pronouncing with certainty where so many previous supposed discoveries have proved altogether illusory, modestly and shortly points out wherein the difference lies between this last “open polar sea” and its many deceptive predecessors. It is impossible not to be struck with the melted snow on the rocks, the crowds of marine birds, and the limited but *still-advancing* vegetable life, and the rise of the thermometer in the water. He considers that within historical and even recent limits the climate of this region was milder than at present. In Dallas Bay, at the southern extremity of the Great Glacier, is an Esquimaux village, with bones of seals, walrus, and whales, all now cased in ice; and in Morris Bay, miles beyond the *northern* extremity of the glacier, a sledge-runner, worked with skilful labour out of the bone of a whale, was found, in proof that a latitude of 81° had been at some time not unknown to that wandering race.

At last it became too clear that the brig was frozen in for a second winter; and whether to stand by her or push for the south must once more be decided, since the summer had not broken the solid pack within twenty miles of her icy dock. Eight out of seventeen survivors resolved to remain; but seven, with whom all resources were justly and liberally divided, left their commander and comrades to try their fortunes in their own way. One speedily returned; the rest after much misery. “They carried with them a written assurance of a brother’s welcome, should they be driven back; and this assurance was redeemed when hard trials had prepared them to share again our fortunes.” In suffering and labour, lightened by hope alone, the second winter wore away; but again the summer brought no change; and to face a third winter, with thirty-six days’ provisions only and no firewood, would have been suicidal. Most admirably in this emergency were all the arrangements, long considered and matured by Dr. Kane’s foresight, brought into active operation; and after a touching

farewell to the ship, the party set forth on their journey for life or death. It succeeded for all but one brave man, who died from an injury received in the noble performance of duty; and the survivors reached in safety the settlement of Upernavik after eighty-four days in the open air. We must extract the record of the first sound of a Christian voice in unfamiliar ears:

“‘Listen, Petersen! Oars, men! What is it?’ and he listened quietly at first; and then, trembling, said in a half-whisper, ‘Danne-markers!’ By and by—for we must have been pulling a good half-hour—the single mast of a small shallop showed itself; and Petersen, who had been very quiet and grave, burst into an incoherent fit of crying, only relieved by broken exclamations of mingled Danish and English. ‘Tis the Upernavik oil-boat, the *Fraulein Fleischer*. Charlie Mossyn, the assistant-cooper, must be on his road to Kingatok for blubber. The *Mariane* has come, and Charlie Mossyn.’ And here he did it all over again, gulping down his words and wringing his hands.”

After recruiting at Upernavik, where they “could not remain within the four walls of a house without a distressing sense of suffocation,” they set sail in the *Mariane* above-mentioned, with their little boat the *Faith* on board as a relic. On the 11th September they arrived at Godhavn, the inspectorate of North Greenland; and the same day a steamer, with a barque in tow, appeared in the distance. It was not long before they recognised the stars and stripes of America; and with beating hearts the *Faith* was lowered for the last time, and they could soon see “the scars which their own ice-battles” had impressed on the vessels sent out to seek the long-absent travellers.

The doctor closes his narrative with the happy meeting:

“Presently we were alongside. An officer, whom I shall ever remember as a cherished friend, Captain Hartstene, hailed a little man in a ragged flannel-shirt. ‘Is that Dr. Kane?’ And with the ‘Yes’ that followed the rigging was manned by our countrymen, and cheers welcomed us back to the social world of love which they represented.”

In consideration of his Arctic travel and discoveries,—the most important of the latter being the Great Glacier, Kennedy’s Channel, with the coast on either side and the open sea beyond,—the Royal Geographical Society has lately presented Dr. Kane with its gold medal; but we regret to add that his broken health prevented his receiving any public manifestation of goodwill. He is now, we believe, on his way to the West Indies; and we sincerely hope he may speedily

recover all his physical energies. His friend, Captain Hartstene, has just arrived at Portsmouth with the *Resolute*, a graceful present from our Yankee cousins to the Queen.

We have only, in conclusion, once more warmly to recommend the history of the Second Grinnell Expedition as an excellent Christmas book for old and young. It is profusely illustrated, many of the wood-engravings being of considerable merit; and, between grave and gay, suffering and laughter, Esquimaux life, manners, and customs, seal, walrus, and bear hunts, it will be no fault of Dr. Kane's if every taste does not find something interesting and exciting. As a record of unflinching resolution and of dangers bravely overcome, it has no superior in the annals of travel.

THE GIRLHOOD OF CATHERINE DE' MEDICI.

The Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici. By T. Adolphus Trollope. Chapman and Hall.

OUR verdict on Mr. Trollope is, on the whole, that he is a goose. He has the solemnity of the owl, and the pretentiousness of the peacock; but his voice is an unmistakable cackle. The present book shows that he has entirely mistaken his vocation. Nature never meant him to write historical biographies. A man who can discourse for two octavo pages on the small fact that a baby was taken from Florence to Rome, was designed for other things. Nature intended him to be the minister of a fashionable proprietary-chapel in London or in a provincial watering-place. In that elevated and intellectual position, far removed from fear of critics, he might be the "guide, philosopher, and friend," of a select circle of artificially devout ladies, with whom syntax was a superfluity and logic a blessing altogether unknown. With these, over the fragrant bohea, he might "improve" the events of the passing hour, set mankind in general to rights, and prove every thing out of nothing. He might also find leisure for a completion of the life of Catherine de' Medici, in five-and-twenty volumes, embracing a sketch of every thing that did happen, or might have happened, or ought to have happened, in general Europe, and France and Italy in particular, during the long life of his heroine, together with moral reflections *ad libitum* as long as the printer's type would hold out.

We have come across a good many foolish books in our day,

a good many dull books, and a good many conceited books too. Especially in the way of history or historical sketches, this present age abounds with the productions of persons who imagine themselves called to the service of Clio. But any thing more coolly impudent than this volume of Mr. Trollope it has rarely been our unlucky lot to stumble over. Here is a volume of nearly 400 pages, handsomely printed, published by one of the most respectable London houses, and altogether "turned out" in excellent style, on a subject which might have been exhausted in one-tenth of the space. Even this quantity could only be attained by a little judicious spinning-out. The *Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici* had not many more incidents than usually happen to a child whose parents leave her early an orphan; and as to existing materials for furnishing a sketch of her character and private life as a child, there are almost literally none. It is supposed that some such things do exist, in the shape of the reminiscences of a nun belonging to one of the convents where she was brought up; but Mr. Trollope has never seen them, nor has any account of them ever been given to the world. In fact, the *Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici* is a mere catchpenny title, adopted with a view to make the public anticipate a striking and spicy piece of biography, showing what that extraordinary woman really was before her union with the royal family of France. Mr. Trollope's book is in reality a dull tedious rigmarole of vapid description and obtrusive disquisition on sundry Italian affairs and people of the time of Catherine or, as they say in Moore's Almanac, "thereabouts." He has read a few odds and ends of contemporary history, together with Ranke and other recent writers, and to these he has added a study of sundry anti-jesuitical and anti-papistical novels; and having done this, he has felt himself called to expound largely on the thesis that Catherine was a bad woman because she was brought up by cardinals and nuns; to which thesis he appends sundry other profound maxims, such as that Catholics are necessarily persecutors, because every body who is confident that he is right in religion is bound in conscience to take forcible measures to crush those who think otherwise. The book would not, indeed, be worth more than a line or two of notice, but that the publication of such productions is a melancholy sign of the gullibility of our fellow-countrymen on every thing that even remotely touches the Catholic religion. The most "sensible" and "practical" race in the world are the foremost to lend their ear to any pretender who will tickle it with a few flourishing sentences in dispraise of Catholics, and suggest the delightful belief that never were

there such things as faith and morals upon earth till modern England arose to enlighten the nations.

Let us not be misunderstood, however. We are the last to object to the publication of the real truths of the history of past ages, however much it may involve what is discreditable to Catholics, whether ecclesiastics or laymen. We have not the faintest desire to doctor the records of the past, or "work" them as a defaulter "cooks" the accounts which he presents to his superiors. We hold that a knowledge of the disasters which have afflicted the Church in past days, whether from without *or from within*, is of the utmost importance as a practical guide to ourselves as Christians in our own age. We would no more eliminate the records of the sins of Catholic countries from history than we would cut out the records of earthquakes and inundations from the physical history of the world. What we complain of is, that the histories of Catholic times are written by men who utterly misunderstand them, who are acquainted with only one class of the facts which they present, and who are morally or intellectually incapable of comprehending the motives of persons different from themselves. All but the shallowest thinkers are aware that the real spiritual condition of an age is not to be judged by the conduct of its most prominent personages in secular affairs. Moreover, in the middle ages, and especially in Italy, owing to the comparative want of education of the laity, there existed a large class of men who were by profession ecclesiastics, but whose life was devoted to secular pursuits; and who in no sense whatever represented the entire body of Catholic ecclesiastics in their sacerdotal capacity. Whether it was well for religion that ecclesiastics should thus merge their spiritual in their temporal character, is another question. Abstractedly speaking, we think it was the very reverse of desirable; but whether, in a transition state like that of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it *could*, practically speaking, have been otherwise, may well be doubted. Nevertheless it is the fact, that within the sacred ministry there did then exist in large numbers—as they have sometimes existed since in a smaller proportion—a class of ecclesiastics often perfectly respectable in private life (though not always so), whose time was devoted almost exclusively to political or other secular affairs, and whose habits were not exactly fashioned after the apostolic model.

In one of the few readable passages of his book, Mr. Trollope gives a picture of certain cardinals of this description, extracted from the accounts rendered to their government by the Venetian ambassadors:

“The manner of living which Rome was accustomed to see and admire in her ecclesiastical princes is amusingly shown by the account which the same company of ambassadors from Venice, whose report has been before cited, have furnished of a banquet given them by the Venetian cardinal, Andrea Cornaro. After duly recording the velvet-covered seats, the cloth-of-gold, the sideboards loaded with superb plate, they state the astounding fact, that the dinner consisted of sixty-five courses of three dishes each; and all served on silver. ‘Scarcely had we tasted one,’ say the simple ambassadors, with very evident admiration, ‘than another was brought in. At last we rose, stuffed and stupified, as well from the quantity of the food as because at the cardinal’s table there was music of every sort that could be found in Rome. Excellent fifiers played continually; harpsichords also were there, with most wonderful sounds in them; lutes with four strings; harps and songs outside the room, and inside;—one music after another.’

This magnificent cardinal, we are told, gave dinners to the members of the sacred college three times a week. Their eminences often called on him on their way to the apostolical palace, as his mansion was situated in the Borgo; and he was in the habit of pressing them to stay and dine with him.

Various other entertainments are recounted with infinite admiration and simplicity by these worthy Venetians, who have left one of the most amusing, if not most politically important, of the ‘*Relazione*’ which have come down to us. With Cardinal Grimani they dined one Saturday entirely, like good Catholics, on fish. His eminence, being bishop of Porto, has special facilities, they say, for having fish of all sorts: and indeed it should seem that he had, for the ambassadors, ‘stupified’ as they had been, a few days before, by Cardinal Cornaro’s sixty-five courses, sat at Cardinal Grimani’s table during this fast-day dinner, for nearly six hours. They particularly commemorate one fish, a sturgeon, the head of which was ‘larger than that of a large ox,’ and which had cost eighteen golden ducats, equal to not much less than 8*l.* of our present currency.

None, however, of the festivities recorded by them give so striking a picture of the profuse magnificence of the Roman life of that period as the following very interesting and curiously minute account of a hunting-party, to which one of their number was invited by the Cardinal Cornelio:

‘Mathew Dandolo, on Saturday, went to hunt with this cardinal; and they took a stag, a wild-goat, and a hare. The cardinal was mounted on a dapple-gray Spanish jennet, of great beauty and nobleness, admirably well paced, and ornamented with black housings. He was dressed in a plaited priest’s vestment, short, of scarlet colour, and without lining. On his head, above his skull-cap, he wore a Spanish hat, dark-coloured, and ornamented with tassels of black silk and velvet. And they went twelve miles out of Rome to hunt. The company comprised about a hundred horsemen; for when the cardinal goes a-hunting, many noble Romans, and other

courtiers, that take pleasure in the sport, follow him. There was Messer Serapicca, among others, very sad and out of spirits. The cardinal sent on eight mules loaded with nets, which were immediately stretched in a little valley shut in by certain hills, not very high, but difficult to ascend. Through this valley the stags and swine had to pass. The huntsmen, whose business it is to know the haunts of the stags and other animals, and their lairs, had not yet come up, having gone to lie in ambush for the game. When they arrived, the cardinal dismounted, and took off his upper clothing, remaining in a jacket of brown Flemish cloth, cut close and tight to the body. The rest of the company also dismounted. Then the cardinal having remounted and assigned every one his place, they proceeded to a lovely meadow, by which the stags were obliged to pass. A small river, deep and swift of stream, ran through it, and it was crossed by several little bridges. This meadow also was guarded by dogs, of which there were a great number present. The cardinal then mounted a jennet of great value, which his brother, Don Francesco, had brought him from Spain, and all set about driving the stag from his cover. Three or four were very shortly put up. Two of them ran into the net and entangled themselves: one was caught; the other escaped. Then three exceedingly fierce boars were driven out from the valley; and the whole hunt, horsemen and runners on foot, hounds and mastiffs, followed them a good hour, teasing them unceasingly, as they at one moment rushed into the cover, and the next were started from it by the hounds. A fine sight it was to see, and the cardinal was exceedingly delighted and exhilarated. After that, in another beautiful meadow, in which there was only one small shrub, was prepared the buffet of the cardinal, and a table for fourteen persons; and at the head of it a chair of state for his lordship. And thus, some sitting on stools, and others standing, they eat, while the dogs howled at the sight of the food; the hunting-horns were sounded, and those who had followed the hunt on foot strolled about with their bread and cup of wine in their hands. But, in the midst of the dinner, down came a hard shower of rain, which washed all the company well, and watered their wine for them in their cups. They continued their dinner, however, only ordering felt hats to be handed round to the guests. The repast consisted of the finest fish, both sea and fresh water; of which the laccia, from the Tiber, is the best fish in the world. We have it in the Po, and know it under the name of chieppe; but, in truth, with us the fish is comparatively worthless. There were exquisite wines of ten sorts. Sweet oranges, peeled and prepared with fine sugar, were served at the beginning of the dinner for the first dish, as is the mode at Rome. There were three hundred mouths to feed. Then all mounted again, and came to a coppice of underwood, into which some hounds were sent. The huntsmen started a very beautiful wild-goat, which the dogs at last caught and killed. Then they chased a hare, and took her. After that, another stag was found, but was not caught. An hour before

sundown they returned to Romé. The next morning the cardinal sent the produce of the chase on a mule, as a present to the ambassadors. He sent also three other mules, each carrying a very fine calf; and twenty very long poles, carried by forty porters, from which hung capons, pigeons, partridges, pheasants, peacocks, quantities of salted meats of various sorts, and most delicate buffalo cheeses; besides three pipes of wine loaded on twelve mules, carrying two barrels each; and for every four of these mule-loads there was another mule carrying an empty tun well seasoned, for holding the wine in the cellar. The wines were of three sorts, and most exquisite. Besides all this there were forty loads of corn for our horses. And Messer Evangelista dei Pellegrini da Verocchio, house-steward of the cardinal, a man of worship and reputation, addressed the ambassadors, inviting them to dine with the most reverend cardinal on the following Tuesday. The present, which was estimated at two hundred ducats, was accepted, as also the invitation to dinner.'"

As Catholics, then, we never object to the publication of such anecdotes as this, provided only they are not put forward, as they usually are, as illustrating the entire character of the Catholic priesthood, and as proofs of the worldly, grasping, and licentious spirit of the Church of Rome. What would be said of us Catholics, indeed, if we took the twenty thousand a year of a Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, and his sumptuous entertainments to royalty, as a proof of the worldly and luxurious lives of all the vicars and curates of the Establishment? Yet the decorous magnificence of Lambeth banquets, and the courtier-like life of many of the Anglican prelates, is every whit as unapostolic as the portrait of Cardinal Cornelio out hunting in "pink," or the sixty-five courses of Cardinal Cornaro's dinner. Far be it from us to wish to see a Catholic prelate following his own pack of hounds, or to sit at a cardinal's table with sixty-five courses, sent up by a French *chef*, and with the best band of music of the day in attendance. That such things ever were, we only lament; and we see in them, quite as much as in the occasional vices of certain ecclesiastics, the real cause of the "reformation." But we protest against accepting these gorgeous misrepresentatives as an indication of the whole state of things in Rome, or any other Catholic country. All the while that these things were seen *by the worldly eye*, those who saw below the surface beheld the private life of thousands and thousands, priests and laymen, bishops and nuns, pure and unspotted; sometimes rising to the height of heroic sanctity, and testifying to the truth of the doctrines of the Church and the virtue of her sacraments all the more powerfully because of the corruptions to be witnessed in high places.

The writer before us is not the man thus to penetrate below what is outside, and find diamonds in the darkness of a mine. He talks about moral strength, but he does not understand it. Popes like Adrian VI. and the present Pontiff, constrained as he is to admit their moral worth, awake only his contemptuous pity. He smiles, or rather sneers, at "poor Adrian," as a man who lived for nothing; utterly forgetting, if he ever knew it, that the spirit which broke forth for a few months in Adrian, speedily arose again, and effected the most extraordinary real reformation *within* the Church which history has to record. Want of space prevents us from quoting the few paragraphs from Mr. Trollope which we had intended to give as a specimen of the cool impertinence with which writers of his stamp treat men immeasurably their superiors; but we cannot omit the following sage conclusion:

"It is intelligible enough that his short papacy should have been wholly uninfluential on the character and habits of the Roman court and city. It was altogether a failure in every point of view. And Rome evidently understood the exigencies of her papacy best in sinking all notion, or other than strictly official and conventional talk of duty with regard to it altogether.

Death delivered Adrian from the papal chair, and the Romans from Adrian, on the 23d September 1523. And the Church has never since committed the blunder of putting any other than an Italian at her head."

Assuring our readers that the unintelligible nonsense which forms the third sentence in this last extract is not the result of our printer's blundering, but comes *in puris naturalibus* from Mr. Trollope, we pass on to another part of his volume.

When Catherine was eight years old, she was placed by her uncle with a community of nuns, called the "Murate," or walled-up ones. This community had been founded a century and a half before, by three pious women, who had determined to live and die in a little building on the pier of one of the bridges of Florence. They walled up their door in order to prevent any communication with the world without, and hence their name.

After an account of the progress of the new society, which may be taken as a characteristic specimen of the vulgar flippancy of the school to which he belongs, and with interminable digressions and moralisings on this and that and every thing else, Mr. Trollope proceeds to give his history of the education of the child. On this important subject he has to tell us practically *nothing*, so far as his thesis is con-

cerned. In the midst of this dearth of facts, he favours us with his views as to what her education must have been, grounded on what he tells us is the universally received ideal of convent education at the present time. The "educational specialties"—*this* is certainly a piece of "educational" slang exclusively confined to the nineteenth century—the "educational specialties" of convents in the sixteenth and all other centuries are, we learn, confined to "a due knowledge of the catechism and crochet-work," or, in other words, "religion and polite behaviour." Having thus summarily settled the question of convent education throughout the Catholic world, Mr. Trollope proceeds to inquire, "according to the recognised laws of ethical cause and effect," whether the "moral atmosphere" of the convent was not such as fully to account for Catherine's turning out "the cold-blooded murderess of many thousands of her fellow-creatures." As we have said, of the facts of Catherine's life in the convent he has nothing to tell, while he admits that she ever retained an impression of the piety of her teachers. But what is that to your genuine anti-papistical Protestant? The less he knows of Catholicism, the more confident he is that it is all an abomination. The darker the blindness of his own eyes, the more fully is he persuaded that he is gazing upon black iniquities too foul to see the light. Accordingly our wiseacre here *proves* that the nuns practically made Catherine a murderess, by detailing sundry miracles said to have been wrought in the convent, and the number of prayers they said in order to be able to offer a splendid new mantle for an image of the Blessed Virgin on a certain great festival. He gives the list of the prayers at full length, quoting from Richa, their panegyrist; and we have no doubt that when he had copied it out, he felt persuaded that he had supplied the English reader with one of the most exquisite pieces of satire upon the superstitions of Popery that history can furnish. To show that we do not quite think its publication fatally destructive of our religion, we give the catalogue the further publicity which our own pages can supply:

"For making the said mantle of six yards of rich brocade of gold, lined with seventy ermine skins, embroidered with sixty-three crowns in gold, and eight hundred and eighty-two precious stones, furnished with a garniture of pearls and a golden clasp, with a Solomon's knot in gold, and a button of gems, and spangled with five sorts of flowers, viz. lilies, roses, carnations, jessamines, and hyacinths,—the following prayers must be said:

For six yards of brocade, three psalters in honour of the Holy Trinity; fifty psalms per yard, with *Gloria tibi Domine*, and medita-

tions on the great favours Mary received from the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

For seventy ermine skins, seven thousand times the *Ave Maria*, in honour of the seven joys.

For sixty-three embroidered crowns, sixty-three times the rosary, in reverence for the sixty-three years Mary lived in the world.

For eight hundred and eighty-two precious stones, fourteen for each crown, must be repeated seven times the joys she had on earth, and seven times the joys she had in heaven.

For a garniture of pearls, seven hundred times *Ave Maria* (sic) *Stella*.

For a clasp, seven hundred times the *O gloriosa Domina*.

For a Solomon's knot, seven hundred times the *Salve Regina*.

For a golden button, seven hundred times the *Alma Redemptoris Mater*.

For embroidered roses, seven hundred times the *Ave Sanctissima Maria*.

For ditto carnations, seven hundred times the *Regina cœli*.

For ditto lilies, seven hundred times the *Ave Regina cœlorum*.

For ditto jessamines, seven hundred times the *Quem terra*.

For ditto hyacinths, seven hundred times the *Memento Salutatis* (sic)."

But, after all, where is the absurdity of this? The nuns have a wish to adorn a certain image of a person whom they love, in a way suited to their own ideas of art and beauty; and in order to be able to accomplish this wish, they offer certain prayers to God. In a similar way, some modern benefactor of his country dies—of course a Protestant—and his grateful fellow-countrymen wish to put up a statue in his honour (not having the fear of idolatry before their eyes); and the managers of the undertaking being religious people, and believing in the efficacy of prayer, pray to God that, if it is His will, the affair may prosper and be brought to a conclusion.

Now we ask, in all honesty, what is the difference between the two cases? If it is natural and sensible to pray that God would bless our pious wishes to honour the memory of an excellent person just dead, why is it superstitious to pray that we may be able to decorate an image of Mary with gold and ermine? Why does the latter prove that the nuns made Catherine an embryo murderess, while the former would be a feather in the cap of any man who had the education of youth under his charge? There are differences of detail, no doubt; but the principle is absolutely the same in both instances. Catholics love the Blessed Virgin, Protestants do not, but consider a statesman or warrior a more worthy object for a statue than her whom God himself has called "blessed."

Again, it throws the æsthetic mind into fits to think of dressing up an image—probably an ugly one—with silk, and ermine, and pearls, and much more with spangles, muslin, and such-like millinery. The British intellect cannot conceive that such things can be otherwise than a mockery of true religion, a superstition at once disgusting and degrading. But why is marble pious and spiritual, and muslin grovelling and gross? Why is a statue by Flaxman or Chantrey not inconsistent with Christianity, while a little wooden image, carved by nobody knows who, is idolatrous and an abomination? Is devotion a matter to be settled by the rules of academies? Does Almighty God hear no prayers but those offered in good grammar? Does He value an artist's *chef-d'œuvre* more than a poor man's daub? As for all these mantles and brocades, these spangles and artificial flowers, personally speaking, we have no taste for them; and we should never say Pater-Nosters and Hail Marys in order to obtain them. But that is simply because our taste does not lie in that direction. There is no merit in a severe and classical taste. Let every man, woman, and child follow their own inclinations in such things, without being laughed at, except in the way of good humour, by their more critical neighbours. When will rational Protestants be rational with respect to us and our devotional practices? When will they learn to see below the surface; to separate the accidental from the essential, and get rid of that shallow bigotry which delights in condemning other people's proceedings simply because they are not one's own.

We have, however, no more space to devote to Mr. Trollope, and can only wish his book a speedy journey to that goal to which it is assuredly advancing, namely, the trunk-maker's shop.

SOUTHWELL'S POEMS.

The Poetical Works of the Rev. Robert Southwell: edited by
W. B. Turnbull. London: J. R. Smith.

IN an article upon "Mediaeval Hymns," which we published last April, we were at some pains to prove that the most natural form for delivering religious teaching is a rhythmical and quasi-poetical one. We showed that in past ages the rudiments of theology were almost always taught by means of hymns, just as the abstracts of other sciences were.

put into verse, so as to be always at the fingers' ends. But it is not merely as an aid to memory that theology can be best taught in verse; it is not only that this science, where so much depends on the verbal symbol, is most naturally, most easily, and most permanently impressed on the mind in poetical formulæ, but because there is a still deeper and more original connection between religion and poetry than the dry theologian would be willing to concede. Historically no one can doubt that the first poets were the prophets, oracles, and priests of their countrymen; that all poetry was considered a sacred thing, and was for ages devoted solely to religious purposes. The earliest philosophers also spoke in verse; and history thinks it worthy of record that Pherecydes of Syra was the first that innovated on the old custom by writing philosophy in prose. Even still, as Father Faber testifies, nothing takes so strong a hold upon people as religion in metre,—hymns or poems on doctrinal subjects. We have also the highest authority for this use of poetry: those parts of Scripture which most touch the soul and illumine the mind are, in fact, poems. Where the deepest mysteries of religion are discussed,—where the most sacred revelations of dogmatic, moral, or mystical theology are made,—the language always assumes a balanced rhythmical form, even if it is not professedly poetry. Moses summed up his teaching in a song; the Psalms were the liturgy of the Jewish Temple; the Song of Solomon, the teachings of the prophets, are all delivered in this kind of language. In the most exact of the great theological Fathers we observe an epigrammatic mode of writing in balanced rhythmical sentences, full of antithesis, with which all readers of St. Augustine are familiar, and which is far removed from the indefinite carelessness of modern prose.

But the connection between religion and poetry rests on something still deeper than this historical basis. All language, as soon as it goes beyond indicating the ordinary objects of sense, as soon as it becomes more than a nomenclature of things under our eyes, is poetry. How could people have first indicated metaphysical ideas, or expressed the inward acts of the soul, except by the most daring poetical images? Just as nurses call children's sulks "the black dog," so qualities were first expressed by the names or actions of animals: injuries were said to awake a man's sleeping lion; to be pleased was to wag the tail, to express love was to coo like a dove. The more insensible and metaphysical the object of conversation, the more bold must have been the imagery, the more poetical the metaphor. But what

is so far removed from sense as God and the soul? What so invisible, so inaudible, so incomprehensible, as the bond that unites them? Even now, when use has vulgarised and rubbed out our sensibility to the poetry of most of our metaphysical terms, the images which we have to use when talking of God and of religious matters still speak to the depths of our poetical sensibility, and thrill the heart more surely than any others. Doubtless professed theologians, by constant use, will come to see only a technical meaning in the most imaginative symbol; but they should try to remember what effect it at first had on them, and should not attempt to appreciate its poetry by the hardness of the outline which it now presents to their scientific vision. Then they will own that theology, so far as its terms are concerned, *is* poetry; and that, if taught at all, it must be taught poetically. We can appeal to a very high authority in proof of our statement—namely, to St. Thomas himself. In the 9th article of the first question of his *Summa* he introduces his devil's advocate (if we may so term that quarrelsome gentleman who opens all the discussions with his *arguitur quod non*, and who is prepared to contradict every thing that St. Thomas is prepared to affirm, from the being of God down to the use of metaphors in Scripture), “proceeding” on this wise: “Scripture should not use metaphors; for that which is proper to the lowest kind of learning is not fit for theology, the highest of the sciences. But to use various similitudes and representations is proper to poetry, which is the lowest of all learnings; so theology ought not to use them.” Yes, indeed, poetry is the lowest learning, in the same sense as the foundation is the lowest building; but it bears up all the rest. Poetry teaches us to get beyond the bark and rind of a word; it teaches us how the unseen may be expressed in terms of the visible, how language may get beyond statistics, and may be of some further use than to enumerate the dishes on the dinner-table or the tools in the work-shop. But let us see what St. Thomas answers to the objections of this enstatic individual. First, then, he crushes him with the words of Osee, “I have multiplied visions, and have been symbolised by the prophets.” Then he answers in general, that “Scripture must teach divine and spiritual truths under the similitude of material things, because God provides for all according to the requirements of their nature; but man's nature proceeds through sensible to intelligible things, for all our knowledge begins with sense. Fitly, therefore, does Scripture teach spiritual truths in material metaphors, for as Dionysius the Areopagite says, ‘the divine ray cannot possibly shine upon us

otherwise than as shrouded about with a variety of sacred veils.' Besides, as Scripture is for all, wise and unwise in common, it is expedient that spiritual things should be set forth under the images of material things; that thus even unlettered persons might understand them who cannot comprehend abstract metaphysical terms." And lastly, he finishes by giving a particular answer to the objection. "Poetry uses metaphors simply for the purpose of representation, in which man naturally takes pleasure. But Scripture employs them for necessity and use." Scripture, then, is poetry; the essential character of its method is identical with that of poetry; the difference is, that the poets seek to fill the mind's eye with a pleasing picture, or to thrill the heart with a passing sentiment; while the prophets and evangelists wish to teach that which it is necessary to know if we would be saved, and to inflame the heart with a fruitful love of the goodness and beauty of God.

Now how many of us have read over and over again these and similar words of Saint Thomas about the expediency of a poetical style to captivate the popular unscientific mind, *Convenit sacræ Scripturæ, quæ communiter omnibus proponitur, ut spiritualia sub similitudinibus corporalium proponantur, ut saltem vel sic rudes eam capiant*, and then have admired and even analysed the epic grandeur of the whole design of the services of the Church, the dramatic power of her antiphons, and the lyric beauty of her hymns, and have been struck with wonder at the genuine poetic sensibility and artistic skill which must have filled the hearts and heads of those good old monks who have bequeathed this legacy to the world, without ever thinking of uniting the two reflections, and recognising in these services, these antiphons, and these hymns, that very poetical character by which these wise philosophers thought that the minds of the uneducated could be best captivated, and led to take a genuine interest in the sublime dogmas of religion! We have forgotten that these very theologians, who wrote so well both of God and man, and who recognised that it was only by the poetical method that the minds of children and common men can be made to understand spiritual things, have bequeathed to us specimens of this mode of teaching; and with St. Thomas's office for Corpus Christi before our eyes, with the beautiful and most poetical book of Dominican prayers, with the *Lauda Sion*, the *Stabat Mater*, the *Dies iræ* sounding in our ears, we have put up with shabby translations from slipshod French and Italian prayers, conceived in the fashionable epistolary style of the day, without a particle of that powerful and yet refined

poetry which speaks directly to the common heart of humanity in the old medieval devotions and didactic hymns. They are real works of art, which even the atheist and the scoffer might prize, and lay by among his choicest treasures. But once look with a purely artistic eye on the common run of our devotional books, and how trumpery must they appear! Before Father Faber, there was scarcely an attempt worth mentioning to supply English Catholics with devotional poetry; and the consequence was, as he testifies, that "they were not unfrequently found poring with a devout and unsuspecting delight over the verses of the Olney hymns."

Father Faber has attempted, and, on the whole, with marvellous success, to fill this void in our devotional literature. But he must be himself aware of the poverty of his collection in thoughtful poetry like the didactic and dogmatic hymns of the medieval writers. When we expressed, last April, our hope that some gifted person might be found who would endow the Anglo-Saxon race with such a legacy, we little suspected that a treasure of the kind already existed; still less did we imagine that it had been provided by a man whose name may one day stand in the Calendar of the Saints, on account of the glorious martyrdom which he suffered for the Catholic faith.

We do not at present intend to do more than quote enough of Father Southwell's poetry to verify our estimate of him, reserving for a future occasion our criticism of Mr. Turnbull's edition of his works, and of the memoir which he has prefixed to them. Whatever its deficiencies may be, we Catholics are under a great obligation both to him and to the enterprising Protestant publisher for having rescued from oblivion such invaluable relics; for invaluable they are in every sense.

The first and chief sense in which Southwell towers above other poets is, that he was not only a poet. He had not that halfness and incompleteness which would drag down even a Shakespeare from the highest throne of humanity. He (not like Shakespeare, but in his measure) had an eye for the gorgeous hues of the material world; and he employed them as colours to compose his picture. But he did not rest in their beauty; he stepped beyond words into the realm of things; he explored the virtue that resides in the symbols, and imparts their power. He does not pretend to weep sentimental tears with the sorrowing Werter; but he feels the sorrows of St. Peter, and utters the apostle's "complaint" from a heart which has sounded the same depths. His "Mary Magdalen's Tears" are the real experiences of a penitent (not that we

mean that the venerable martyr was in any technical sense a penitent), not the imaginary sorrows of a Byronic *blasé*. The resolutions which he expresses he acted upon; the virtues which he praises he possessed. When he says,

“ My choice was guided with foresightful heed,
It was averred with approving will;
It shall be followed with performing deed,
And sealed with vow, till death the chooser kill.
Yet death, though final date of vain desires,
Ends not my choice, which with no time expires,”

he uttered no vain brag; for his “performing deed” was a most constant martyrdom. When he declared,

“ My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil;
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will,”

he was simply describing his habitual state of life. When he expressed the wishes of the following exquisite stanza,

“ Who would not die to kill all murdering grieves?
Or who would live in never-dying fears?
Who would not wish his treasure safe from thieves,
And quit his heart from pangs, his eyes from tears?
Death parteth but two ever-fighting foes,
Whose civil strife doth work our endless woes,”

it was no imaginary state of mind, no ideal of what should be, but the simple naked representation of the usual state of his own will. There is no unreality about him. He is a whole, not a half man. His pretensions are not hollow; there is no concave part in his character, no hole to be picked in this perfect sphere, *totus in se teres atque rotundus*.

Next, even in the ranks of secular poets, Father Southwell holds no contemptible place. The music and harmony of his lines are perfect; while reading them we seem to be listening to the cadences of the most beautiful of the old English or Italian madrigals.

But it is as a thoughtful poet that he puts out his greatest power. Here he proves himself a true oracle of wisdom. Whether for terseness in expression, as in the line,

“ Most friends befriend themselves with friendship's show;”

or for practical wisdom, as in a stanza which we earnestly recommend to our Anglican friends,

“ Where the truth once was, and is not,
 Shadows are but vanity,
 Showing want that help they cannot,
 Signs, not salves, of misery.
 Painted meat no hunger feeds,
 Dying life each death exceeds ;”

or for intricate play upon words, as in the following quaint but beautiful little fugue on the subject “ To live in love,”

“ Who lives in love, loves least to live,
 And long delays doth rue,
 If Him he love, by whom he lives,
 To whom all love is due ;
 Who for our love did choose to live,
 And was content to die ;
 Who loved our love more than His life,
 And love with life did buy ;”

or for tenderness of imagery, as in the poem “ At home in heaven” (we should like to quote the whole poem).

For all these, Southwell approves himself to our judgment as holding, perhaps, the highest place among the poets of the sixteenth century. We doubt if the poems (not the plays) of Shakespeare could furnish brighter gems.

When such a poet as this has continued in our language the traditions of the medieval hymnographers, the experiment which we demanded has been made. It only remains to see whether our anticipations will be justified by the event—whether these and similar hymns will gradually regain the popularity they once had. We cannot expect them to take the Catholic public by storm ; their beauty and grace are too intellectual, too subtle for that ; but the heart once captivated by them is loth to submit to the rough handling of a more commonplace poetry. Not that Southwell is deficient in rugged manliness. Let any one read his noble translation of the *Lauda Sion** (which ought to be the foundation for any future version ; Father Caswall's pales beside its rough majesty), and he will never suppose Southwell capable of effeminateness. No saintly soul is destitute of certain feminine qualities ; but they enhance instead of destroying the male character of the whole. But let us give a few specimens of his hymnology. The first is an address to Sin, from “ St. Peter's Complaint”:

“ Ah, sin, the nothing that doth all things file,†
 Outcast from heaven, earth's curse, the cause of hell ;
 Parent of death, author of our exile,
 The wreck of souls, the wares that fiends do sell ;

* The Protestants, with characteristic dishonesty, in an edition of this poem, in 1630, omitted the stanzas where the dogma of transubstantiation is so beautifully expressed, and substituted some doggerel of their own to teach Hooker's nonsensical view of the Holy Eucharist.

† Defile.

That men to monsters, angels turns to devils,
 Wrong of all rights, self-ruin, root of evils.
 A thing most done, yet more than God can do ;
 Daily new done, yet ever done amiss ;
 Friended, of all, yet unto all a foe ;
 Seeming a heaven, yet banishing from bliss ;
 Served with toil, yet paying naught but pain,
 Man's deepest loss, though false-esteemed gain."

The second is a hymn on the Nativity of our Lord :

" Behold the Father is His daughter's Son,
 The bird that built the nest is hatched therein ;
 The old of years an hour hath not outrun,
 Eternal life to live doth now begin.
 The Word is dumb ; the mirth of heaven doth weep ;
 Might feeble is, and force doth faintly creep.
 O dying souls, behold your living Spring !
 O dazzled eyes, behold your Sun of grace !
 Dull ears, attend what word this Word doth bring !
 Up, heavy hearts, with joy your Joy embrace !
 From death, from dark, from deafness, from despair
 This Life, this Light, this Word, this Joy repairs.
 Gift better than Himself God doth not know,
 Gift better than his God no man can see ;
 This Gift doth here the Giver given bestow,
 Gift to this Gift let each receiver be :
 God is my Gift, Himself He freely gave me ;
 God's gift am I, and none but God shall have me."

The third is a portion of a hymn on the Blessed Sacrament, which, as a whole, seems to us not much inferior to St. Thomas's *Lauda Sion* or *Pange lingua* :

" That which He gave He was, O peerless gift !
 Both God and man He was, and both He gave ;
 He in His hands Himself did truly lift :
 Far off they see whom in themselves they have.
 Twelve did He feed, twelve did their Feeder eat ;
 He made, He dressed, He gave—He was their meat.
 They saw, they heard, they felt Him sitting near ;
 Unseen, unfelt, unheard, they Him received ;
 No diverse thing, though diverse it appear—
 Though senses fail, yet faith is not deceived ;
 And if the wonder of the work be new,
 Believe the Worker, for His word is true.
 Whole may His body be in smallest bread,
 Whole in the whole, yea, whole in every crumb ;
 With which be one, or [be] ten thousand fed,
 All to each one, to all but One doth come.
 And though each one as much as all receive,
 Not one too much, nor all too little have."

But here we must conclude, recommending our readers to buy the volume, and to study its contents. St. Alphonsus

recommended the reading of authors whose names begin with an *S*. We do not at all intend to anticipate authority in prefixing this letter to the name of Robert Southwell; but one cannot help imagining that a man who had lived his life and died his death in countries nearer the centre of authority would long ago have been raised on the altars of the Church.

Short Notices.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

The Lamp, September and October 1856. We are sorry to make any invidious remarks on a generally meritorious publication; but the editor of *The Lamp* has, through inadvertence, carelessness, or simplicity, admitted some papers of so scandalous a character into his pages, that we cannot let them pass without a remonstrance. Not that we wish to invite the attention of the authorities to the subject, though we should have thought that the danger of the insidious recommendation of a condemned heresy to the readers of *The Lamp* is considerably greater than that of the consideration of questions as yet undecided in the pages of more exclusively literary periodicals. The papers to which we refer are entitled "Female Confessors of the Cross." They are so palpably dishonest, the intention of the writer of them is so manifestly "Jesuitical" (in his own sense of the term), that they neither deserve nor will receive quarter at the hands of Catholics. This person knows as well as we do that Jansenism is a heresy which no Catholic can hold; he knows that the literature which emanated from Port-Royal, however brilliant it may be, is stained with this heresy, and is placed on the Index of forbidden books; he knows that the nuns and recluses of Port-Royal, those vaunted saints of Jansenism, are noted with the brand of disobedience, pride, wilful error, and quibbling equivocation. Yet this is the doctrine—these are the books—these are the saints—which the writer before us thinks proper to recommend to the simple Catholic reader, through the medium of a magazine of the lightest literature. An unsuspicious Catholic may take up this "illustrated Catholic journal," "devoted to the religious improvement of the working-classes," and may draw from its pages lessons of the most unscrupulous and revolting of heresies. Now is this honest? Moreover, the more surely to disarm suspicion, the hypocrite (we can call the writer by no gentler name) begins his discourse with the names of universally-honoured saints. The first paper is merely a panegyric of St. Bernard, whose rule the nuns of Port-Royal professed to follow. Next, because St. Francis de Sales was a warm friend of the Mother Angelica, his name is prominently put forward; though the writer judiciously omits to tell us that this saint died before his penitent became a Jansenist; and that he, for reasons of his own, had refused to admit her into his order of the Visitation.

Another judicious omission is the name of St. Vincent of Paul. It would not have served the writer's purpose to inform his readers that this well-known saint was one of the great opponents of the Jansenists; and that he carried his hostility to them so far, that he actually delated one of the chiefs of the sect to the civil authorities.

Upon this foundation, equally judicious in its statements and its reticence, our author goes on to build his superstructure of Jansenist hagiology. Mother Angelica is of course the principal figure. Next to her is the "celebrated Abbé de St. Cyran, the friend of the distinguished Jansenius," in the society of which "holy man Angelica seemed again to behold the blessed St. Francis de Sales. Till then she had mourned the loss of the Bishop of Geneva as irreparable. For the first time the abbess 'met with one whose growth in piety was equally extraordinary. Nor could she avoid observing that to the eminent holiness which distinguished St. Francis, M. de St. Cyran added a strength of mental powers, luminous intellect, and an energy of character, peculiarly his own.'" Under the guidance of this heretic, saintly as St. Francis, but far wiser, the inmates of Port-Royal "promoted the truths of the blessed gospel," converted worldlings "to the truth as it is in Jesus," won many souls to Christ, and made them followers of the "meek and lowly Jesus." We quote these peculiar phrases with satisfaction, because they prove to us that the writer is a Protestant; no Catholic ever uses them; they are the coinage of the "Evangelical" mint. The writer himself is probably one of this sect, who has fraudulently gained admission for his writings into *The Lamp* by representing himself to be what he is not. If so, this is a case of moral swindling, quite as infamous as forgery, or obtaining money under false pretences, in the civil commercial code. It is analogous to a case which was received, some years since, with the universal execrations of Protestants, and which cost its author his place under government; when the Archbishop of Canterbury was inveigled by a pretended Protestant inquirer to make some damaging admissions. But the present writer does not attack a man who can defend himself; he attacks the faith of the defenceless flock. It is like a minister dressing himself in a Roman collar, and introducing himself into a hospital as priest, in order to undermine the faith of the patients. No mercy can be shown to such a culprit.

We have no wish to gag argument; we only wish each person to sail under his own colours. If we catch a Jansenist sailing under our flag and capturing our craft, we have nothing to do but to treat him as a pirate. Let him argue his case honestly, if he will; but then, of course, he cannot expect his discussion to be admitted into a Catholic periodical that professes to admit only Catholic writings. He must be content with the "outer darkness" of publications professedly Protestant, and not introduce himself as one of the children of light, even in the pages of so modest a luminary as *The Lamp*.

We trust that the editor will do his readers the justice to apologise for his carelessness, and to warn them off the deleterious trash which he has set before them as wholesome food. Even though he may have been ignorant of the full amount of the evil, we cannot altogether acquit him of a very culpable simplicity, in allowing the writer to use his pages for the abuse of the Jesuits. Surely a journal like his should not indulge in invidious remarks against any order of priests. But when a writer singles out as the reason of his hostility to "the society of Jesuits" (he will not call them by their proper title) that which is one of their greatest glories, namely, the sagacity and perseverance with which they ferreted out the dishonest equivocation of the Jansenists from all the windings

and shifts of their diplomatic sophistry, he shows his *animus* so plainly, that no one who takes editorial responsibility on himself ought for a moment to have been taken in by him.

Liddell v. Westerton. The downward progress of the Establishment is becoming more and more rapid every day. Judgment succeeds judgment, each of them extinguishing some fond hope of the would-be restorers of its "catholicity." The last of these cruel blows was the judgment delivered by Sir J. Dodson in the Court of Arches on the 20th ult. The points which this careful decision has brought out with greater clearness are, first, that the true representatives and founders of the Church of England are not those Caroline divines (Andrews, Laud, &c.), from whose writings all the "catenas" of the Tractarians are made up, but those "irreverent dissenters" who filled the bench in the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth. The true legislation of the Establishment is the privy-council-book of the Protector Somerset; the true expositors of her principles are the bishops of the period. This is a deserved judgment upon the Tractarians; they have always tried to eke out their case with all the spurious saints of Fox's *Book of Martyrs*; they have claimed to sit in their seat; to them they have appealed as to their founders against Popery on the one hand and Dissent on the other. But now it appears that the legitimate successors of these "martyrs" are not the surpliced and ceremonious rubricians who have lately set themselves up as the only true specimens of English churchmanship, but the cross-hating puritans whom Lord Palmerston, with a true appreciation of English history, is now so rapidly promoting to the mitre. Not Andrews, nor Laud, nor Cosin, but Grindal, and Latimer, and Cranmer, and Peter Martyr, are the true fathers and doctors of the Establishment.

The second point is, that English Protestantism is a protest against the cross. In spite of the feeble declaration of Dr. Blomfield, that "he did not think we ought to be ashamed of the cross," the Establishment as an institution is founded on precisely the same basis as the Dutch influence in Japan, namely, the trampling on the crucifix. The fathers of the Reformation trembled like demoniacs in its presence. How Jewell sighed over the Nehushtan in the queen's chapel! "That little silver cross of ill-omened origin still maintains its place in the queen's chapel; wretched me!—this thing will soon be drawn into a precedent." In the visitations of the bishops and ecclesiastical commissioners the cross was not excepted from those monuments of idolatry and superstition which were to be destroyed; for, as Sir John Dodson holds, in the royal injunctions, which had the force of law, the cross was considered, if not an image, at least a monument of idolatry and superstition. The isolated ornament of the cross was not one by its nature excepted from the danger of being abused, according to the distinction in the "Homily against the peril of idolatry" (1562). This homily made an exception in favour of historical paintings, observing that men do not so readily worship a picture on a wall or window as an embossed and gilt image set with pearls or stones. It is added that "a story painted with the gestures and actions of many persons, and commonly the story written beneath, hath another use in it than one dumb idol or image standing by itself." So, according to the learned judge, the cross also is a dumb idol, like an African fetish, or a Hindoo image. And as such, all deans, archdeacons, masters of colleges, &c. were enjoined to take it away, "so that there remain no memory of the same on walls, glass windows, or elsewhere, within their churches or houses." No wonder that the authors of these Dutch-Japanese injunctions joined Jewell in his protest against the queen's crucifix: "The establishing of images by

your royal authority shall not only utterly discredit our ministries and builders of the thing which we have destroyed, but also blemish the fame of your most godly brother and such notable fathers as have given their lives for the testimony of God's truth, who by public law removed all images;" and that they burnt and treated with all imaginable insults the images of Christ, of our Lady, and of the saints; that they overthrew the altars, and broke down the carved work with axes and hammers; that they tore the service-books, destroyed the organs, turned the vestments into quilts and curtains, insulted the sacraments, and did their best to wipe out all memory of Christianity. It is enough to say of them that they were haters of the cross, or at best that they could endure it but for a moment, while it was signed over the unconscious infant in baptism, never to be looked upon with patience again. And these, in the eye of the law, and of every honest man, are the persons from whom Anglicans derive their rights, and whom they cannot renounce till they renounce all connection with the imposture which they founded.

Among the books sent us for review we have only space to notice a few of the more important. Dr. Newman's fascinating volume, the *Office and Work of Universities* (London, Longmans), is a re-publication of papers which appeared in successive numbers of the *Catholic University Gazette*. It is the fashion now for Protestant critics to warn their readers off from the works of this great writer, by declaring that his power is altogether destructive; that he is wonderful in demolishing other people's fabrics, but impotent in building any solid edifice in their place, in spite of his adroitness in "putting a bottom to a question that is really bottomless;" so they tell us that Dr. Newman is on the whole "an infidel writer!" And probably Protestants believe these veracious gentlemen, and abstain from verifying for themselves a judgment which they are but too eager to publish. Perhaps they will not fear coming within Dr. Newman's influence on such a harmless subject as "universities." If they will dare to take the step, we can promise them, not a destruction, but an edification of their ideas. The present volume brings out, by means of historical narrative, imaginative illustration, and close reasoning, the ideal of a university with such clearness and distinctness, that the intellectual image seems to be invested with the qualities of the sensible, and to stand forth in form and colour before our eyes.

The next most important book is the Rev. J. Spencer Northcote's book on the *Roman Catacombs* (London, Dolman), an indispensable guide-book both for the fireside traveller and for the actual explorer of the places, and most interesting to any one who wishes to enlarge the brief sketch of them which was given in *Fabiola*. Much of the matter of this volume has appeared at intervals in our pages.

The Lost Sheep and other Poems, by H. A. Rawes, M.A. (London, Richardson), is a volume of some promise; though the union of Wordsworthian naturalism and Spenserian allegory forms as unequal a whole as one of Turner's mythological pictures.

We should have thought that Green and Marlowe's poems, which form Mr. Bell's new volume of old poets, were scarcely decent enough for publication in the present age.

Other poems, by Mr. Dewar, and an anonymous author, we have not yet had time to read.

Obituary.

Of your charity, pray for the repose of the soul of JAMES KIRSOPP, who departed this life at the Spital, near Hexham, on the 11th day of December 1856, aged 42; on whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

THE RAMBLER.

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THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY: ITS DIFFICULTIES, AND PROSPECTS.

THOSE of our readers who are familiar with the columns of the Dublin newspapers are aware that a correspondence has been lately going on with reference to the new Catholic University, characterised by language, to say the least, somewhat excited. Various articles have also appeared in the same journals, all indicative of a state of feeling among the supporters, or quasi-supporters, of the University, which it is impossible not to deplore. Neither letters nor articles tell the whole truth, but they suggest quite as much as they distinctly declare; and they are sufficient to show that a period of crisis has arrived in the history of the University, which cannot fail materially to affect its future destiny.

Whether or not it may have been judicious, or even justifiable, to print such statements as have been given to the public eye, we are not now about to inquire. On this point probably opinions will differ, even among good and loyal Catholics, to some considerable extent. But considering what has been said, and, moreover, what has been left unsaid, we cannot help endeavouring to point out to our readers what appear to us to be the principal difficulties of the new institution, and what the only conditions on which it can fulfil the duties of a really Catholic University for the British empire. When such subjects are once mooted, and angry feelings have once worked themselves to the surface, it is a most mistaken policy to attempt to stifle a full and free discussion of the actual state of the case. Loyalty, obedience, prudence, and charity, may combine to keep the tongue tied, so long as serious evils, though known to exist, are hidden from the public eye; but when once the veil has been lifted, the same virtues combine to urge a different course of action, and bid

us speak aloud those very truths which beforehand we should not have ventured even to whisper.

Every one, then, who knows how Catholic affairs stand in this kingdom has been all along aware that the grand obstacle to the prosperity of the University would be caused by Catholics, and not by Protestants. The difficulties thrown in the way by an adverse Government, or by the general influence of Protestantism in some shape or other, might indeed be serious. But such hindrances as these could have been foreseen from the beginning; and it was evident that they would be in all probability only be such as could be mastered by reasonable prudence, perseverance, and devotion to the cause. But obstacles from within, it has always been known, would be far worse evils. From their very nature it was impossible to foresee in what particular guise they would present themselves, by what combinations they would perplex, and what obstinate persistency they might weary out those whose sole object was the success of the University in the sense in which its foundation was recommended by the Holy See.

When two combatants stand openly opposed to each other if you know their relative strength and the weapons they employ, it is easy to calculate pretty exactly what kind of wound they will naturally inflict, and who will win in the end. I have put a score of people, not altogether the best of friends, into a ship's cabin at sea, and then let the vessel be tossed violently to and fro in a tempest, and see if you can guess beforehand whose head will be broken; whose temper will vent itself on his tumbling neighbour, instead of laying the blame on the winds; and how many of the whole score will be found permanently *hors-de-combat* when the hurricane is past.

Catholics are somewhat in the condition of these storm-tossed passengers. We are shut up with one another, comparatively few in number, and called on by every duty to the Church to bear and forbear one with another's mistakes and infirmities, and to do all honour to those of our fellow-Catholics who labour heartily for the good of others, even though not precisely in our own fashion. Yet our tendency to disagree, not pleasantly and charitably, but unpleasantly and uncharitably, is one of the most notorious causes of the ill-success of many of our undertakings. Our faith and our conscience force us to aim at the same ends, but our ignorance and want of self-control set us knocking our heads one against another while our enemies make a jest of our squabbles, and imagine that our faith is not one because our private animosities are so many. Undoubtedly there are certain excuses to be found which to some degree palliate the folly and criminality w

which we might otherwise be chargeable on account of our dissensions,—excuses which attach to us as Catholics in distinction from Protestants of any denomination. But at present our purpose is not to dwell upon these palliations. We wish to analyse the character of the difficulties which the new University has to encounter, chiefly through the operation of these personal and un-Catholic feelings amongst us. The subject has been now brought before the public in so pointed and yet so unsatisfactory a manner, that we cannot fairly be charged with indiscretion, if we say things to which, under other circumstances, we should have been the last to give utterance.

These internal difficulties, then, may be classed under four heads: the money difficulty, the student difficulty, the national difficulty, and the personal difficulty. They are of very different degrees of importance; but still all may be considered as real obstacles to the permanent success of the undertaking. We shall take them in the order in which we have now placed them; and in thus arranging them, we have been guided by what appears to us to be their relative moment.

The first, then, and the least, is the money difficulty. The money question is not only the difficulty which can be most easily overcome, but it is that which, even when solved, is very far indeed from helping the other problems to a solution. Its solution would be involved in the solution of the rest; but alone it can do little towards the great work of which it is, though a necessary part, yet only a preliminary. As for any actual impossibility of raising sufficient funds by private subscription to find the proper maintenance of a university staff, we do not believe for a moment in its existence. The Catholics of the United Kingdom are perfectly ready to furnish such annual payments as would be wanted, in addition to what they have already given, *if only they are properly called upon*. But this proper calling involves, first, a systematic and periodical recommendation of its claims by the clergy and influential laymen; and secondly, a proof on the part of the University itself that the whole affair is not to end in smoke, or what is much the same thing, in a provincial job. How are all the vast sums annually raised which are collected by the various Protestant religious and philanthropic societies? Simply by the periodical recommendation of their merits to their neighbours by the parochial ministers and the laity of each neighbourhood. These societies are as numerous as are the chief sections of English and Irish Protestantism; and the society which is venerated as if it was the work of a living apostle in one place, is snubbed, scouted, or

hated in another. But still each association has its own special set of willing supporters in large numbers, some in one spot, some in another. These people only wait to be asked from year to year, and they open their purse-strings. Of course the asking is accompanied with a little talking and stimulating; and to our ears this same talking savours not a little of folly and fudge. But the folly and the fudge are part of the cause, not part of the money-collecting machinery. All that is necessary is, that the local clergy and laity *care* about the work. The metropolitan executive then sets them going; and sums of money astounding to Catholic ears are the unfailling result.

Just so with the Catholic University. If the English and Irish clergy—but especially the latter—take a *bonâ-fide* and personal interest in the success of the institution, it will cost them but very little trouble to send up ample funds for all its necessities. We do not mean, of course, that sort of interest which to-day blazes up like a furnace, and to-morrow is cold as ice; which depends on party-spirit, or a desire for flooring the godless colleges, or a personal liking for this man or that; but a conscientious, deep-seated conviction of the advantages which a well-conducted university must bring to the Catholic faith, and to all who submit to that faith. This is the only sort of conviction which will last long enough, or be sufficiently active, to collect the funds without which a university simply cannot be.

For opening the purses of the more educated and better-informed laity, this zeal on the part of the clergy would, indeed, not suffice, if it stood alone. They must see clearly that the money is not going to be thrown into that dark abyss which has swallowed up so many promising Catholic undertakings. While it remains doubtful whether the work can last, and become what it ought to be and what they want, they will unquestionably not go on giving their money. They will, some of them, give handsomely for once, or even twice; but no permanent support can be expected while the air is filled with rumours indicating a questionable stability in the whole affair. So long as people know, or hear, that A quarrels with B; that C is getting utterly disheartened with his difficulties; that D has notions irreconcilable with every sound theory of university education; that E, — in short, that if the University succeeds, it must be *in spite of* many of its supporters; so long, we may rest assured, people will hold back their subscriptions. Whether these rumours are true or false, the result is the same. Their very existence is a blight on the pecuniary resources of the University. We

want no unreasonable advance in the institution. We know that it is yet in its infancy, and that it cannot have done more than make a fair start. Nay, we should suspect it of being more or less a delusion, if it *had* some marvellous stories to tell of its instantaneous and unparalleled success. We know also that its difficulties must be great; that all great works encounter serious obstacles, because they are generally designed to cure serious evils; and that the circumstances of English and Irish Catholics are not such as to warrant an expectation that this great work would prove an exception to the general rule. But we do want to see that an advance is being made *towards* overcoming these difficulties. We want to see that good feeling, common sense, loyalty to the Church, and a hearty love for literary cultivation, are combining to master the difficulties of the situation. We want to see that the success that has been already gained by the labours of the authorities, and the good conduct and attention of the students, are not imperilled, and in a fair way to be thrown away, through the operation of evils which would destroy the fairest hopes, and level the noblest institutions to the ground.

Again, it appears to us to be a mistake of not a little consequence, to imagine that large funds necessarily imply the real and permanent prosperity of the undertaking. If the University is to achieve the noble work of training the young men of the upper classes of the United Kingdom, something more is wanted than a heavy balance at the banker's. Every thing depends on what the University is, and not on what it has. If it is behind the age, if it is provincial, if it is lax, if it is over-stringent in discipline, if it is a mere big school, if it is Gallican in theology, if it coquets with the State, if it courts quarrels with the State,—these are the evils which will destroy its efficacy, in spite of tens of thousands of pounds consigned to the pockets of professors and students. And we dwell upon this point, because there is a tendency in some people's minds to identify its prosperity with its wealth; and on the other hand, to depreciate the success it has achieved because its revenues are not so flourishing as they once promised to be. Nothing can be more unfair to the rector, professors, and students, than to throw cold water on their work because the funds at their disposal are not large. If *they* had shown symptoms of misconceiving their office, or of falling short of their duties, there would be some reason for anticipating a positive failure from within. If the University itself was not only small, but a sham; if it was a got-up, forced, un-academic, un-Catholic concern; the artificial result of a

temporary excitement,—then indeed we should look upon the diminution of its revenues as a preliminary to its extinction; and should hold that it not only would die, but deserved to die. But there is not a shadow of a proof—nay, marvellous to say, scarcely a report—of any thing like a failure, so far as the prudence, zeal, capacity, and character of the superiors is concerned; while the number of students and their conduct is fully such as could be looked for in the early infancy of such an institution.

This, however, brings us to what we have named as the second difficulty which the University has to overcome—viz. that of the students. We do not mean any supposed difficulty of teaching and controlling the junior members of the University, but the difficulty of getting students at all in sufficient numbers. It might at first be supposed that here at least there would be no obstacle to get over. Considering that the University is founded by the direct authority of the Pope; considering also how loud we Catholics of England and Ireland have been in our boastings of our attachment to the Holy See; considering, again, what an outcry many of us have raised against the godless colleges, and mere worldly education in general,—the simple-minded observer might have imagined that the Pope had but to set a real Catholic university a-going, to have its portals crowded with eager applicants for admission; and that the only question would be, how to dispose of and instruct such an embarrassing multitude of enthusiastic youths. Truly would the same simple-minded observer be astonished when he came to test our professions by our practice, and learnt, for the first time in his life, that to grumble at evils is one thing, and to make the best use of good opportunities is another. He would discover that there were sundry qualifications attached to these exuberant protestations of loyalty to Rome, and of antagonism to Protestant governments and Protestant institutions. He would see that many a parent who shouted till he was hoarse about his exclusion from old Catholic foundations, would not spare a few pounds a year in order to send his own son to a living Catholic institution; preferring the cheap honours of religious and patriotic talk to the more expensive but real advantages of religious and patriotic action. Many too, he would perceive, after all, *did* value the favour of the State and the world to an extent for which their vehement declamations of spiritual single-mindedness had little prepared him. The wishes of the Holy See, the labours of the prelates, the character of the rector and his associates,—all this would go for little with that class—alas, too numerous—in

whom the spirit of flunkeyism has taken up its abode. Such as these value a university education not for what it is, but for what it seems to be; not for what it makes their children, but for the vulgar approbation of the multitude. So long as the Queen's majesty, with her gingerbread representative in Dublin, vouchsafe no smile—so long as the rank, wealth, and insolence of Protestantism turns up its imperious nose at the nascent institution—so long as no immediate gain of pounds, shillings, and pence is to be got by studying there—so long does this numerous class of Catholic parents hold aloof, or damn with faint praise, or rejoice to propagate ill-natured stories, or, in short, do any thing but what they ought to do.

To the influence of these dishonourable feelings we must add the action of other causes, more or less harmless or excusable, but still tending to keep parents from sending their sons to the young university. Such are, apathy, an excessive caution, a desire to see how the thing works before they do any thing themselves to help it; with sundry other little feelings of a like kind. Taking these causes all together, so far from wondering that there are not hundreds of eager applicants for admission, we only wonder there are so many students at Dublin as there are. For ourselves, we never expected more at the beginning. We utterly distrusted three-fourths of the talk that used to be uttered on the subject; and felt assured that when it came to doing any real work, the loudest blusterers would be the most backward supporters. Accordingly, we hold that the actual attendance of students is amply sufficient to encourage the upholders of the University; and that the past and present backwardness of parents is no proof that they will not gradually learn wisdom, or be shamed out of their apathy. Such an undertaking takes a generation thoroughly to root itself, much more to bear abundant fruit. Only a new generation of fathers of families will adequately comprehend and cordially appreciate its merits. Few things change more slowly than old prejudices on the subject of education. Men who have been deprived of it themselves are often reluctant to take any trouble to give it to their children. People who have gone on from year to year thinking that the grand cure for all evils is to clamour about their magnitude, are often perfectly helpless when some simple remedy is actually put into their hands. Still, the gradual change in ideas does take place. The old baseless caprices vanish one by one; or they become unfashionable, and people are ashamed to own to them. And so it will be in the present case. Unless the University dies by its own hand, the middle and upper

classes of England and Ireland will before long awaken like men out of sleep, and wonder at their own past insensibility to its claims. No one can say how soon this may be, or how long it may take to convince them of their blindness to their own interests. But we know with what extraordinary rapidity affairs have moved in the Catholic body during the last ten or fifteen years; and we are therefore warranted in thinking that it may require only a few more years to convince the gentry of England and Ireland that a university like that now commenced in Dublin is absolutely essential for the remedy of those defects over which we have so long and so loudly lamented.

The third difficulty which we have named is of a far more serious kind; and on its solution depends the question whether the University is to be a great national or a small provincial institution. Unhappily, as is notorious, there exists between certain portions of the English and the Irish races a species of feeling which makes it difficult for them to unite in practical action. We do not now stop to analyse the exact nature of this cause of mutual repulsion, or to account for it, or to blame it, or to justify it, or to show which party is most to blame, or which is most under its influence. It is sufficient merely to recall the fact of its existence. And no man can ignore that fact in contemplating the future of Catholic academic prospects in the United Kingdom. The feeling is too old, too deeply-seated, and too readily called into action, to be overlooked for a moment. We may give it what name we please; we may call it antipathy, or mistrust, or jealousy, or doubt, or irritability, or any thing else which will partly or wholly express what both parties feel, or what one of them more especially feels; there the fact remains.

Moreover the tie of a common religion is not sufficient to overcome the repellent forces of these dislikes. It modifies their action, it is true. In some cases it so far overrules them, that though they exist, they do little or no harm. But with the generality of those persons who are under their influence, the fact that both sides are Catholic goes for little better than nothing. The wishes of the Holy See, the cause of religion itself, the dictates of common sense and enlightened patriotism, all go to the wall, under the influence of a miserable antipathy and jealousy, the result of times gone by, or of ill-conduct on the part of those with whom the present undertaking has nothing to do.

The consequence in the case of the new University is this: that a certain class of minds in Ireland regard the appointment of Englishmen, as such, to offices of trust and authority

as simply an intrusion on ground which ought to be held exclusively by the Irish-born. They are even more jealous of Englishmen than of foreigners of any country. A continental heretic would be more endurable in their eyes than an English Catholic. We speak, of course, only of some persons; but they are sufficiently numerous and influential to constitute these suicidal notions a thing of serious moment. Others, on the contrary, every whit as good Irishmen, detest this pseudo-nationality in matters of religion and literature. They see as clearly as possible not only the absurd and anti-Catholic theories which it involves, but they foresee the practical impossibility of carrying out a scheme based upon ideas so narrow-minded and short-sighted. To such as these we would offer an apology for the freedom with which we are speaking of the mistakes of their fellow-countrymen, but that they would ask for none and desire none. They agree with us; they lament over these unhappy delusions quite as sorrowfully as we can do; and we believe that they will be gratified rather than annoyed at meeting with any thing like plain-speaking on a subject of such vast importance, however much they may be pained at the circumstances which call it forth.

Counting, then, upon their hearty approval, we have no hesitation in saying that this notion of placing the management of the University solely in the hands of Irishmen would be utterly fatal to its prosperity, not only as a national, but as an *Irish* institution. Being in Ireland, it has been placed under the Irish episcopacy as its supreme authority. This is natural and just; no Englishman ever dreamt of supposing it could be otherwise, or wishing it otherwise. But when it comes to the staff of strictly university-officers, the application of the local principle becomes simply ridiculous. Were it the sole object of the Pope and its other founders to erect a place of education for young Irishmen only, the idea of making all its professors and lecturers Irish exclusively would be bad enough. Even in this case the idea betrays a total ignorance of the principles on which every successful university has been carried on, and a blindness to the particular facts of this present time. Were there no wish to have a single student from England, America, the continent of Europe, or the colonies, no Catholic university *could* do its duty to the Irish youth if exclusively Irish in its staff. A man whose own education had been interfered with by misfortunes and illness might as well expect to be able to educate his own children without any assistance from those more fortunate than himself. The very nature of the case

implies as much. Ireland, through the influence of the penal laws, and other causes, has been placed for ages in circumstances unfavourable to the cultivation of the youth of her upper and middle classes to the extent which they deserve. Dr. Lyons, himself an Irishman, recently called the attention of his countrymen to the astonishingly small proportion of the wealthier classes of Irishmen who have had the benefit of a university education. He has found that while Scotland stands the highest among civilised countries in this respect, Ireland is actually the lowest. How, then, is it possible that Ireland, thus long stripped of the advantages of other countries, can suddenly supply from her own resources alone such a staff of authorities, from the rector downwards, as can, by their reputation, experience, and knowledge, carry an infant university through all the untried difficulties which must beset its progress? To call it "patriotic" to cry out for Irishmen only in such a case, is absolutely childish. Noble patriotism, indeed, to debar one's country from a remedy for the ills which we lament, unless administered by men born either in Leinster, Munster, Ulster, or Connaught! We shall next hear of some sound Protestant, when shivering under the ague, refusing to take quinine because the use of bark was introduced by the Jesuits; or of Evangelical young ladies rejecting camellia-blossoms for the adorning of their hair because the flower was named after Camellus, a member of the same papistical and idolatrous society.

But the absurdity becomes tenfold when it is remembered that the University is specially intended for all Catholics who speak the English tongue, and for as many continental Catholics as have an inclination for education under the spirit of national British ideas. It was *not* designed to be a local or provincial institution, but a great national university. It was meant for Catholics as such, without reference to race, birthplace, or politics. It was designed to keep pace with the altered situation of our religion in the whole United Kingdom,—with our advance in numbers, wealth, cultivation, and social position. Those persons who wish to stamp it with an exclusive character are the real intruders; they are attempting to appropriate to themselves the sole benefit of what was designed for them only in conjunction with others. It is a violation of the first principle of its existence to nail up the cry of "Ireland for the Irish" as a motto over its portals. It is not the "Irish Catholic University" at all; it is the Catholic "University of Dublin." The fact that Dublin is in Ireland no more proves that the University is meant to be specially Irish, than the fact that Oxford is in

Oxfordshire proves that it is not designed for people born in Yorkshire or Middlesex. It is founded in Dublin, rather than elsewhere, not because Dublin is in Ireland, but because it is the most convenient *Catholic* centre.

Does any rational man, then, suppose that as a Catholic institution the University can flourish, if it is carried on upon the basis of the exclusion of Englishmen from its practical management? Is any Irishman so blind to facts as to imagine that its halls can be filled with students from every part of the British empire, if it is once supposed that it is governed by the spirit of a pettifogging provincialism? We do not ask whether Irishmen would like to be able thus to attract the youth of the world solely by their own local merits;—that is not the question. The question is, *can* they do it? Surely there can be but one answer to the query,—It is simply impossible: there is but one feasible way of carrying on the University, namely, by utterly discountenancing and rejecting every petty distinction of race and birthplace, and by confiding the instruction and discipline of the students to the most competent authorities who can be induced to undertake it. On this principle the staff of authorities was originally filled up, though not with such a consistent disregard of foolish and self-destructive prejudices as might have been wished. Still, the right principle was indicated with sufficient distinctness; and the excellent feelings which have personally existed between the various professors and lecturers, of whatever country, have shown that it really *is* possible to work the University on the basis of common sense and unalloyed Catholicism. How much of the actual prosperity of the young University is due to the extreme good sense, cordiality, sincerity, and liberality of mind, of the whole body of its working authorities, we believe is little known to the criticising public. On this point, happily, there has been no difficulty. The wretched jealousies of race have been determinately trodden under foot; and the more the superiors of the University have known of each other, the more closely have they been united by the bonds of mutual regard.

The only question is, whether this happy commencement is to be neutralised by the gradual encroachment of a bigoted provincialism. The struggle must come sooner or later; and one of the two conflicting principles must give way altogether. The species of compromise which has been allowed to modify certain original arrangements can be accepted only as a temporary acquiescence in evils which cannot be instantly confronted. But it must be temporary only. If such a pressure arises as shall give the provincial element a distinct

locus standi in the University, farewell its prospects as a national institution. Farewell all hopes of seeing it supply the wants of the Catholics of the United Kingdom. The whole affair will collapse into a job; the best friends of Ireland will be disheartened, and her most patriotic children made sick at heart at the failure of the one great work which they had flattered themselves would flourish superior to the littlenesses, the bigotries, and the heartburnings, which have long cost them so many sighs.

And this is not all. A rival must arise some where. If the University of Dublin finally settles down into the character of a provincial establishment, it will share the fate of all things provincial. Neither a university, nor a city, nor a territory, can be at once national and provincial. Ireland itself is not yet, in the estimation of many Irishmen, definitively either one or the other. They cannot make up their minds to drop their old notions of being great, influential, and illustrious, as a distinct division of the United Kingdom, and with a sort of antagonism to Great Britain. They cannot grasp the idea of being as much a *part* of the empire as England and Scotland are, and on the same terms. This real equality is a thing which they cannot comprehend, and which they consequently never attempt to bring practically about. They want to be a separate "nation" by themselves, engaged in a sort of partnership in certain matters with Great Britain. This, however, is neither more nor less than an impossibility. Great Britain and Ireland must be one "nation;" a national division is no more possible than a division of languages and manners is possible. The only alternative that remains to Ireland is, to choose whether she will be a "province," or simply a geographical division, of the one grand homogeneous empire. In the former case she voluntarily chooses the inferior lot; she decides upon an antagonism when all the chances of success are against her. In the latter, all rivalry comes to an end. She is at once not merely the equal of Great Britain, but a part, *with* Great Britain, of the United Kingdom. She has no hostile interests, no old feuds to perpetuate, no petty jealousies to indulge. What Great Britain is, such is Ireland: not partners in one firm, but members of one and the same family.

And if this is true in political and social matters, it is still more so in all things touching the Catholic religion, and the education of the upper classes of Catholics. Englishmen, Scotchmen, and gentlemen from the Colonies, will not seek education for their children in a university whose first principle is to allow their own immediate friends and kinsmen no

share, or only an inferior one, in its government. Who does not see that the necessary result of this "Ireland for the Irish" scheme would be to banish all but Irishmen from the lecture-rooms of Dublin? And then what will follow? The erection of another University in England. There can be no doubt about it. It may not arise immediately, and it may not be called a university; but sooner or later the reality will come. The aristocracy and gentry of Great Britain cannot continue much longer without some institution which shall undertake to train their sons in the momentous period between boyhood and manhood. We cannot go on for ever with nothing but schools for our children, although they go by the more ambitious title of colleges. Increasing as we are in numbers and social position, and every year growing more conscious of the urgent necessity of some systematic training for our youth between the ages of eighteen and two or three and twenty, we shall certainly do something to supply our wants if Ireland deliberately refuses us an entrance to the new University in Dublin on terms of absolute equality. With such a competitor, how will Dublin hold its ground even over the Irish gentry and nobles? Every body who knows the laws of human nature must foresee that in this case a large portion of them would prefer the English institution, administered on national principles, to the Irish institution, administered on the basis of a jealous provincialism. Every man who wished his son to take his position among his fellow-countrymen as their equal, would send him for education to a place where nobody cared where he was born and where he came from, and all that was desired was that he was personally fit for the society into which he sought admittance.

This brings us to the last of the four difficulties: the personal difficulty, or, we might almost call it, the political difficulty. It is one most unhappy feature in the state of Irish Catholicism, that the curse of politics is introduced into the very heart of its life. Whiggism and Toryism, and all their kindred modifications, both genuine and sham, thrust their importunate faces up the very steps of the altar, and scowl in anger where nothing should be seen but looks of love and amity. Sometimes one political scheme is the source of dispute, sometimes another; sometimes the virulence of party-spirit contents itself with general questions or abstract proposals, sometimes it concentrates itself in attacks on individuals opposed to one another in political action. But still, there the dark shadow is: there it comes, throwing its baleful gloom over private friendships, over works of mercy and

philanthropy,—nay, over undertakings commenced with the one professed view of furthering the cause of Catholicism, and the culture of Catholics of every class and section. Nothing is too venerable, too delicate, too sacred, for the intrusion of this pertinacious mischief-maker. No matter what a man is, or what his social or ecclesiastical position; no matter what his private worth, his capacity for serving a good cause,—all goes for nothing, if he pleases to exercise the right of choosing his own politics, and decides on a line different from those who have the means of attacking him. We do not say that one side is one whit better than the other, as a whole, whatever be the special bone of contention. There are good and wise men on both sides; and there are noisy uncharitable zealots also, some of them sincere, some of them merely “making capital” out of the delinquencies, real or imaginary, of the opposite side. However, there the evil is: possibly not so vigorous or universal as heretofore, but yet sufficiently so to interfere with the success of the best and noblest works.

Of course the Catholic University has shared the fate of other undertakings. The political blight has entered its neighbourhood, and is dividing those who ought to be its best supporters. Accusations are bandied to and fro in connection with the University, and having a direct tendency to sap its foundations, which have no root except in personal animosities, generally of a political complexion. Nobody is safe from them. Silence goes for nothing, speaking-out goes for nothing, courage goes for nothing, prudence goes for nothing. The one question is, Does this or that man hold my notions on politics? if he does, he is a “patriot,” and he ought to be an influential man in the University; if he does not, he is a traitor, and I will not countenance a place of education which tolerates his presence.

Yet, what folly is this! what ignorance of mankind! what perversity! what ridiculous dogmatism! Will all men ever be agreed about politics? Will all sincere and zealous Catholics ever agree about *any thing* except the doctrines of the Catholic faith? Will public men ever be of one mind as to the terms on which it is best to stand with the secular government? Will they ever be unanimous in advocating identically the same measures for ameliorating the condition of the poor or the suffering? The idea is visionary. Beings who are not omniscient or infallible must disagree, simply because their minds are different in character, and no two persons’ knowledge of facts is identically the same. What right, then, has any man to brand his neighbour’s conduct as

false and detestable, when his moral character is unimpeachable, because his political and social views are unlike those of his accuser? What right have I to point to my own magnificent self, and say, "Behold the standard of all human perfection; let all men admire and imitate, or else be marked as the enemies of their brethren"?

To every sincere friend of the University we say, then, Tolerate not for a single instant the intrusion of this fatal passion within its boundaries. It would injure the prosperity of the most stable of institutions. It will ruin the prospects of one that is only just beginning its course. You have no right to plead the politics of excellent men, of priests, or of Bishops, as an excuse for introducing them where no politics at all should come. Let men have their politics, and act on them, whether prelates or private people. It is their own affair; and they all have a right to their views. But what have Dr. Cullen's or Dr. M'Hale's politics to do with the carrying out an undertaking founded by the formal desire of the Holy See? Some people admire this or that prelate's political conduct, others do not; but is that any reason why the University should be dragged into the discussion?

The evil goes even further. People's minds are so excited by their personal animosities, that they forget the first principles of Catholicism, and almost avow an open and exaggerated Gallicanism. The Archbishop of Dublin happens to be the Papal Legate specially commissioned in the affair of the founding of the University; all the prelates of course joining in the work. But we have people, good and influential, who dislike Dr. Cullen's politics, actually maintaining that the Irish hierarchy and clergy would be justified in turning a cold shoulder to the University because Dr. Cullen has been much concerned in it; in other words, and to speak plain English, in snubbing the Holy See in the person of the Archbishop of Dublin. It cannot be too urgently insisted that the University owes its origin not to any local or provincial source, but that it is the result of the formal advice of the Head of the Catholic Church; and that any systematic throwing of cold water upon its management, on the ground of personalities of *any* kind, is nothing less than a disloyal unwillingness to co-operate with the Pope himself in his efforts for the benefit of English and Irish Catholics.

Once more, then, we repeat, keep your personalities, your antipathies, your politics, your provincialisms, to their congenial hotbeds. Nourish them, if you will, in committee-rooms, on platforms, in Rotunda-meetings, and on the backstairs of the Castle, where a mock-royalty puts forth its gilded

attractiveness. But away with them from the walls of a Christian University. There we wish to know no distinctions save those of orthodox faith, profound learning, and academic zeal.

FATHER SOUTHWELL AND HIS CAPTURE.

HAVING said something about the poetry of Father Robert Southwell in our last Number, we propose now to give some little account of a portion of his life. We have found Mr. Turnbull's memoir rather deficient both in accuracy and in completeness; the latter fault may perhaps be attributable to restricted space, or want of time, or fear of compromising himself with his public and his publisher if he made his book too violently Popish: but among the inaccuracies are some that deface the fair fame of persons who gave their lives for their religion, and who ought to be treated with more respect than is implied in perpetuating the mendacious calumnies of their enemies. In our present Number we propose to give some particulars of the life of the martyr, from his landing in England to his imprisonment, which have been omitted both by Bishop Challoner and by Mr. Turnbull; only premising that the original documents which we publish are either from the British Museum or from the State-Paper Office, where a little more industry would have enabled Mr. Turnbull to find them for himself.

Father Southwell, with his companion Father Henry Garnett, sailed from "the port" (probably Nieuport in the Low Countries, but certainly not Porto, as Mr. Turnbull calls it) on the 15th July (new style) 1586, having written just before his embarkation a letter in his own beautiful Bernardine Latin to his confessor, the perfume of which is quite lost by translation, and of which therefore we will only print a few sentences in a note.* On the third day after setting sail (July 7, old style) they landed somewhere on the east coast, doubtless with all the secrecy possible and in the fittest disguise they could invent. But nothing could conceal their advent from the practised vigilance of the sagacious blood-

* He begs his friend to pray that "*corporis mortem aut utiliter fugiam, aut viriliter sustineam. Mittor ego quidem in medium luporum, ac utinam ut ovis, pro illius qui mittit nomine fideque ad occisionem ducendus. Certe terrâ marique mihi sat scio inhiaturos plurimos, qui non solum ut lupi, sed tanquam leones circumeunt, quærentes quem devorent; quorum ego non tam timeo quam exspecto morsus; nec tam horreo torturos quam coronaturos exposco, &c.*"

hounds of Walsingham. A letter of "secret advertisements," without name or date, from one of these gentry to his master, is extant in the State-Paper Office,* which contains the information: "Two Jesuits arrived upon the coast of Suffolk and Norfolk: the one called Southwell, son to Mr. Southwell, of Norfolk; the other Allen, son to the widow Hone, whose last husband was judge of one of the sheriffs' courts in London." However, they were not taken, but were able to accomplish their journey to London; where Father Southwell arrived a few days before July 22 (St. Mary Magdalen's day). He was first entertained by Lord Vaux of Harrowden, the same who was imprisoned and fined for receiving Campian, at his house at Hackney. He appears to have brought a letter of introduction to this generous and zealous Catholic from Father Parsons, who is said to have reconciled him to the Church. Here he remained till July 23, when he says he was sent for to another place, probably Lady Arundel's house; from whence he seems to have written a letter to the General of the Jesuits at Rome on the 25th. Whether this letter reached its destination or not we have no means of knowing; we only know that it passed through the hands of some of Walsingham's agents, who kindly furnished "his honour" with the following abstract thereof:

"At his coming to London he spoke with divers Catholics in prison, and with the party to whom he was commended from the superior, at whose house he was well entertained, and said mass upon St. Magdalen's day; and the next day was sent for to any other place.

His coming into the realm did greatly encourage all the Catholics here, who did before imagine that they were as it were forsaken by the Society.

Many priests have been taken of late, but not so hardly used nor kept as before-times; and some also for money released and set at liberty.

In the court there is somewhat said to be in hand, which if it take effect, the Catholics are then to look for all extremities; but if it go not forward, then is hope for all quietness.

That the Catholics, which since the making of the last statute were stricken in some fear, do now begin to fear less and less, and to gather their spirits higher.

That in three or four shires together there is not one priest, though desired of many; and unless some supply be sent over, the Catholic cause will be very much impaired.

It was propounded to the Earl of Arundel by the council, and (as was thought) by the queen, that if he would but carry the sword

* Domestic, 1590, no. 414. The document is probably misplaced: the latter name was a mistake, unless Allen was an alias of Garnett.

before her when she went to church, and stay there till the end of prayers, he should be set at liberty. But he surely will do nothing that shall not be lawful and agreeable with the duty of a Catholic.

A certain priest was taken in mariner's apparel and brought to the court into the queen's sight, who asked him merely whether he would convert her. He answered, he would do his endeavour in it willingly. But she replied that he must first convert her women; and so, after many mockings, he was committed to prison.

That divers priests do their duties wonderfully, as well in confirming as converting many, and in other offices of a priest; so that the heretics do term some of them to be conjurors and enchanters.

That he likewise doth employ himself diligently in hearing confessions and other duties of a priest, without fear or fainting.*

Alas for the poor Catholics who were now beginning to fear less and less, the matter in hand at the court resulted in no other than the sanguinary statute of the 27th Elizabeth, assigning the penalty of death to all harbourers and comforters of seminary priests or Jesuits. The Anglican bishops could not endure the spectacle of so many of them "doing their duties wonderfully well in confirming and converting," and were continually demanding that the reviving religion should be repressed by any violence requisite; and the Queen and Parliament were not slow to second their advice. But without giving much heed to this ripening plot, Father Southwell lost no time in applying to the work he had undertaken, and soon found himself in the condition to give more detailed information to his superior. The letter, of which the following is an abstract, was apparently written a very short time after the former:

"He shows that his coming over and name are descried already.

He procured F. Richard money to apparel himself, but yet saw him not for fear of taking; and writes that F. Richard's fellow is taken.

That *F. Tirrell*,† a man that hath done much good, is taken; and two days before the writing hereof two others; as also Martinus Arraius,‡ who, as he hears, hath procured by money to be pardoned his life, but shall be banished.

That F. Cornelius§ (called by the Protestants a conjuror and

* State-Paper Office, Domestic, 1586, July 25, no. 411.

† Father Tirrell, captured in 1586. Yielded to the fear of death, and became apostate. Was released from prison, under pretence of going to Suffolk to help capture recusants; but wrote to the queen to say that he had only yielded through fear of death. Recaptured in the north; again made a public apostasy; but finally escaped to France and recanted. (See Strype, A. iii. i. 615-619, 697-99, &c.)

‡ Martin Aray, Ara, or Arre, sent in 1577 from Rheims to Rome, to help found the English college. Sent on the English mission 1579; captured in 1586; but by bribery "had favour to be banished;" but still remained as a priest in the north of England. (Harleian Ms. 360, fol. 10.)

§ Cornelius, martyred at Dorchester July 4, 1594. (Challoner, vol. i. no. 102.)

enchanter) is in safety, and doth much good by his singular gift in preaching.

That FF. Brushfoord* and Stafferton, and Christoferus, are well, and profit much.

Complains of the want of priests; and that three whole shires, having great store of Catholics in them, have not one priest amongst them; and so divers other places.

Desires to be commended to one Roberts, a Londoner; and speaks much in praise of that Roberts's mother, and that she looks for her son's coming and desires it.

He dispraiseth one (whom he calleth blind, and puts a word in cipher in the margin for his name), blames him of covetousness; that himself got to see that man's congregation here by means of one Emerford. That he begins to reclaim himself.

He heareth ill-report of one whose name he sets down in cipher; that that party had dealings with one (whose name is likewise set down in cipher), and at his command went into France and is returned. He fears this man is a dissembler, and complains much of the danger they are in by such false brethren.

He desires to be recommended to his brethren of the seminary, in particular to Anthony Burley, Messingham, Elmer.

That he saw one Matthews' brother well, and in good case; but writes that Humfrey, one Parminus brother, is condemned to die with Tirrell, but the execution yet deferred.

He desires further to be commended to Father Leonard, Vicatius, Humfredus, and Father Hoffeus, F. Secretary and F. Mag-
gius.

Subscribed,

ROBERT."†

There ought to be several more of such documents; for Father Southwell complains of his letters miscarrying by some man's treachery; but we have failed to discover them.

It must have been a very difficult thing to collect materials for these news-letters, which he seems to have transmitted with regularity to his superiors on the Continent. We can scarcely imagine a greater contrast to his life than that of an ordinary collector of news. Secluded as he was, he must have had wonderful versatility to enable him to become "the chief dealer in the affairs of our state of England for the Papists," as he was described by Boord, a spy, to Lord Burghley, in 1591. The priests in those days were not much less fettered in the houses of the nobility than in the prisons themselves.

"Nowhere do priests lodge more straitly than in the palaces of the greatest nobles of England. For in those great households, among crowds of heretics, there are but few Catholic servants,—

* F. Brushfoord's confession may be seen, Lansdowne Ms. 96, art. 63. Part of it is published by Ellis, *Original Letters*, Second Series, vol. iii. p. 91.

† Domestic; 1586, undated, no. 755.

whether because few are to be found fit for the chief offices, or because the masters think they are in less danger of discovery from allowing but few to know their secrets. So the priest is generally lodged in the most distant part of the house, out of earshot, only known to one or two of the servants, shut up in a little room, where he passes days and nights 'as the sparrow, a solitary in the roof;' cautiously letting in a little fresh air by the window, cautious of stirring, for fear of being heard by those who ought not to know about him; saying mass in the presence of a few, and sometimes conversing with still fewer. From the abundant table some moderate portion is secretly carried to him by his servant, enough to support life, but certainly not sufficient to pamper the appetite."*

No one was better framed both by nature and grace to use this solitude well than Southwell. He found the advantages of it, and tried to impress his own love of it on his more unreflecting brethren. The following letter was written by him to a priest who seemed to be in danger from his unsettled mode of life and want of a fixed home:

"I am very sorry to hear of your unsettled way of living: visiting many people, at home with none. We are all, I know, pilgrims; but it is our life, not our road, that is uncertain. The curse made Cain a vagabond and fugitive in the earth. Inconstancy is a disease of the mind always changing to new places, and never able to find a holy thought wherein it can rest. Variety of company is the parent of idleness and instability, and is more apt to spoil than to perfect nature, however good. Who is more sunburnt than he who is always on the road? The eyes, perhaps, are fed with a change of objects, but they suffer the more from wind and dust. You will not often find virtue on the highway; rare is the company from which you depart more innocent. Experience is costly, if it is purchased with the chance of doing evil. Better to be ignorant of other men's manners than to be a stranger in one's own house. It is difficult to adapt one canvas to so many different pictures. Diversity begets confusion, but does not perfect art. It is difficult to imitate one thing well. Graft your thoughts into one thoroughly good stock; suck the sap from a racy root; change of juices ripens not but rots the fruit. He who is fellow with all, is friend to none: you will never be your own, if you are always with every body. Among many passing guests you will find but few friends. Do not transplant your mind so often; give it time to drive its roots into some one soil. Plants often moved grow not, but wither. That is an unwholesome appetite that tastes of every thing and likes nothing. He who sips of all, and sticks to none, is unsteady of heart. Recall, then, your senses. Restrain your vagrant mind. Turn over a new leaf. Esteem yourself worth something which you may cleave to for the future. Be at home somewhere, and then live by rule: go forth to other places like a visitor looking homewards. Like the bees,

* More, *Historia Missionis Anglicanæ S. J. lib. v. p. 184.*

gather the honey from the flowers, and then take it home, and there go about your domestic duties, which begin with prudence, and end in gain. I wish you to put bounds to your social geniality, not as I would cage a bird, or condemn an owl to the dark. There is a mean between a dumb solitude or silent obscurity and a continual change of companions: both these extremes are equally bad; the mean between them is best, when we converse whenever there is cause to do so, and retire at stated times. Look at Nature herself: the seasons, day and night, are lessons of this mode of life. There is a time to go abroad, and a time for retreat. While you are at home, reflect how to behave in company, and teach your mind how to dwell in secret on holy thoughts. Let these, with the practice of all virtues, be your chief aim and delight, so that your life may be long and (as I hope from my heart) saintly. Farewell.”*

This letter, besides being a favourable specimen of his style, throws some light on the habitual concentration of thought, of which his poems are the best proofs. The unity and simplicity of the few leading ideas, and the wonderful exuberance of illustration employed to bring them out, reflect as it were his lonesome life in his little chamber, preserve the image of the pondering solitary, and illustrate his theory that “diversity begets confusion, while the perfection of art is in unity. That it is enough to imitate one thing well; that one good stock is to be chosen, into which all our ideas are to be grafted.” These were his rules of art. After selecting the stock of each poem, he gradually grafted into it the fitting ideas as they arose;—they grew by a process of aggregation from a mere nucleus to the fully-developed creation. There is a copy of his poems among the Harleian Mss. (No. 6921) which Mr. Turnbull would have done well to have collated. Here the chief poem of the printed editions, “St. Peter’s Complaint,” which now consists of a hundred and thirty-two stanzas, appears quite in a rudimentary state, in twelve stanzas only. The quality has been improved as much as the quantity, as may be seen in the following parallel lines:

I vaunted erst, though all his friends had failed,	Vain in my vaunts, I vowed, if friends had failed,
Alone with Christ all tortures to have tried;	Alone Christ’s hardest fortunes to abide;
And lo I, craven, first of all was quailed, &c.	Giant in talk, like dwarf in trial quailed, &c.

The whole poem, like a commonplace book, was the continually-growing receptacle of the poet’s thoughts. It reminds one of Tennyson’s *In Memoriam* for monotony; but it is far more metaphysical and thoughtful.

Mr. Turnbull reprints from Bishop Challoner two of Father Southwell’s letters, written in the early part of 1590.

* More, ut supra, lib. v. no. 22, p. 188.

We have found in the State-Paper Office a much more perfect copy of the second of these two, containing some details of the martyrdom of Christopher Bayles that are omitted by the venerable Bishop. Our translation is more literal than graceful :

“ We have often written to you, but as I have lately heard, few of our letters have come to you, through the false dealing of one, about which F. William will tell you. We are still tossed in the midst of dangers, and, indeed, in no small peril ; from which nevertheless we have been hitherto safely delivered by the grace of God.

We have altogether, to our great comfort, renewed the vows of our society, spending some days in mutual exhortations and conferences ; ‘ we opened our mouths and drew in the Spirit.’ I seemed to myself to behold the cradle of nascent Catholicity in England, of which we now are sowing the seeds in tears, that others may come to carry the sheaves. Yet we have sung the song of the Lord in a strange land ; and in this desert we have sucked honey from the rock, and oil from the hard stone. But this our joy ended in sorrow, and we were dispersed by a sudden alarm ; but in the end we escaped with more danger than hurt. I and another of us, in avoiding Scylla, fell into Charybdis ; but by an especial mercy of God we escaped both dangers, and are now at anchor in harbour.

Among others, there was lately taken a priest named Christopher Bales, of the county of Durham, a scholar first of the Roman college, then of that at Rheims. For twenty-four whole hours he was suspended by the hands, just touching the ground with the tips of his toes, cruelly tortured, and wearied by various questions, to all which he gave this one answer, That he was a Catholic priest, and had come to recall souls to Christ’s fold, and never intended or wished any other thing. From Bridewell, formerly a house of correction for strumpets and cutpurses, but now for Catholics, he was removed to another prison, and there put in the same cell with a puritan heretic, whence he was shortly taken to be tried, and capitally condemned on the express count, that being a priest ordained by papal authority, he had come into England. They asked him whether the Pope might depose the queen ; and he answered that it was in the Pope’s power to depose princes for just reasons. When they were about to pass sentence upon him, they asked the usual question, whether he could produce any reason why he should not be put to death. ‘ I should like to ask you one question,’ said he. ‘ Was St. Augustine, whom Gregory II. sent into England, a traitor guilty of treason, or not ?’ He was not, they said. ‘ Why, then, do you say that I, sent by the same See for the same purpose, am a traitor, when nothing can be urged against me that might not have been urged against St. Augustine ?’ They had nothing to answer to this but their ‘ Away with him ; crucify him.’

While he was being drawn on the hurdle to the place of execution he sang psalms. When he had gone up the ladder he said,

‘God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ;’ then lifting up his hands to heaven, and signing himself with the sign of the cross as well as he could with his manacled hands, he said, ‘You have come to see a man die—a common sight!—a priest—neither is that unusual! I wish you could see my soul as well as my body, and behold the way in which it departs; for then I am sure that you would both sympathise and rejoice with me, no less than you now with such hatred imprecate curses on my head. From my soul I pardon all men, and I desire all to pardon me.’ Then asking all the Catholics to pray for him (for he said that the prayers of the heretics would do him no service) he fell to his prayers, and shortly after, with fearless countenance and mind, he bravely and constantly underwent death. He suffered on Ash-Wednesday, in the most crowded street of London,* very many of the heretics praising his piety and constancy.

Then the hangman, with hands all bloody with this butchery and quartering, hastens to another street,† to execute a layman, a man of probity, who had been condemned to die for comforting priests, and giving them alms. Before his death, while he was sitting with a lighted candle in his filthy and dark dungeon, seeing the form of a crown on the head of his shadow, he put up his hand to feel what could cause such an appearance; but finding nothing, he changed his place, to try whether it came from some peculiar position of his body; but as he walked, there was the same appearance, which moved when he moved, and stood when he stood, and so remained visible for a whole hour, like a diadem upon his head; to foreshadow his future glory. He told this a little before his martyrdom to a pious woman. Horner was the man’s name; and he gained the palm of victory with as great constancy as the other. With these spring-showers, as it were, the field of the Church was to be watered, that the tender plant might rejoice in such dew-drops. We also are expecting (unless perchance we are unworthy of such an honour) our day to come, as that of the hired servant. In the mean time we earnestly beg the prayers of your lordship, and all the rest, that the Father of Lights may restore to us the joy of His salvation, and confirm us with His princely Spirit. March 8, A.D. 1590.

Your lordship’s obedient servant,

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

Indorsed: This relation was translated into Spanish, and presented to all the grandees of Spain, to make them conceive that the number and persecution of Catholics in England was great.”‡

From the “informations” we have found, it appears that though Southwell led a pretty retired life at Lady Arundel’s, he went about London a good deal, “*using* to Mr. Cotton’s,

* Fleet Street, March 4, 1589-90.

† Smithfield.

‡ State-Paper Office, Dom. March 8, 1591, no. 51. It should be 1590, as the martyrdom of Bayles took place March 4th, that year.

in Fleet Street, and sometimes to Dr. Smith's;" and even occasionally made excursions into Sussex and into the north. In his dress he did not adopt the extravagant disguises which many priests of that day thought it necessary to affect; attiring themselves as gallants, with feathers in their caps and hawks on their fists; with slashed satin doublets and velvet cloaks, and mounted on good horses, with lackeys running by their side. On the contrary, "he was wont to go apparelled in black-rashe,"* with "clothes more fit than fine," as he sings of himself;—a man not very remarkable, of moderate stature, with auburn hair and beard.

But we must now give some account of the incidents which led to his capture. On the 26th of January 1592, Walter Copeland the Bishop of London committed to the Gatehouse at Westminster a girl named Anne Bellamy as an obstinate recusant. She was the granddaughter (not the daughter, as Mr. Turnbull supposes) of William Bellamy, of Uxenden Hall, Harrow, who with his family suffered so severely for his charity in allowing Babington and a few companions to sleep in his barn, and in sending to the poor famishing men a little food. Jerome his son suffered as a traitor; Katherine his wife escaped the gallows by a flaw in the indictment, only to languish and die in prison; Bartholomew, another son, did not commit suicide, as Mr. Turnbull says, but died in torture upon the rack. Robert, another son, would have been hanged, but "brake prison," and escaped; he was, however, recaptured in Germany, on his way to Rome, and several letters of recommendation, of which we give two extracts, were found upon him:

"GOOD SIR ANTHONY,—Being in London in prison, it is my good fortune to be acquainted with your brother-in-law and Mr. Bellamy; and having all three joined in one, we have escaped the danger of our enemies. I am most heartily to request you to show as much favour to this bearer as you would do to me, &c. The gentleman's money was well spent, by reason of great travel and expenses; wherefore I pray you, if occasion serve, help him, and I will see the same well and truly discharged, for he deserveth well; for his mother was condemned for the Queen of Scots, and died in the Tower before execution; *and one of his brothers was racked to death*, and one other of them executed with the fourteen gentlemen; and his wife's days were shortened as the days of your sister, by the tyranny of Justice Young and the pursuivants, &c.—Your assured

From Collen, June 19, 1589.

GEORGE STOKER."†

On the same day, and from the same place, Thomas Heythe,

* Corbett, Secret Advertisements. State-Paper Office, 1592, no. 815.

† Lansdowne, 96, art. 17.]

the companion of Stoker and Robert Bellamy, writes to his brother-in-law, Sir Anthony Snowden, by the same bearer :

"I thought it my part to make you acquainted with my misfortunes, which have happened by the cruelty of our English heretics ; who, hunting me and my wife, your sister, from place to place, and not permitting us to rest long any where quietly, at length, spying their opportunity, in my absence, by the aid and assistance of Sir John Bowes, brake up my doors, and put my wife into such a fear, that within five days after she departed this world ; after which they arrested all my goods for the queen, and laid wait for me, and not long after by great misfortune apprehended me." (Then he goes on to give some account of their escape, and of the affairs of the rest of his family.)*

The two following documents are from the State-Paper Office :

"The 11th of last month Casimir, Palgrave of the Rhine, by his servant George Sulker, accompanied with two others and a *cocher*, delivered into my custody here in Stade one Robert Bellamy (some time her majesty's prisoner in Newgate, in London) with strait charge to cause him to be safely delivered unto your honour; alleging that as his lord and master had, upon the good affection he beareth to her highness, stayed the said Bellamy going to Rome, and sent copies of such letters as his grace found about him unto your honour; so was he required by you to send such his prisoner unto me to be conveyed as aforesaid, which in regard of my duty I could not refuse. The said George Sulker also required of me such charges as he and his company had been at coming hither, and should sustain in their return, with some gratification (which I gave). I have delivered over the said Bellamy to Mr. John Postek, captain of her highness ship the *Swallow*, with so great (if not greater) charge than was fit and meet for one of my place to give unto such a person, to see him safely delivered unto your honour; which I nothing doubt but he will perform. Stade, 16th Nov. 1589.

To Sir Francis Walsingham.

WILLIAM MILWARD."†

"Heath and Stoker, prisoners in Newgate with Robert Bellamy, having the tools of a carpenter brought thither to mend the floor of a room called Justice Hall, did therein cut certain joices, whereby they got down into a cellar, which had a door into the street, which they opened and escaped, and acquainted Robert Bellamy therewith, and thereby gave him the means of his escape.

He scaped away for his safety in regard of his conscience.

His escape was about eight days before Candlemas-day last past. From London he gat into Scotland, where he remained till May following; and about the latter end of May passed over to Hamburg, and from thence departed towards Cologne, where he, understanding that the forces of the Spanish king were to have then returned to

* Lansdowne, 96, art. 17.

† Domestic, 1589, Nov. 16, no. 499.

the invasion of England, did take his voyage towards Rome, to the end he would not be carried to have gone against his country.

From Cologne, where he stayed but eight days, he departed towards Basle, and coming to a place called Gormaston, a town of the Palgrave's, was there taken for a Spaniard and a spy, and from thence conveyed to Heidelberg to the Duke Casimir.

His intent was not to go to Rome for any practice, but for the matter of his religion; and withal to have gotten some means of maintenance to have lived in those parts with his conscience."*

When brought back to England, he was almost continually in prison; sometimes obtaining a brief liberation for money; but soon committed again by Mr. Justice Young, as may be seen by the Lord Keeper Pickering's papers.†

Richard Bellamy, the father of Anne, was eldest of this heroic band of brothers. Some time before 1592, he had succeeded to the estate of Uxenden, and had married a wife of the same name as his martyred mother Katherine (a circumstance which leads Mr. Turnbull into the mistake of identifying Richard with his father William, and so into a hopeless confusion of the families); and by her had two sons, Faith and Thomas, and three daughters, of whom Anne was the eldest, who was committed to the Gatehouse in 1592 for religion. She had been brought up in a Catholic household, far from the knowledge of evil, where the practice of piety was as natural as eating or walking. Her first introduction to the Babel of the great world was in the tainted atmosphere of a prison, and, unfortunately for her, a prison where the influence of the notorious Topcliffe was paramount. This familiar of Queen Elizabeth improved his opportunities, and soon seduced Miss Bellamy from the path of virtue. "She had not been there six weeks," says Robert Barnes, "but was found in most dishonest order, and before six weeks more, being with child, was delivered from prison by Mr. Topcliffe's means, upon bail, not to depart above one mile from the city."‡ She lodged in Holborn till Midsummer, when, in order that she might pay her own expenses, she was induced to betray Father Southwell into her seducer's hands, under promise from the Council that none should be molested in the house where he was taken.

For some three weeks after she had consented to act the traitor, she was at a loss to get her victim into the trap. On one occasion her brother Thomas called on her, little suspecting to what infamy she had fallen, and was nearly induced by

* Domestic, 1589, Nov. 25, no. 508.

† Harleian Ms. 6998.

‡ Stoneyhurst Ms. Aug. A. ii. 41, published by Tierney, Dodd, vol. iii. App. p. cxcvii.

her importunity to take her to Southwell, who lived hard by, and whom she much praised for virtue and learning. She had previously written to her sisters, to beg that if he came to her father's house at Uxenden, she might be told at once, and she would come to see him, notwithstanding any bond to the contrary. Thomas and the sisters refused to have any part in this proceeding; so she found some other means of communicating with Southwell, who shortly afterwards meeting with Thomas Bellamy in Fleet Street, stopped him, and claimed acquaintance as a countryman of his mother's, asking him to stay with him that night, and the next morning to ride with him to show him the way to Uxenden. Thomas complied; the next day they started at ten o'clock, and by noon arrived at Mr. Bellamy's house. Topcliffe was then with the Queen at Greenwich; but he had his horses ready laid for three weeks previously, and so rode off in hot haste, and came to Uxenden Hall by midnight, having full directions written by Anne Bellamy how to know the house, and where to find the secret place in which Southwell was sleeping. Richard Bellamy was at this time absent from home. The unhappy mother and family were totally ignorant of Anne's fall, and naturally inquired of Topcliffe how he had come by such precise information as to be able to march directly up to the hiding-place and secure its inmate. The veracious and truth-loving commissioner, unwilling to lose the opportunity of discrediting a Catholic ecclesiastic, told the daughters that the traitor was one Wingfield, a seminary priest, who sometimes came to the house in character of a schoolmaster, and who had been there that very day.*

For the nonce, Topcliffe was contented with the capture of Southwell, whom he carried off to London with the circumstances of public cruelty and insult that were customary in those barbarous times, leaving Mrs. Bellamy (who seems to have behaved with some weakness) and her family in peace for the present. As soon as he reached London, he pretended to be very angry with Anne Bellamy for having dared to make an appointment to meet a priest while she was under his care, and committed her to the Gatehouse for her misdemeanour, where she remained till St. James'-day, July 25, when, as she began to show signs of her disgraceful condition, under pretence of carrying her before the commissioners to be examined, he took her off to Greenwich, and there had her married to Nicholas Jones, servant to himself and to Pickering, the keeper of the Gatehouse. In the

* Richard Bellamy's answer to Topcliffe's exceptions. (Harleian Ms. 6998, fol. 22.)

mean time he wrote the following hypocritical letter to Mrs. Bellamy :

“ MISTRESS BELLAMY,—It may be that I did leave you in fear the other night for the cause that fell out in your house, better known to yourself than to any of us that were there. But because I myself found you carried a duty and reverence to the name of my sovereign Queen and yours, and showed the fruit of obedience you know wherein, I presumed to adventure to show you more favour than like offenders unto you have had shown in like cause, and your sons and your household for your sake. For I know her majesty's pleasure is, and so hath always been my disposition, to make a difference of offenders and offences, and between those that owe and perform duty to her majesty, and such as show malice unto her in word and deed. This day I have made her privy of your faithful doings, which traitorous papists will say is faithless ; your seeming to bear by this your doing a good heart, smite with a little scrupulousness her majesty is disposed to take better than you have deserved, and I trust will be your gracious lady at my humble suit, which you shall not want, without bribe, and with a good conscience of my part. And therefore take no care for yourself and for your husband, so as he come to me to say somewhat to him for his good. Your children are like to receive more favour, so as from henceforth they continue dutiful in heart and show. *And although your daughter Anne have again fallen in some folly, there is no time past but she may win favour.* And knowing so much of her majesty's mercy towards you, as I would wish you to deserve more and more, and no way to give cause to her majesty to cool her mercy ; and so I end. At my lodging in Westminster Churchyard, the 30th of June 1592.”*

After this Anne was taken down to Topcliffe's house in Lincolnshire, where she was delivered of a child about Christmas. It was only after this event that Richard Bellamy was told of his daughter's disgrace, and when, after two years' time, Topcliffe impudently demanded of him to settle a farm of 100 marks a year on Jones and his wife, Bellamy resisted, and Topcliffe thereupon had him arrested on charge of comforting and receiving priests, in spite of the promise of the Council that no harm should come to him. However, he does not seem to have acted in his own name in this affair, but to have used the ministry of Mr. Justice Young, to whom the warrant for Bellamy's apprehension is directed :

“ For Mr. Justice Yoinge.—That Mr. Justice Yoing, or sume other lyke comissionerr, do apprehend Richard Bellamy, of Oxenden, in the parryshe of Harrow-on-the-Hyll, and his wyffe, and ther

* Harleian Ms. 6998, fol. 21. No signature, but referred to as Topcliffe's in the last paragraph of the next document but one.

tow sonnes and ther tow doughters, in whose howse Father Sowthell, alias Mr. Cotton, was tayken by Mr. Toplay, a comyssyoner, and wher a noubmer of other preests have beene recevyd and harberd as well when Sowthwell hathe bene ther, as when Mr. Barnes alias Stromdge als Hynd als Wingfild hathe beene ther a soiorner in Bellamy's howse.

And they to be comytted to severall prysons, Bellamy and his wyfe to the Gaythovse, and ther too doughters to ye Clynk, and ther tow soones to St. Katheryns, and to be examyned straitly for the weighty service of ye Queen's majesty."*

This was the demolition of all Bellamy's happiness in this world. He penned several petitions to the Council, in which he proves to demonstration the profligacy of Topcliffe; but all was to no purpose. His wife died in prison; he at last escaped, and died in poverty and exile in Belgium. The sons appear to have saved their ancestral estate by conformity; the two daughters remained in their religion and in prison. Topcliffe, foiled in getting a provision for his paramour from her ruined father's estate, suborned false witnesses to bring some of Bellamy's friends within the law, as may be seen in Robert Barnes' account, to which we have referred above. Besides the other miseries, two more lives were sacrificed in these proceedings for this wretched woman, who, in spite of her marriage to another man, continued for three years to live with Topcliffe. For her two more Catholics died by the slow martyrdom of imprisonment and chains. But we must give young Bellamy's own account of his sister's misconduct.

" 1. Petition of Mr. Bellamy (Anne's brother) to Lord Burleigh. "

In tender consideration that all in the said petition is true, and for that your honourable letters cannot be got out of Mr. Topcliffe's hand, to cause a certificate of the petition, as also of their hard imprisonment of long time sustained, with the great charge of 3*l.* a week unto your said petitioner, and the great danger of this extreme hot weather unto close prisoners. In the most humble wise beseecheth your honour even for God's sake, even prostrate at your honour's feet, their speedy deliverance upon bonds or otherwise. If his brother Thomas be not able to prove, as he hath in the said petition set down, before any to whom it shall by your honours be committed to hearing, to be recommitted. For the which, I, my wife, and children, and kindred, shall for ever be bound to pray unto God for her Majesty's long and prosperous reign, with victory over her highness's enemies, and for the eternal felicity and happiness of your honour.

2. *Petition of Thomas Bellamy (the other brother).*

A note of the proofs of the principal points contained in the petition of Thomas Bellamy to the Lords of the Council against Mr. Topcliffe, first to prove by pregnant conjectures that Anne Bellamy, by Mr. Topcliffe's privity, sent Southwell to Richard Bellamy's house.

That Southwell was sent by Anne Bellamy unto her father's house there is vehement conjecture, for she a little before being delivered out of the Gatehouse, and bound not to go above a mile from London, and therefore lying in Holbourne, she spake to her two sisters to send her word if one Cotton (which was Southwell, by Mr. Topcliffe's own notes), a fine gentleman, came to her father's house, and she would come to him notwithstanding her bond. The suspicion is, she without Mr. Topcliffe's encouragement (being then under his government), durst never adventure to break her bond, being 200*l.*, except she first had made her father privy, which she did not. Besides, Southwell being a stranger unto her, she could not have known him to be called by the name of Cotton without some information, neither know of Cotton's coming thither, of whose coming neither her father nor mother knew. And it appeareth more suspicious by that which followeth.

Mr. Topcliffe must have some means to know that Southwell was at Bellamy's house; Mr. Topcliffe apprehended him within twelve hours after his coming thither. If any of Bellamy's house had sent him word, so much time would almost have been spent in riding from Uxenden to Westminster, and in coming from Westminster to Uxenden; and Mr. Topcliffe came thither both speedily and with good instructions to find him out readily; for he had a note of every secret place of the house, which could not be done without her direction. Besides, that Anne Bellamy was privy to Southwell's sending, may be gathered for that she was committed by Mr. Topcliffe to the Gatehouse for it, as may be gathered by his letter dated 30th June. But within a while after, he took her out of the Gatehouse and sent her to his own house in the country, as shall be proved hereafter.

Further, Mr. Topcliffe told this petitioner that he loved not Anne Bellamy, for that she was the cause of Southwell's apprehension. And if she were the cause of his apprehension, and Mr. Topcliffe his apprehender, and Southwell so small a time at Uxenden, it is very probable they both knew of Southwell's going thither.

Now, whether Anne Bellamy at that time being got with child, and intended to be married to Jones, and for her lewdness and disparagement doubting that her father would give her no portion, sought by this means to entrap him in such sort, as that he needing her new friend's help should be driven to give her a good child's part, I will not affirm, but leave it to the censure of your honours. But this is certain, that when Southwell was taken, and two years after, Mr. Topcliffe stood a very good friend unto Richard Bellamy,

until he being desired by Mr. Topcliffe to let Jones have the manor of Preston to dwell in, refused it. Since which time he hath been an extreme enemy unto all the name of the Bellamy's, and kept his wife, his two daughters, and his uncle Page, in prison in the Gatehouse, almost to the utter undoing of the said Bellamy.

Proofs that Anne Bellamy, being the Queen's prisoner in the Gatehouse, was there got with child, and after carried to Mr. Topcliffe's house, and there delivered.

In his (Topcliffe's) letter, dated 16 August 1592, to Mr. Bellamy, he signifieth, that he meaneth from the Gatehouse to send his daughter Anne to his sister Brudnell's, and if his sister and she can agree, there to continue, or else to send her to his own house to Somerby. He confesseth that he hath undertaken to her majesty for her forthcoming, and that he will answer his behaviour towards her to her majesty, and that he will defend her from wrong against all creatures, he will not regard the speeches of venomous tongues more than stones cast against the wall. He writeth she shall continue there six or eight months to see how God will work with her.

By his letter dated 19 August 1592, sent to Mr. Bellamy, he sendeth for 5*l.* 18*s.* due to the keeper of the Gatehouse for her charge in prison. He sendeth for apparel for her, and sheweth how it shall be conveyed to her in a trunk of his own to his sister Brudnell's, by which it appeareth she was there gone into the country.

By his letter, dated 6 September 1592, from Westminster, to Mrs. Bellamy, it appeareth manifestly that she was removed from his sister Brudnell's house by his appointment and her consent, to his own house at Somerby, where he proposeth to see her before the term, to see how she doth housewife it; he doubteth that her father and mother when he is gone down to her shall hear very vile rumours of matters that may offend them, and confesseth that in the Gatehouse already, where she was prisoner, malicious papists have shot their venomous arrows and stinking breath at him, and glanced at their daughter. But he saith he will answer his doing, and knoweth that she feareth God.

In his letter, dated 12 January 1593, written to Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy from his house at Somerby, he writeth that he understandeth by his friend, Nicholas Jones, that they are afraid of rumours touching their daughter's reputation. He confesseth that their daughter is, and hath been, at his house at Somerby ever since she departed from his sister Brudnell's. He very vehemently purgeth her from reports of slander, howsoever slanderous and venomous tongues rave and spit their poison; and that he will maintain her, because he took her into his protection not without warrant sufficient and upon a good ground, which may be supposed he meaneth. By her majesty, to whom, as appeareth by his letter, 16 August, he had undertaken for her forthcoming and good usage; which if it were so, he greatly abused her majesty. By a postscript he writeth, that if any papist Catholic say she is with child, hold

them knavish and false. And to confirm the truth of his letter he subscribeth it, 'Your plaine and known friend, Richard Topcliffe.' And by another postscript, to assure them that their daughter was there, he causeth her to write a few lines to her parents.

By his letter, dated 19 February 1593, he confesseth that she is at his house, and liveth not obscurely, and that she shall have the honest testimony of many of reputation for her behaviour, whatsoever venomous papists can say; and writeth that he would be glad to satisfy her parents concerning such bruits as have come to their ears touching her.

In a letter from Jones to Mrs. Bellamy, dated 21 December, he writeth that he museth such unseemly speeches should be used of Mrs. Anne Bellamy, not calling her his wife. And that for the time of his knowledge of her, he will stand to the defence of her honesty. He writeth that she now lyeth at Somerby at Mr. Topcliffe's house, and that Mr. Topcliffe at his coming to London will fully satisfy them of all such flying speeches as no man dare justify; the truth thereof is so manifest.

By a letter written from Anne Bellamy to her mother from Somerby, dated 12 March 1593, she advertiseth her mother of her marriage, alleging many reasons thereof, and craveth pardon for it, confessing that it was done without her mother's leave, license, or knowledge. She confesseth herself to be delivered of child before her time, and that by the friendship of Mrs. Burrowe, a kinswoman of Mr. Topcliffe, her child and she were greatly preserved.

By the premises it plainly appeareth that Anne Bellamy, the queen's majesty's prisoner, was, during her imprisonment, gotten with child, by whom in certainty no man knoweth; for as for Jones, no man suspected him with her, until herself writ that she was married unto him. But all the rumours of suspicion of her lewd behaviour, both at the Gatehouse and at Somerby, were of rumours of unseemly dealing between Mr. Topcliffe and her, which he endeavoureth in all his letters to purge himself and her of, which hath been and is a most grievous corsey* to the hearts of her parents, who hoped that she should have been kept undefiled, being the queen's prisoner. And they greatly marvel, if Mr. Topcliffe were clear, why he conveyed her so carefully from the Gatehouse, being the queen's prisoner, first to his sister's, and then to his own house, and there kept her with great infamy, until she was delivered with child, her friends not knowing any such matter, and he so manifoldly defending her honesty and denying her to be with child, until she was delivered, and that it could be kept close no longer.

The petitioner, therefore, if upon these matters it shall seem good to your honours that Mr. Topcliffe be in fault, humbly craveth at your honours' hands that he may by justice be punished. The rather in respect that she being born a gentlewoman, of an ancient house, and the queen's prisoner, was by Mr. Topcliffe's means,

* A very old word, which means 'grievance.'

without the privity of her parents, married to Jones, a weaver's son, and base fellow, to her great disparagement, and the continual discomfort of her friends.

For her dutiful behaviour at the time of Southwell's apprehension towards her majesty, Topcliffe's letter, dated 30 June, doth declare.

Indorsed: The humble petition of Richard Bellamy."*

However reluctantly, we must now quit this family, to whom Mr. Turnbull has done but scant justice, and about whose identities he has made very unpardonable mistakes,—to resume our account of Southwell's treatment.

After taking him back in ludicrous procession to Westminster, Topcliffe carried him home, lodged him in his own strong chamber, secured him in irons, and essayed to examine him; but the confessor of Christ was too strong for the profligate persecutor. He would not even confess his name. Topcliffe thereupon sat down and wrote an account of the prize he had taken to the queen, begging leave to torture him privately before he was committed to prison. The permission was immediately granted, and the way in which it was acted upon is thus described by Father Tanner:

"Topcliffe took him to his own house, and there privately subjected him ten times to tortures so atrocious that at his trial he called God to witness that he would rather have endured so many deaths. The particulars were never accurately known, save that he was hung from the wall by his hands, with a sharp circle of iron round each wrist pressing on the artery, his legs bent backwards, and his heels tied to his thighs (so that he might get no rest from his toes touching the ground). But even thus Topcliffe could not make him answer a single question; so to enforce him the more, he on one occasion left him thus suspended while he went to the City on business. Southwell spent seven hours in this agony, and appeared to be dying. Topcliffe was sent for, and had him gently taken down, and sprinkled with some distilled waters, till he revived; when he vomited a large quantity of blood, and was immediately hung up again in the same position. For the Lords of the Council had permitted Topcliffe to torture Father Robert to any extent short of death."†

To confirm this *ex-parte* statement of Father Tanner the very autograph of Topcliffe has been providentially preserved, and may be seen among the Burghley papers in the British Museum.‡ We keep the orthography of the first part of this precious morsel, which, as is evident, confirms all the points of our narrative which it touches. "My boy Nicholas" is the

* Lansdowne Ms. 73, art. 47 (it should be Thomas).

† Soc. Jes. Mart. p. 35.

‡ Lansdowne Ms. 72, art. 39.

husband elect of Anne, and her "setting of Southwell into my hands" is described as his act. The "hand-gyves" are the circles of iron which caused such exquisite torture. "To stand against the wall, his feet upon the ground, and his hands but as high as he can reach against the wall," is a euphuistic mode of describing the atrocious butchery, fitted for the delicate nerves of the feminine queen.

"MOST GRACEOOS SOVEREINYNE—

Having F. Robert Southwell (of my knowledge) ye Jhezuwt (Jesuit) in my stronge chamber in Westmr church yearde, I have mayde him asswred for startinge or hurtinge of hym self, By puttinge upon his armes a pr of hande gyews: & There & so can keepe hym eather from vewe or conference wth any, But Nicolas ye Underkeeper of ye Gaythowse & my Boye. Nicolas beinge the man yt caused me to tayke hym by settinge of hym into my hands ten myles from him.

I have presewmed (after my lytell Sleepe) To runne owr this Examination inclosed, faythefully tayken, & of him fowlye & suspiciosly answered, and sumwhat knowinge the natwre & doinges of the man, may it please your majesty to see my simple opynyon. Constreigned in dewty to utter it.

Upon this present taykinge of hym, It is good foorthewth to inforce him to answer trewyle & dyrectly, & so to proove his answers trewe in hast, To the Ende, yt suche as bee deeply conserved in his treacheries have not tyme to start or make shyfte.

To use any meanes in comon presons eather to stande upon or ageinst the wawle (whiche above all thinges Exceeds & hurteth not) will gyve warninge. But if your highness's pleasor bee to knowe any thinge in his hartte, To stande ageinst the wawle, his feett standinge upon the grownde, & his hands But as highe as he can reatche ageinst ye wawle, lyke a Tryck at Trenshemeare, will inforce hym to tell all, & the trewth proved by ye Seqvelle.

The answer of him to ye Qvestyon of ye Countesse of Arrundell, & That of father Parsons, discipherethe him. It may please your majesty to Consyder that I did never tayke so weightye a man: if he bee rightly used. Yoinge Anto Coplaye the most desperate youth that liveth & some others be most familiar with Southwell.

Copley did shoot at a gentleman the last summer and killed an ox with a musket, and in Horsham Church threw his dagger at the Parish Clerk, and stuck it in a seat in the Church. There liveth not the like I think in England for sudden attempts: nor one upon whom I have good grounds for watchful eyes for his sister Gaige's and his brother-in-law Gaige's sake, of whose pardons he boasteth he is assured.

So humbly submitting myself to your majesty's direction in this, or in any service with any hazard, I cease, until I hear your pleasure

here at Westminster with my charge and ghostly father this Monday the 26 of June 1592.

Your majesty's faythefull Servant,
RIC. TOPCLYFFE.

Indorsed

Mr. Topclyffe to her majesty,
With the examination of a priest that will not confess his name.*

This letter is a capital comment on the mendacious apology for the torturing of Campian, Briant, and the rest, put forth by the government nine years previously; one of the assertions of which is, "that the proceeding to torture was always so *slowly*, so *unwillingly*, and with so many preparations of persuasions to spare themselves, and so many means to let them know that the truth was by them to be uttered, both in duty to her majesty and in wisdom to themselves, as whosoever was present at those actions must needs acknowledge in her majesty's ministers a full purpose to follow the example of her own gracious disposition."

Among other questions which the confessor was thus vainly urged to answer, was one about "the colour of a horse whereon he rode one day," to which he refused to reply lest he might give a handle to conjecture in what house or in what company he then was. This question seems to have reference to a certain confession of Mr. Britten, a servant to the Earl of Northumberland, who appears by a document in the State-Paper Office to have furnished a white gelding to a suspected priest named Cotton in December 1583. Cotton and Cooper were both aliases of Father Southwell; but as he did not come into England till 1586, his adversaries were clearly on the wrong scent. They evidently suspected that he had some treasonable connections in Sussex.

Sir Robert Cecil, who was Southwell's rackmaster, is said to have expressed the highest admiration for his more than Roman fortitude. Topcliffe's new style of torturing was, he said, much more painful than the rack; yet Father Robert bore it with a firm and even cheerful mind, and would confess nothing except that he was a priest and Jesuit, and had come over to win souls to Christ. Topcliffe, he said, tortured him so cruelly, that he was never allowed to rest except when he seemed to be dying. Then they would take him down, and bring him to by burning paper under his nose. He would then vomit a quantity of blood, after which he was hung up again. All this time he was so patient, and the expression of his countenance was so sweet, that even the

* Lansdowne Ms. 72, art. 39.

servant who watched him began to look upon him as a saint. His only exclamations were: "My God and my all!" "God gave Himself to thee, give thyself to God! *Deus tibi Se, tu te Deo!*"

Four days of this brutality had reduced Father Southwell's vitality to so low an ebb, that Cecil and the other Lords of the Council determined to take him out of Topcliffe's hands: they therefore committed him to the Gatehouse on the 30th of June. But as all his money had been taken away at his arrest, he was put among the pauper prisoners; where for a whole month he was neglected, and left in hunger and thirst, in cold and filth, so that when his father came to see him he was found covered with dirt, swarming with vermin, with maggots crawling in his sores, his face bleared and like that of a corpse, and his bones almost protruding through his skin. On this his father presented a petition to the queen, demanding that his son might be either executed or treated as a gentleman. The queen herself was moved to compassion, and ordered that he should be removed to the Tower, where he remained nearly three years at his father's expense.

The memorandum of his committal to the Gatehouse appears among the accounts of the Lieutenants of the Tower and keepers of the other prisons, extant among the Records at Rolls House, Chancery Lane. The following is a copy of it:

Charges of — Pickering, keeper of Gatehouse, for prisoners, Sept. 1592: "Robert Southwell, a seminary priest, sent in by your lordships, oweth for his diet and lodging from the last of June to the 30th July '92, being four weeks and two days; and removed to the Tower by your honours."

Time has obliterated what honest Pickering charged for starvation, under the name of diet for a month. Southwell's name does not appear in the accounts of the Lieutenant of the Tower, for these bills only refer to those state-prisoners for whom the government paid. In Elizabeth's days prisons were self-supporting institutions, where all but a few of the prisoners paid for themselves; and choice places, where the governor became a rich man in a few years. Southwell, being in the Tower at his father's expense, does not appear on the bills sent in to the privy-council. But we must break off here for the present, to resume our account of his imprisonment, trial, and martyrdom, as soon as possible.

NOTES OF A VISIT TO THE COAST OF ALBANIA.

Corfu, Nov. 24, 1856.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I will yield to your importunity that which I should never have offered of my own accord, and will try to put you in possession of the very slight amount of information that I gathered on the coast of Albania, though I fear that you will scarcely be able to make it available for your pages. Unfortunately, I saw but little of the country: for six weeks after my arrival, in spite of every effort to believe myself well, I was unable to leave the ship, and seldom even able to converse with the visitors, from whom I might have learned much concerning the province. The remaining three weeks of my stay were so prolific of magnificent thunderstorms, reverberating among those old mountains, with lightning so continuous that the sky seemed a flickering cupola of flame, and (in the intervening days) of waterspouts, three of which on one occasion made their appearance together, like unstable columns supporting the toppling sky, that our opportunities of going on shore occurred but seldom; and sometimes all communication with the land was cut off. Still we did not leave the country without having seen it. More than once we went up that kingly river the Bojana, deep and wide enough to float a fleet of heavy ships, but with an unfortunate bar at its entrance that effectually prevents any vessel of deep burden from entering its inland waters. I will not stay to describe the luxuriant vegetation on its banks, scarcely ever broken through by the inhabitants, except here and there, where at rare intervals a small landing-place may be seen, with a few miserable hovels among the trees: these are the villages. One day we turned the boat's head up a narrower stream called the Drino, and landed on a little cleared space which appeared to be a sort of ferry, where we had our dinner under a spreading tree. Our meal was unluckily concluded when four tall wild-looking Albanians broke through the underwood behind us, two mounted, two on foot, all armed to the teeth, and accompanied by the most savage of dogs. They soon got over their first surprise, and sat down near us to smoke their long pipes. We had only water-melon and biscuit to offer them; and as they could not understand a word of Italian, and we had no dragoman that day in our company, we could only converse by signs. I soon elicited the fact that they were Christians by making the sign of the cross, which they all answered readily; and we were on friendly terms at once. Our captain proposed firing

servant who watched him began to look upon him as a saint. His only exclamations were: "My God and my all!" "God gave Himself to thee, give thyself to God! *Deus tibi Se, tu te Deo!*"

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DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I will yield to your importunity that which I should never have offered of my own accord, and will try to put you in possession of the very slight amount of information that I gathered on the coast of Albania, though I fear that you will scarcely be able to make it available for your pages. Unfortunately, I saw but little of the country: for six weeks after my arrival, in spite of every effort to believe myself well, I was unable to leave the ship, and seldom even able to converse with the visitors, from whom I might have learned much concerning the province. The remaining three weeks of my stay were so prolific of magnificent thunderstorms, reverberating among those old mountains, with lightning so continuous that the sky seemed a flickering cupola of flame, and (in the intervening days) of waterspouts, three of which on one occasion made their appearance together, like unstable columns supporting the toppling sky, that our opportunities of going on shore occurred but seldom; and sometimes all communication with the land was cut off. Still we did not leave the country without having seen it. More than once we went up that kingly river the Bojana, deep and wide enough to float a fleet of heavy ships, but with an unfortunate bar at its entrance that effectually prevents any vessel of deep burden from entering its inland waters. I will not stay to describe the luxuriant vegetation on its banks, scarcely ever broken through by the inhabitants, except here and there, where at rare intervals a small landing-place may be seen, with a few miserable hovels among the trees: these are the villages. One day we turned the boat's head up a narrower stream called the Drino, and landed on a little cleared space which appeared to be a sort of ferry, where we had our dinner under a spreading tree. Our meal was unluckily concluded when four tall wild-looking Albanians broke through the underwood behind us, two mounted, two on foot, all armed to the teeth, and accompanied by the most savage of dogs. They soon got over their first surprise, and sat down near us to smoke their long pipes. We had only water-melon and biscuit to offer them; and as they could not understand a word of Italian, and we had no dragoman that day in our company, we could only converse by signs. I soon elicited the fact that they were Christians by making the sign of the cross, which they all answered readily; and we were on friendly terms at once. Our captain proposed firing

at a mark, and an empty bottle was placed in a bush. It was surprising to see how often their handsome well-kept weapons missed fire: each man had a musket about six feet long, nearly as tall as himself. Each man's belt was stuck full of pistols; and one or two of them had a yataghan by his side. Their delight and wonder at the revolver-practice was boundless. The captain, in his long inland walks, often had similar shooting-matches, which he found an excellent introduction to the good opinions of the people. It soon became pretty well understood on the coast, among the Christians, that the English men-of-war that were hovering near them, with the heavy guns which they could often hear at hours of practice, were their especial friends. Our dear allies the Turks were proportionably discontented at the display of power, though its ostensible purpose was to support the Sultan's government, and to enable the pashas to publish the *hatti-humayoun* which conferred equal rights on Christian and Turkish subjects. Albania, however, so far from the seat of empire, is the refuge and asylum of the old fanaticism of the Mussulman; whose bigotry is so firmly rooted there, that as yet it has not been possible to publish the decree.

Every part of the country along the sea-coast is most beautiful; the mountains are noble, the plains at their base exuberant in fertility. The land seems as if it were only prevented by the most iron oppression from pouring its riches into the laps of its inhabitants. This painful impression acquires fresh force as each new vista or smiling valley opens upon you in the sunshine. What a glorious country it might become, if it had only the commonest fair-play! It has been forgotten by the rest of Europe. The customs of the people and their household fittings are those of the epoch of Hesiod. The fishermen's nets are of the old pattern and size; the stools, the cooking-utensils to be seen in their huts, are the same as those described by Homer. The farming-tools and furniture are of the most primeval description. Their bullock-yokes, ploughs, and reaping-hooks, have never been changed from the original model. Their breeds of cattle have only degenerated from the wild stock; I do not know whether their horses, cows, sheep, or pigs, are the worst. The goats appear the least objectionable; but the poultry is execrable. Their crops are chiefly Indian corn and potatoes. In their village-gardens they cultivate cabbages, onions, and the usual household vegetables, with water-melons, and another small round species, which is as delicious as it is abundant. In the winter the game literally swarms; the rivers offer a perfect massacre of wild-ducks; and the sports-

man is spared his stealthy and cold night-watch. The earth yields its wild-grapes, figs, peaches, pomegranates, quinces, and crab-apples. Boon Nature has done her part generously, and needs but little coaxing to help her to bring all her gifts to perfection. But every effort at improvement, which should so rapidly bring wealth and comfort, is only a signal for spoliation and extortion, against which there is no appeal, and for which there is no compensation. If the head of a village, by careful concealment, manages to acquire a little fortune, he is quite unable to enjoy its fruit, beyond the handsome dress he may purchase for holiday attire, and the firearms in which the whole nation takes such delight. Any further display would endanger all the man's possessions. Hence, though the people are poor—poorly housed and poorly fed—they are not destitute of the necessities of life. But they are forcibly debarred from all progress and improvement. The Turks have never allowed them to have schools, so of course they cannot read or write.

But both people and country seem to be the most eligible raw-material of civilisation. Those grand old mountains, those kingly rivers, those fertile plains, all so expansive and so enduring, make up just the country that should, and that did once, give birth to a race of heroes. The inhabitants have always been remarkable for their bravery; often for their ferocity also. Albania is the ancient Illyria, and part of Epirus; and there is a wonderful quantity of very ancient history lingering about some of its old towns, now all in ruins. One can quite fancy such men as one saw there forming the Macedonian phalanx, and peopling the armies of Alexander and of Pyrrhus. We must often have sailed over the same boisterous waters (probably between Durazzó and Brindisi) where the poor fisherman carried over "Cæsar and his fortunes" in his little bark. The men are, I suppose, as unchanged as the waves which wash their coasts. They are a tall, well-built, spare, muscular race, with the warrior nose, lengthened sufficiently to denote perseverance in pursuing their conquests, or other undertakings for which they have suitable leaders. (I must tell you that I have become learned in noses, having read a treatise thereupon in Malta.) They (the men, not the noses) have a wild picturesque dress of scarlet and white, which they can render very rich and costly; and they are always armed and prepared to do deadly battle;—even the labourer in the field has his loaded musket lying by him. In spite of the retrogression and bondage of more than four hundred years of Ottoman tyranny, this stalwart race still cherishes a strangely-surviving hope of the regeneration of

After the downfall of the Eastern empire, the Venetians seem to have established themselves in many parts of Albania, and many of the ruins of their solid buildings and fortifications still remain. Since the conquest of the Turks, the towns and fortresses have gone to decay; the latter, even if perfect, would be useless for modern warfare. The ancient churches have been converted into mosques, or are crumbling to ruin under a rule which has hitherto permitted no outward proof to remain of the existence of a religion different from its own. They were generally built on hills, overlooking the villages, and surrounded by large and lofty trees. The Christian traveller, as he wanders through the country, is frequently reminded of the rude shock which his religion has received, by the mouldering ruins which look down upon him mournfully in their desolation. At present the only stay and support of the Catholic Church in Albania comes from Austria, the archbishops, bishops, and priests, being paid by that government; while the Propaganda of Rome and the Lyons society furnish some of the missionary friars, of whom there are about twenty-five, all pensioned by the Austrians. The secular clergy depend upon their parishioners, who pay them some trifling fees for baptisms, marriages, &c., and who put aside for them a portion of their produce,—so many bags of grain, and a certain part of every bullock, or other animal that they kill. The hierarchy consists of three archbishops and four bishops. The Church is, of course, very poor. The metropolitan see is Antivari. The Catholics commence there on the coast, and continue as far as Durazzo, which is another archbishop's see. From Durazzo, through Lower Albania, the Greek Church prevails. Formerly the clergy had to go to other countries to be educated, chiefly to Italy and Austria; but now there is a college at Scutari, where they study and are ordained. Some few are educated intelligent men; but most of them, as is natural, having sprung from the people, and had scanty opportunity of intellectual cultivation, are but little raised above their flocks in mental attainments. They have no schools in the country parts; they never collect the children for catechism; they never preach even on Sundays; they say Mass on Sundays and holidays, and occasionally hold stations. One can scarcely imagine a more solitary and dreary (because unoccupied) life than that of the Catholic priest in Albania at the present time. The effect of the constant apprehension of persecution, if not actual persecution, in which they have so long lived, has been to paralyse their energy, and to render them incapable of making

an effort to improve the spiritual condition of their flocks. The churches in the country parts are in a wretched state, in fact mere sheds, with nothing to distinguish them from cow-houses; and the priests are often obliged to say Mass in the open air, on a rude stone altar, under the shade of a large tree. It was so at the Bojana, where in winter the holy sacrifice is offered in a miserable room in the priest's house, incapable of holding above twenty persons. Not that this was surprising, after so many ages of persecution; besides, the venerable old stone and the branching tree were quite as capable of raising the thoughts as many a pretentious piece of architecture; but the deplorable part was the entire absence of zeal and power to gather together the scattered flock, and to rear the young ones in true religion. The wonder is that there are any Catholics at all. In Ireland formerly there may have been equal oppression and equal poverty, but the priests attended to their people, and, as they might, provided for their instruction; and, in return, the people were attached to them as their fathers and only real friends, receiving from them a spirit of religion which they transmitted to their children, and which was proof against every attack. I did not discover this spirit in Albania. In the upper province, however, there are now three schools, two at Scutari and one at Presvarende (which is also an archbishop's see). All the masters are Austrians, paid by that government. One of the Jesuit fathers attempted to build a seminary lately at Scutari for the education of priests, with funds supplied by Austria; but the Turks destroyed it, in spite of the efforts of the pasha and consuls. The only Catholic Church in the country parts that we met with was at the village of Bersa, five miles from Antivari,—a low narrow building, without any light save that admitted by loopholes in the walls, but beautifully situated on the side of the valley opposite the village, concealed by huge trees, and overlooking a bubbling stream that tumbles over the stony bottom of the valley. The priest had recently been appointed as a *locum tenens*; he had been educated at Loretto in Italy. The parish priest was unfit to do duty.

The Austrians, doubtless, are doing a great deal of good to the poor Catholics in Upper Albania; but they are supposed, of course, to be playing a political game, and to have an eye to this fine province, whenever the next convulsion shall offer it to their grasp. I wish them success; but politicians deprecate such an accession of valuable territory to Austria. Surely it would be infinitely better for these fine people to be brought within the fostering care of the Church,

even with the stern rule of Austria, than to be given over to the tender mercies of either Russia, Greece, or Turkey.

The towns are chiefly inhabited by the Turks; they are dirty and wretched; but the inhabitants, especially on a holiday, have a general appearance of being well-to-do, and are very well dressed, and there are scarcely any beggars. But the population is decidedly thin, and is said to have decreased wonderfully of late. There is one great drawback to commerce: in all Upper Albania there is not a single good harbour capable of sheltering vessels of any size; and the Ionian and Adriatic, like most narrow seas, are very boisterous.

Now I think I have communicated to you all I know of this very interesting province; but I cannot communicate the enthusiasm which the sight of such a country and such a people awakens:—I speak only of Upper Albania; the lower province is in a much more barbarous condition. The people become more brutal and cruel as they approach the neighbourhood of the Greek populations, whose name has become ignominious for bad faith and every kind of treachery.

CRITICS AND THE FINE ARTS.

It is not *de rigueur* that a good man should be able to draw a straight line. Many a sound geometrician, and worthy father of a family, is unable to connect two points by any thing save a *circumbendibus*, unless he appeals for aid to a ruler; and even then the chances are that he blurs the line and inks his fingers before he has finished. Dear Mrs. Mullins has brought up a bevy of virtuous daughters, with credit to herself and advantage to the world of bachelors, although she learned oriental tinting in her girlhood, and still thinks it sweetly pretty; two painful screens of her designing ornament the front parlour to this day. Mullins himself is not a bad kind of man; yet he has had "Sherry, sir!" framed elaborately, and considers that most vile production a marvel of art. We must not altogether cast aside and condemn Jones, because he prefers "Cherry ripe" to "Crudel perche," and "British Grenadiers" to Beethoven; nor imagine that Brown must necessarily become a ticket-of-leave, because that most misguided individual has painted his front-door apple-green picked out with black, ruddled his flower-pots, put rows of white flints instead of box-edgings to his gravel-walks, and capped his infamy by perpetrating an eighteen-

inch fountain, which squirts a tiny thread of liquid in every direction but the one in which it is desired to go, continual pokings with a knitting-needle notwithstanding. In a word, our friend the geometrician cannot use his fingers; Mrs. Mullins's artistic flame is a refractory rushlight; Mullins is by no means Dr. Waagen; Jones as earless as Prynne after the pillory; and Brown does not inherit one atom of the genius of his namesake, "Capability." Yet all these good people may lead virtuous lives, and in due time die pious deaths.

We feel bound to place this protest on the very threshold as it were of any critical edifice we may endeavour to raise, now or hereafter, in the pages of the *Rambler*, seeing how heartily we dislike and disapprove the tone and style which so many of our public journals and periodicals (to say nothing of books devoted to the subject) adopt in treating matters appertaining to what are called the Fine Arts. For it seems absolutely demanded now-a-days that common sense should be cashiered; and a wild, metaphysical, metaphorical, dreamy, opium-eating-like excitement take its place. Installed in a temple, Art is worshipped with most verbose litanies; while her self-ordained priests cut mental antics more surprising than the capers of the mad knight-errant which so shocked Sancho Panza in the Sierra Morena. Blue, we take it, is blue; and yellow, yellow and nothing else; and blue and yellow make green; but we are talked to about the "holiness" of colour, and instructed to approach paint with reverence. We are familiar with the beard and wide-awake of little Sandie Macguilp; we have even drunk Messrs. Barclay's renowned beverage in company with that North British genius of the brush; yet we are lectured about the artist's inner life, and given to understand that Sandie lives in some sphere (not marked in the celestial globe) where the artist-nature breathes an ether more congenial to its unearthly requirements, but which, judging by certain cartoons of the spasmodic school, must be occasionally sulphuric. [N.B. We beg to mention that Sandie's body dwells in a third-floor in Greek-street, Soho, wherever his artist-soul may be; and that the said body will be happy to accept commissions from any of the nobility or gentry who may favour it with a call. Discount allowed for cash payments.] Music fares no better than painting. The critic cannot discourse quietly and sensibly from his easy-chair; that would ill become the ardent prophet, whose privilege it is to indoctrinate the outer world with the eternal principles of the Beautiful and the True. No; it must be done on stilts, and in satin and spangles, amid a thousand artificial flowers of rhetorical display, or it

is nothing worth. The only mode to fix the attention of the grovelling crowd, is to preach while pirouetting on one leg; to attain the sublime by a copious use of the ridiculous. The old lady in the nursery-tale could not climb the tree to get at the bird's-nest containing three young rabbits, so she *tumbled* up; a mode of progression much practised by the critical fraternity in the discovery of equine breeding-places, and with such result as befell the epicene hero of the tale in question; for truly do they break their shins against a bag of moonshine of their own manufacture.

The root of all this folly is, the mischievous error of mistaking means for end,—an error sometimes wilful, sometimes unintentional, but continually committed by those who talk and write with a headlong or strained enthusiasm. Life is short, but Art is long, says the copy; and a definite existence and a pedestal in the modern Pantheon are given her. As virtue is “its own reward,” so the recompense of those who cultivate the worship of Art is neither more nor less than Art herself. She is to be served, lived for, died for, with unswerving faith and trust, amid poverty, sickness, hunger, and the contempt of a sordid world. She is the one exponent of all that is lovely and true in the relations of the human mind to the external and material. If all men would but listen to her voice, a golden age would once more fill the earth with innocence and peace. Fine words! but the proper answer to them is Mr. Burchell's expressive response to the flowery conversation of Dr. Goldsmith's tinsel ladies, “Fudge!” Mullins might grasp all painters, from Cimabue to Millais, and yet beat his wife; Brown might enter into the length and breadth and depth of the choral symphony, and yet be picked out of a gutter by a policeman. Three centuries before Christ, the Greek sculptors so perfectly understood and appreciated the beauty, grace, and dignity of the human form, had so mastered its every line and contour in action and repose, that under their skilful blows the marble yielded statues of almost supernatural loveliness, and this with easy labour and in profusion. Yet the boast of Praxiteles was, that he substituted a glowing naked Venus for the draped harlot, whose less perfect but more decent image previously satisfied the host of worshippers. When three centuries had passed away, when the Son of God stood sentenced at Jerusalem before the Roman governor, imperial Rome was filled with the triumphs of the architect, the sculptor, and the painter: a very city of temples, theatres, and palaces; alive with deities, nymphs, and heroes of marble, bronze, and ivory; its walls brilliant with gold, gay with the delicate fantasies of the cunning decorator;

its floors a network of intricate yet most harmonious mosaic. And the people? tyrants and slaves; proud, sanguinary, hard, cruel, sensual; their business pleasure; their crowning sport the hellish gladiatorial shows, in amphitheatres deluged with rivers of blood, where oftentimes the mangled tortured victim appealed in vain for mercy to a steaming crowd, whose eyes gloated with infernal satisfaction on the death-throes of the innocent wretch "butchered to make a Roman holiday." As far as Art is concerned, the nineteenth century differs in no respect from all that have gone before; good taste and goodness are no more convertible terms now than they were in the days of Pericles or Tiberius. A dozen Great Exhibitions, a hundred Bernal or Soulage collections, will no more affect our criminal statistics than as many poultry-shows, or displays of fat animals by the Smithfield Club. Some years ago, Lord John Manners and his following of white waistcoats, —a school, unluckily for our amusement, stifled in its puny babyhood by a surfeit of pap,—submitted to the world a scheme for the regeneration of the bucolic population by means of maypoles and the noble game of cricket. A course of Fine Arts, *pure and simple*, will have about as much effect in amending the lives and morals of the million as my lord's panacea for agriculturists. The better artist the better man, is a transparent fallacy which needs no confutation.

What then? We have protested that Mullins and his wife, that Jones and Brown, may all die good Christians, although plunged in an abyss of ignorance as to paint, mired in a slough of bad taste as regards sweet sounds. But have we in any shape alleged that they are the more likely so to die because of these their ignorance and bad taste? Emphatically, no! We have affirmed that Art is no true end of man's existence, and that for critics so to treat it is a foolish and mischievous error. But have we for a single moment denied that Art has an office, and a high one, of its own? Assuredly not. Like all other matters in themselves of pure indifference, which furnish the raw materials, so to speak, to be woven by man into the many-coloured tissue of his life, Art may be used or abused; it may add grace and beauty to the fabric, it may defile as a spot and a stain, or it may be altogether and entirely omitted. Like all mere human learning, philosophy and science, mechanical arts and the rest, it is but one of many means to an end. Art is good to the individual, when used *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, and no further or otherwise. Do not let us, however, be mistaken. We are not guilty of the absurdity of saying, that because Pagan, therefore Greek and Roman art were not in their way per-

fection, and, in a certain sense, to the glory of God; but simply this, that Art must be so *used* as to fit with ease and propriety into the life of a Christian man, whose end is not a picture or a song, but to save his soul. It is impossible to deny the fact, that art-idolatry exists at the present day, that it pervades the writings of some of the ablest critics, and finds its way freely into the lecture-hall; and as readers and listeners are many, we shall have done some good if we draw the attention of a few to a heathen practice, which has not the heathen excuse. It is not always that an audience can have the security of listening to an accomplished prelate of the Catholic Church, whose extensive range of acquirement places him in the foremost rank of popular speakers on the subject.

Art being, then, no legitimate end of our existence, what can it do for us as a means, and how is it to be used? In the first place, as a portion of the higher course of education, which includes what is called polite learning, it assists in forming that refinement of mind, that courtesy and delicacy of manner, that carefulness in avoiding the giving of needless offence to the feelings or even prejudices of others, that absence of vulgar self-assertion, which is implied and understood by the one word 'gentleman.' And this alone is no small matter; for at no period of our civilisation has an open gentlemanly bearing been more essential to the pleasantness of social intercourse, or to the success of those who aim at influencing others, especially such as hold a lower worldly station than their own. In the next place, it supplies the language by which the artist-proper expresses visibly or audibly to himself and the world the creations of his imagination, the results of his powers of observation and combination, and the degree of his technical skill. To him it is the *business* of life; just as the speculation of the merchant, the labours of the author, the tillage of the farmer, or the craft of the mechanic. We may be told that this is a low view; but it is a correct one, for all that. It is enough to know that the artist's business is a praiseworthy and proper one. In addition, Art affords material for the industry of thousands and tens of thousands who find their daily bread in the production of the endless articles which belong to the wants and luxuries of a highly-organised and artificial state of society. The mere necessary requirements of a dense population—food, clothing, and shelter—do not find nearly sufficient work for the multitudes, who cannot live in idleness without a revolution in the constitution of society itself.

Again,—we can only glance at a few of the many offices of Art,—it affords beyond dispute the most admirable and in-

exhaustible storehouse on which to draw for that healthy and innocent relaxation and amusement which is as needful to the toiler in the weary struggle of life as sleep itself. Most happily for us, a popular reaction is taking place; and the hours of labour, after having been lengthened beyond endurance, are being curtailed to a somewhat reasonable limit. Master and man alike are reaping the benefit. It is a tempting subject to enlarge upon; for the memory of a Catholic cannot but revert to social history, with a smile at the failure of a system which inflicts three hundred and odd days of dreary work, and fifty-two of dreary vacuity, as the Christian year. But let it pass; a better mind, no matter how originating, has sprung up, and we ought to make the most of it. We repeat that, for all classes engaged in business, law, commerce, manufactures, and what not, Art supplies beyond compare the most ample fund of innocent and healthy recreation. The pursuit of science, to say nothing of natural gifts, requires time and study such as no otherwise busy man can spare. The mere trashy, superficial, undigested notions that usurp the place of science are worthless in themselves, and prejudicial to the amateur philosopher, than whom no one for the most part can be more vapid, conceited, and inflated; a very india-rubber ball, wanting but a single slight prick from an acute questioner to collapse into a shapeless nothing. With Art it is different. All have eyes to see and ears to hear, and all (the exception proves the rule) have at least a scintilla of taste, which by careful fanning may perhaps be cultivated into a respectable glow, if not into a blazing flame. Let it be remembered that between Raffaele Sanzio and the boy who is spoiling paper and pencil at our elbow there is but a step, though it may be one such as only Chamisso's shadowless man could compass. It is a question not of kind, but of degree. That the many may be brought to a hearty appreciation of what is excellent, there is no lack of facts to demonstrate; as witness the crowds of all ranks who flock to gaze on the noble works of our greatest painter; the mob of eager listeners at the performances of our magnificent choral societies, where the appeal is to no false taste, but solely to the intelligence which can understand and enjoy the highest and best in Art.

We conclude by giving some idea of the true duties of a popular critic; on which point, as we have before observed, we cannot agree with all our critical brethren. We think his object should obviously be to guide popular taste aright in all those matters in which, for want of careful cultivation and technical knowledge, it is apt to be warped and strained by

sudden impulse, to mistake tinsel for true metal, impudence for energy and courage, folly for simplicity, crude complexity for deep learning, and so forth. To accomplish this task, he must be eyes and ears for those who are without them; he must see and listen with intelligence, praise and condemn with boldness and sincerity, and give his reasons for both with the utmost plainness that a conscientious accuracy will permit. As a general rule, no great artist, whether painter or musician, makes a good critic for the people. His attention is too much occupied by theories and the mechanism of his art;—he thinks in a groove. On the other hand, no man is fit to decide for others unless he has a sufficiently practical knowledge of technicalities to understand and appreciate the means by which the works he criticises have been produced. But as much as possible these technical details should be kept to himself. The less he talks about mahlsticks, chiara-oscuro, and tonings down, the better it will answer his purpose; he can say all that is right and proper about a sonata, a symphony, or even an oratorio, without one single diminished seventh or superfluous octave embarrassing his pen, or driving his readers into despair. We do not under-estimate the deep, thoughtful, and suggestive labours of many well-known critical writers; but these, though most valuable and necessary to the student, are nevertheless caviare to the million. It is with the latter that the popular critic has to deal; and he will treat them but scurvily if he makes what should be but a simple lesson for their guidance an ill-timed occasion for the display of his own recondite attainments. Finally, let him guard strictly against that most abominable custom of importing religious forms and phrases into his critical strictures which defaces the disquisitions of more than one distinguished modern author. Art enjoys the privilege of serving Religion; but it is a scandalous abuse to pretend to force Religion into the service of Art.

MEMORIALS OF THE PENAL LAWS.

IN undertaking to lay before Catholics a selection of the multitudinous documents connected with the forcible suppression of our religion in this country (which are preserved in the various public libraries of this kingdom), we are setting ourselves a task, the interest and utility of which is, we

flatter ourselves, too plain to need many words from us. At a time when each district of the kingdom has its own antiquarian society, when every tombstone has its readers, every brass its rubbers, every coat-of-arms its amateur herald, every old story its chronicler; when museums greedily buy up old bills, old newspapers, old deeds, old any thing, out of which a tittle of evidence can be collected about such interesting facts as what was the price of coals in the time of Elizabeth, what was the rent of "a certain close or paddock called Long Acre," in which some alderman perhaps of the time of Charles II. kept the two kine which supplied his suburban residence with milk; what cosmetics our great-grandmothers chiefly affected, who were the doctors they employed, and how much they paid the barbers who erected the many-storied towers of their voluminous head-dresses;—when such questions as these occupy the whole mind and attention of hundreds of inquirers, and entertain for some minutes the eyes, if not the minds, of thousands of readers, it is surely not too much to expect that the records of the sufferings of our ancestors in the faith should meet with a corresponding attention from Catholics; for, after all, how different is the worth of the scraps of information enumerated above and of that which we propose to publish! Those little fussy bits of antiquarianism all end in themselves; neither material nor moral science is advanced a single inch by a million of them. They are curious, and that is all that can be said for them; they may sometimes serve to point the moral of an article in the *Times*, when that journal wishes to compare our present light with the benighted ignorance of our forefathers,—but beyond this they are good for no earthly purpose, except to enrich the publisher of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, or the editor of *Notes and Queries*, or to foster a spirit that would sink the historian in the genealogist, and the philosopher in a chronicler of the weather. They are all about pills and pigments, and such small facts as have perished in the using or doing of them: but our inquiries are about facts that have life and vitality in them still. When the Catholic squire or yeoman paid his apothecary or his coal-merchant, he performed an act of ordinary honesty which deserves but little praise, and less record: but when he stood up in court, and endured the contumely of upstart fanatics, the loss of his estate, the ruin of the prospects of his family, the filthy dungeon, the rack and the gallows, rather than renounce his religion, he did an act which the recording angel wrote down with an Alleluia on his lips,—a deed which continually cries out to the just God for mercy or for vengeance, and which, like a seed sown in a good soil, shall in its own

time most certainly germinate and fructify. Such facts are living, not dead. It is not a mere antiquarian repertory that they fill, but a martyrology. If we only gave the catalogue of the names of those who endured the loss of all things rather than defile their conscience, it would not, it ought not to be a mere dry list like that of the Post-Office Directory;—it should be like a list of victories to the old soldier; like a catalogue of the names of those who fell at Inkerman to the British patriot. It should be still more; it should be somewhat similar to the Litany of the Saints, or the columns of the glorious record of the martyrology. While we read them, we should remember that each name is probably written in the book of life; that these are our fathers in the faith, through whose prayers our miserable remnant* still continues faithful, and whose merits have gained for us whatever expansion we can now boast. We should think how one day we shall stand apart while this noble army is called over name by name in our hearing. We should think how we shall see these men and women one by one in their glorified bodies approach the Judge, one by one receive the palm-branch, the sceptre, and the royal robe; while we wait for our turn, happy if our paltry sacrifices and cool zeal procure for us the last and least of the places beneath their feet, to be their servants and their handmaids for ever in the courts of the house of God!

Such is the religious aspect of these documents. But they have practical values in our eyes not much inferior. In the first place, a study of the records of the persecution will do much to explain the otherwise unaccountable religious character of the English peasantry. How is it that this race, so sensible, so persevering, with such admirable qualities, even with a religiosity which surprised and charmed the ladies who made such sacrifices to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers in the East,—so independent moreover, and high-spirited and proud, so moved by the burden of their national song, “Britons never will be slaves,” yet at the same time so gentle, so easy to be governed, so submissive to authority,—how is it that in religion alone this race should have no fixed principles except that of change; no perseverance, no sense, no humility; and yet, unaccountable mixture! should be characterised by servility in religious matters which sells its faith for a loaf, and at the same time, by a shy kind of pride which keeps them separate from the higher classes, which holds them aloof from all attempts to evangelise them except by means of illiterate fanatics who spring from the midst of

* This was written some months before the last Number of the *Dublin Review* appeared.

them, and impresses indelibly upon them that stupidity and dullness in religious matters which make the English peasants such hopeless pagans in the eyes of those who have ever attempted to enlighten them? European society has been well said to be incarnate history. Great events leave their impressions on the fibres of society as surely as the water and the fire leave their traces in the strata and the rocks of the earth. The religious character of the English peasantry is the incarnation of the religious history of the people of England. There is not a characteristic in the contradictory complication of attributes which forms it that may not be explained historically; each callosity and bruise and wound bears the unmistakable mark of the chain or weapon that inflicted it, and is a record of the persecution and the cruelty by which first ignorance and then Protestantism were enforced upon them. But to construct a history of the Reformation from these traces would require the ingenuity of an interpreter of the Apocalypse, and the labour would result in as great an uncertainty; it would be a mere hypothesis, as little to be depended upon *à priori* as a phrenologist's character drawn up after due inspection of bumps. It would be like a restoration of a many-sided seal from an impression of one face of it. Here therefore we shall see the value of these records; we have the impression in the religious character of the people of England; we have the seal in the records of the administration of the penal laws; we have only to compare the seal with the impression in order to identify beyond all controversy the cause from which the effect had its origin. We shall be able to trace the persecution gradually imprinting all the present characteristics on the mind of the English peasant; and at last presenting him to the world in all the bizarre deformity of his religious intelligence. We shall also perhaps learn to judge him with more indulgence, to make allowances for his brutality; and this new charity may perhaps discover how to reverse the process of his brutalisation, and once more to verify the saying of St. Gregory, *non Angli sed Angeli forent, si modo essent Christiani*.

Another practical good that may arise from the publication of these documents is, the rectification of our ideas of history. There is a feeling abroad, that all historians are to be profoundly mistrusted; that the only truth-tellers are the bare unsophisticated records which exist among our government archives. A learned German, Dr. Pauli, is slowly plodding on with an English history, which he is writing on this principle: Mr. Froude, in his late remarkable romance, professes to follow it as his one guide. If we can but get

Protestants to read a few of the records of the means by which their religion was established—records which emanated from themselves, and have been preserved by them—what a different notion they will have of the arguments by which the Reformation was introduced and carried through! What a peculiar light such a study will throw on apothegms like that of the *Times* (Oct. 3, 1856), “The great mass of English religious intelligence has, from the religious data before it, gathered a Protestant conclusion,” when we find that these data were first the enforced ignorance, and then the racks, dungeons, halters, and sequestrations, by which the Elizabethan tradition was imposed on the masses of the population! Truly they seem preserved for the resurrection of a truth that has been bled to death by the pens of heretical historians!

Then, again, consider the use that may be made of the information that can be collected. Not a fine was inflicted, not an imprisonment enforced, but a record of it was preserved in the proper office—and may still probably, after due search, be found; with a given amount of labour we may find the names of all who suffered for religion in every village and town in England, the value of the goods which were confiscated, of the lands which were seized to the use of the crown, the informations, the indictments, the prosecutions, the imprisonment, first probably in the house of some parson or well-known Protestant, whose “conferences” the recusant had to endure a certain number of times a week; whence, on his continued obstinacy, he would be removed to the gaol, where he would die, or from which, after some ten years, he would be released a ruined man, to make room for the multitudes who were ready to take his place. Records of all these things exist; and only the industry of Catholics is requisite to collect, classify, and copy them. Then what an arm will they furnish to the controversialist! He may go into a village, and call round him the Woodcocks, Stubbs, Cooks, Hodges, the pauper labourers of the village, show them that their ancestors were once substantial yeomen of the place, living in that English comfort which the chief-justice of the fifteenth century (Gascoigne) so well describes, and holding fast to their old religion, when one day they were called up before the next justice of the peace, who was perhaps the squire, enriched by the spoils of some neighbouring abbey, and fined say 160*l.* for not having been to the church for the last eight months; that under the pressure of this impossible imposition they fled away, that their lands were seized and sold, their goods dispersed and confiscated, themselves soon after committed to gaol as vagrants, if they

did not die under the hedges; and their children brought up to curse the religion of their parents, and to till for hire as pauper labourers the lands which in justice they owned. Such an argument as this is intelligible to minds which are callous to all other "religious data." This mode of dealing was the argument by which Protestantism was established; the record of the fact we may hope will turn out to be an argument tending to the overthrow of that hateful system.

Many a side-blow too, we hope and trust, will be dealt by these documents to other things which our soul hateth. One of the pests of modern literature, it appears to us, is the controversial novel; that delightful way of so mixing truth and fiction, that the reader may fix the limits of the two just where he pleases; that new means of persuading men to a certain conclusion, by introducing a needless uncertainty into the premiss. There are facts stranger than fiction, and authentic narratives more stirring than any invented stories. These ancient histories may at first seem something strange and foreign; but the more intensely we read, the more our thoughts are engaged and our feelings warmed: and the history of those ancient men becomes, as it were, our own history; their sufferings our sufferings; their joys our joys. Without this sympathy history is a dead letter, and might as well be burnt and forgotten; while if it is once enlivened by this feeling, it appeals not only to the antiquarian, but to the heart of every man.

Having thus briefly stated our reasons for the work we have undertaken, and our expectations of its utility, we may as well go on to state what we wish to guard against. Of all things we dislike, dry dusty antiquarianism is one of our greatest aversions. It appears to us to be a mental deformity analogous to the corporeal one of having one's head placed on one's shoulders hind-side before. To have eyes behind may have its advantages; we do not deny that Janus had certain prerogatives and conveniences attached to his unique dignity,

"Solus de superis qui sua terga videt."

He was able, says Persius, effectually to overawe all rude little boys who are wont to follow fat gentlemen unlikely to display great agility in turning, whose waddle they imitate, and in derision of whom they loll the tongue and apply the thumb to the nose—

*"O Jane, a tergo quem nulla ciconia pinsit,
Nec manus auriculas imitata est mobilis albas,
Nec linguæ tantum, sicut canis Appula quantum."*

But then Janus had a front face as well as a hind face, and

did not lose the present while he surveyed the past. Such an endowment is impossible to ordinary mortals; Providence, which has limited our eyes to two, has provided that they shall both be in front; we cannot have one before and one behind; to look back, we must turn our heads, and for the moment lose sight of the present. But let it be only for a moment; for if we get ourselves fixed in that position, we are fit for nothing more practical than the work of the poor love-lorn sailor, whose

“—head was turned, and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.”

Like him, we shall unfit ourselves for any thing but to live in the past, and to seek, like parasitical insects, a precarious subsistence in the dusty periwigs of our deceased ancestors.

And yet, how difficult it is for an individual or a people, who, by force of circumstances, by natural decay, or external violence, is obliged to subside from a state of activity into one of passiveness, to avoid casting this longing, lingering look behind, and to feed the intellect on the empty memory of former deeds! The old soldier, the fallen politician, the defeated party, the subjugated people, each sets up as *laudator temporis acti*; each becomes an enthusiast for the past age of its activity, even to the utter oblivion of the present and the future. We English Catholics are in danger of falling into this mental imbecility; the circumstances amidst which we live are those most likely to encourage and to develop this mode of thought. A small minority among the millions of our race, inactive among the active, unimportant amid those who direct the destinies of the world,—what have we to boast of but our past glories? On what can our memory dwell with perfect pleasure but on the ages when, instead of being sectarians in society, we were “the people of England;” when we gave the tone to its thought, the direction to its influence, the strength to its arm? No wonder that we lean back in the arms of the past, and yearn towards “the ages of faith.” No wonder that we praise their system, their institutions, and their art; no wonder that we become enthusiasts even for their puerilities and their deformities; that we come to love the tobacco-pipe columns, the distorted saints, and dark corners of Gothic architecture, as well as its real beauties, its graceful forms, and bold constructions—the mystery of its vaults, and the breadth and amplitude of its cathedrals. It is not to be wondered at if some of us become as narrow-minded as the classical enthusiasts of the Renaissance, and in a different sphere imitate their exclusiveness and their prejudice. As their heads were filled with the idea that the

creative power of the human mind had exhausted itself in the great works of Greece and Rome, so some of us may be led to fancy that there can be no improvement on the works of the middle ages; and may be in danger, like them, of making ourselves, by our blind enthusiasm, the pests of science, literature, and art. When a man can no longer gather inspiration from the objects that surround him; when the writer is as it were a stranger, who feeds only on memories and imaginations, who lives in an ideal world, and has neither point of contact nor sentiment of fraternity with living men; when the accents of his eloquence are no longer the *explosion* of nature, but only something systematic and conventional, a cold echo of what was said a few centuries ago,—the words may be abundant and sonorous, but the spirit is smitten with barrenness. An uncritical admiration of antiquity for its own sake would land us in Druidism, or something still more barbarous; logically it ought to sigh for a state of things like that wherein the skin-clad Adam had to subdue the thorns and thistles of the earth with such implements as he could contrive out of broken sticks and sharp stones. *Æsthetically* we do not see that it can produce any thing much more practical than a perhaps melodious, but certainly melancholy, dirge upon the supposed death of an imaginary golden age, but no wise resolution for the present, no deep and far-sighted plans for the future.

Therefore, we repeat, we do not publish these documents in a mere antiquarian spirit; we are not solicitous to preserve the spelling and punctuation; we desire to rouse living feelings, indignation, zeal, love to our noble predecessors, even that love perhaps which would lead us to take measures for the exalting of some of their names into the Calendar of Saints. We are desirous, by publishing these specimens, to raise some little enthusiasm among our young Catholics—enough to induce them to join with us in our laborious occupation; to make generally known to those who may possess any ancient records the work we have undertaken, so that our little beginnings may, please God, be the nucleus of an association which in time may deserve the title of English Bollandists.

We had written thus far some months ago, when we thought that we should do more wisely to put off our preface till we had made some advance in the work which we had undertaken. We therefore threw this by, and only found it by an accident. We publish it now because some expressions in it throw light on what we meant in a notice, the inno-

cent wording of which has drawn down upon us an attack, the injustice of which has, we own, pained us deeply, and which we have briefly noticed in another article. This paper was written about the same time, and by the same person, as the notice in question; and as we can assure our readers that we have not altered a word of it, it will serve as proof, if any were wanted, that the expressions used here as well as there were not intended in the sense assumed by the Dublin reviewer.

Reviews.

THE RAMBLER AND THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

WHEN there is any danger of a great scandal ensuing, it is at all times better to suffer wrong patiently than to resist it violently, and to expose it clamorously. This consideration, and not any acquiescence in certain unjust and uncharitable misrepresentations of the *Rambler* in the late Number of the *Dublin Review*, induces us to refrain from all retaliation on the present occasion, with the simple protest that for ourselves we have always hated and detested any line of conduct which tends to the separation of old and new Catholics; that we have never allowed our thoughts to dwell on any comparisons between them; and that nothing was farther from our intentions or our expressed meaning than such an unwise contrast. We recognise any jealousy of the kind as the great danger of our position; and we fully subscribe to any possible invectives against its meanness, injustice, and folly. And in proportion to this our hatred of the crime, is our internal sorrow and indignation at the accusation of our having committed it. The very thought of it was so far from us, that it never entered our heads to examine whether our words could be interpreted to imply it; and we cannot help thinking that any person as free from such prepossessions as ourselves would have passed over our expressions without dreaming of attaching any such invidious meaning to them.

The accusation is made against two of our writers. We will not attempt to justify all the expressions of the notice of Dr. Brownson's review, which we published in our October Number; possibly the writer was too much elated with the praises of the great American, and too sore about certain clamours that had lately been raised against him. But still, let us be attacked for what we did say, not for what we did

not say. Dr. Brownson invited us to break with medievalism. We replied that we could not afford it. We compared America generally with "England; and especially the little remnant of Catholic England,"—the former as having no medieval traditions, the latter as formed upon them, and living by them. The contrast was between the society of the new continent and that of the old country, especially that small part of it which still clings to the ancient faith. We never had the remotest thought of dividing the faithful into two parties, the old and the new; still less of "twitting the old Catholics." No one can pretend to assert that the converts are less "medieval" than the others; to construe an attack on medievalism into an attack upon these persons is a very indefensible piece of false criticism.

Again, a special defect was imputed to the writers of the *Rambler* by Dr. Brownson, namely, want of breadth and comprehension in their views of the necessity of disencumbering themselves of the obsolete forms of the middle ages. They replied, that this is to be attributed not to their want of conviction of the truth which Dr. Brownson enunciates, but to their "inability to write in a masterly manner." Hereupon the Dublin reviewer accuses them of charging "the Catholic public with an incapacity of appreciating their productions."

Again, we said that it was *sometimes* proposed to us as the condition on which our publication would be encouraged, that we should provide insipid milk-and-water for our readers,—or, to use the published language of one of these monitors, that we should confine ourselves to "disseminating light, interesting, and safe reading." Hereupon we are accused of declaring that the whole Catholic body is so low in the scale of intellect, that it can only be satisfied with lies and trash. We never said, or implied, or thought of, any such absurdity.

We certainly enlarged upon this sweet theme of "milk-and-water and sugar," and described the way of treating history and philosophy which it implies: cooking history by suppressing, denying, or covering with the dust of irrelevant statistics all that may make against us; cooking philosophy by pretending that science is smoothing our difficulties, instead of (what it is really attempting) increasing them; and defending whatever is done in Catholic countries, as if the Catholic Church had done it. But did we accuse the Catholic public of compelling us to do this? Rather did we not appeal to the Catholic public against those who by their clamours appeared to be attempting to force us into that "safe" line? To whom did we write the obnoxious sentences? to Dr. Brownson, by way of showing him that his

advice was impossible to be followed? or to the Catholic public, asking them to support us in our protest against such monitors? Did we intend any insult to those to whom we were appealing? Common sense forbids the bare supposition.

This misrepresentation of our fault has enabled the reviewer to fasten another untrue accusation upon us: we allude to his bitter charge against us for our supposed estimation of ourselves, with his ironical admission of our unparalleled capacities. All this is mere misinterpretation of what we did say. We laughed, rather too loudly perhaps, at the hushing-up system; and protested against the incubation of persons who dread the public discussion of matters which they know to be the subject of anxious thought in private. We claimed, perhaps too positively, a right to express our profound interest on the great topics of the day, which, in spite of all surveillance, will more or less modify Catholic thought; to give them the measure of attention and study which we could afford; to say what we had to say about them to our fellow-Catholics and fellow-countrymen; and in the absence of others who would do it better, or indeed at all, to print and publish our own ideas, in the hope that they would not be utterly and entirely worthless. We claimed for ourselves and all Catholics, without thinking of drawing any line, the right to think, and to express our thoughts, on all subjects, so long as we did not impugn revealed truth. The reviewer may object to our claim, and prove it inadmissible; but he should not try to dispose of it by representing it to be that which it is not,—the drawing a line between ourselves and the general body of Catholics; between writers and readers; between ourselves as the wise instructors, and all the rest as the ignorant persons to be instructed. Such an interpretation of our words is both invidious and false.

Our second writer has been even more unfairly treated than the former one. There might have been some imprudence in that case; but what has this writer done? Yet the Dublin reviewer has pointed out an article of his as tending to produce divisions among Catholics, not only by dogmatically dividing them into marked classes of croakers and *couleur-de-rose* men, but by damping the energies of the laborious worker by a perpetual fault-finding. By way of showing that the *Rambler* is thus guilty, he quotes the opening sentences of a paper on education; and then proceeds to glorify the *Dublin* for having from the first used the very brightest colours of the rouge-pot for all Catholic matters. But surely this truth might have been announced without being propped up with the insinuation that *our* black souls de-

lighted in croaking. He need not have stopped short at exactly that point in our article which enabled him to pervert its meaning to the very opposite of that which its writer really expressed. In the very next sentences our contributor actually does, and does well and brilliantly, the very thing which the *Dublin Review* attacks him for not doing. We will not quote from our own pages; we will only ask the reader to turn to our Number for last November, and to read the first half of the second page as the proof of our assertion.

There is another sentence of the *Dublin Review* which we can scarcely trust ourselves to quote: "The writers (of the *Rambler*) do not attempt to throw themselves into the true position of Catholics. *They stand aloof, and do not share the real burden of Catholic labour.*" Does the reviewer mean this as an attack upon us as writers, or as private persons? If in the former sense, let him show, for instance, to what subjects the *Dublin* applies more real labour than we do to our articles on the sufferings of Catholics under the penal laws. In the second case, we beg to ask what the writer knows of our private life; and if he knows about it, what right he has to violate its secrets in the pages of a Review? If the charge is false, modesty forbids us to expose its falsehood; if it is true, surely charity ought to have prevented its being published in that form.

But even though we had been ten times more imprudent than we had shown ourselves to be, could not the grave truths which the writer of the *Dublin* descants upon be asserted without raking up forgotten controversies, investing them with fresh meanings, and recalling attention to that which is at the same time declared to be better forgotten? The stream of periodical literature is so rapid, that a controversy is carried out of sight and memory in a couple of months. If we had inflicted a wound upon Catholic society, that wound was long since healed; if it is opened afresh, it is not we that have done it, but those remarks of the *Dublin*, of which we may safely say that they are of a kind to create the very evils which they affect to deplore. Surely peace need not have been recommended in terms of war, nor love and charity preached by means of misrepresentations and cutting irony. We will not enlarge upon this painful theme, lest we should be provoked into the retaliation which we feel would be so easy, but at the same time so deplorable. We will only hope that in future we may all find it possible to argue against one another's supposed mistakes without personality or perversion of truth. And as the *Dublin Review* has quoted texts of Scripture against us and in its own

favour, we will end by requesting that the next time we are accused of committing a fault, instead of being censured in a manner to which charity forbids us to make the obvious reply, we may be treated more in accordance with the following injunction: "If thy brother shall offend against thee, go and rebuke him between thee and him alone. If he shall hear thee, thou shalt gain thy brother. And if he will not hear thee, take with thee one or two more And if he will not hear them, tell the Church."

Instead of this, we wake one fine morning, and find ourselves blazoned forth to the whole Catholic world as guilty of a fault which we never dreamed of, and of which we did not know that any one accused us; and held up to the ridicule of our brethren as busybodies who never attempt to do any thing but find fault—half-Protestants, croakers, so wise in our own estimation that we fancy ourselves the destined instructors of the whole human race, and such supine Catholics that we refuse to take our places in the body among our brethren, or to bear our fair share of their burdens. And all this said with such circumstances as would make it an odious, reckless, and selfish thing in us to insist upon our right to retaliate.

MODERN ANGLICANISM—"THE UNION."

THAT our readers may fully comprehend the remarks we are about to offer, we beg, *in limine*, to request them to read carefully the following "correspondence" from Rome, and the paragraph of English news which we append to the Roman letter:

"ITALY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Rome, Dec. 22.

During the Advent season a large number of strangers have arrived here, many of whom are English. Although the weather was remarkably cold in the early part of the month, the mountains around being partially covered with snow, yet now the air is extremely mild again, and the temperature of an ordinary degree,—a change likely to be very acceptable to those who propose sojourning here during the winter months. Cardinal Morlot, Archbishop of Tours; Dr. Errington, the English Archbishop of Trebizonde; the Bishop of Sééz; Mr. Egerton, M.P., and Lady Charlotte Egerton; Mr. G. Dundas, M.P.; Lady Gibson Carmichael; the Hon. Col. Percy; and the Hon. Mrs. Bathurst, are amongst the recent arrivals.

On the Feast of St. Andrew the Holy Father bore the Blessed Sacrament from the Sistine Chapel, and placed It for the forty hours' adoration upon a jewelled throne under a brilliant canopy in the Chapel of St. Paul.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated with much dignity and great rejoicing. The city was partially illuminated on both the evenings of the 7th and 10th. The Pope went to the Church of the Holy Apostles for the first vespers; and there were Masses, services, and sermons at all the churches here. The faithful generally observed the feast with very great devotion. The students (many of them English) of the Collegio Pio have subscribed towards the purchase of an elaborate banner in honour of Mary, now placed over the altar of their chapel. It is a very truthful copy of a beautiful Madonna by a German artist, whose name I forget.

There have been special Advent services, and quasi-retreats at many churches here. The well-known Father Pettitot has attracted many hearers by his powerful appeals and able oratorical powers. He is, it is reported, to preach a course of sermons during Lent. Dr. Fergusson, at the Church of St. Claudio, delivered a striking series of discourses on the Four Last Things. There were at times many Protestants present, who behaved, when I was there, a trifle more reverently than such are accustomed to do. Dr. Manning has arrived, not in very good health, and is to preach immediately after Christmas. He comes, I am informed, to make final arrangements with reference to the opening of a church in the north-west of London, of which he is to be the directing priest.

A very interesting order has just been issued by the cardinal-vicar in regard to the style of music and the bearing of the choir-men, &c., in the parish churches here. 'It is our wish (he enjoins) that no music should be used in churches; save and except vocal music of the style of Palestrina, with the sole accompaniment of the organ, and of that grave and severe style so meritoriously adopted in the most ancient churches.' Noisy instruments, theatrical music, useless repetition of words, and indistinct pronunciation, are all condemned.

Some of your clergy at home might benefit by a perusal of this valuable document. I will try and send it to you in my next packet.

A solemn *triduo* of thanksgiving for the recent escape of the King of Naples was celebrated on the 12th at the Cathedral of the Holy Apostles. It was very numerously attended; but the *Te Deum* at the Minerva Church on Thursday the 18th was a much more imposing solemnity. Cardinal Antonelli, with the great majority of the Sacred College, Queen Christina, the Duchess of Saxony, and a crowd of Roman *illustrissimi*, were present. The Ambrosian hymn was chanted by the choir of the Papal choir with most touching beauty, and the whole celebration was deeply affecting.

I understand that his Holiness has addressed an autograph letter to the Emperor Napoleon, imploring him to refrain from encouraging

the revolutionary party at Naples by adding to the grave complications of the Neapolitan question.

A piece of scandal is current to the effect that Cardinal Alfieri has taxed his Eminence the Vicar-General with permitting the exportation of corn from Terracina for purposes of personal gain. I only allude to it to assure you that it is an unmitigated calumny."

"A case of most unjustifiable proselytism has recently occurred at Winchester. The circumstance of three Italians in the city gaol, waiting for execution, seems to have been turned to account by putting all possible obstacles in the way of the access of a priest of their own persuasion, whilst their cells were thrown open to the chaplain and an 'Italian Protestant gentleman,' with a view of unsettling such traces as might yet remain of the faith of their childhood. What form of religion is implied in the term, an 'Italian Protestant gentleman,' we do not know; but his efforts were so far successful, that one of the three made his confession of faith in the shape of a sufficiently parrot-like and Protestant piece of claptrap. Of the other two, one had not been confirmed; and on his desiring to receive that sacrament, Dr. Grant, the Bishop of Southwark, went down and administered it."

"We have seen most of this before," say our readers; "not exactly in the same words, but in some Catholic paper or other, though we cannot call to mind precisely when or where. But surely it was hardly worth quoting, now that the news is stale. It is a piece of plain, straightforward Catholic intelligence; interesting enough at the time, but no more remarkable than what one reads nearly every week that passes."

The reader will, however, be not a little surprised when we add that these quotations are taken from *The Union*, a new newspaper, published within the borders of the Established Church of England. They are the writings of men who, strictly speaking, are "Protestants," though certainly the term would not popularly be applied to them; and who are denounced by their own brethren as being every thing that is odious, false, hypocritical, papistical, and jesuitical;—nay, as being perhaps actual Papists and Jesuits, clothed in subtle disguise.

That in the present condition of popular feeling it could have been supposed possible to carry on a newspaper with these latter views, we should certainly have thought quite out of the question. The proprietors of *The Union* are evidently of a different opinion, and accordingly they have made their venture. Whether they will succeed no one can tell; but we honestly say that we wish them all success. They will not be damaged by such an expression of goodwill on the

part of an avowedly Popish periodical. The purely Protestant press will be sufficiently disgusted at their own statements, without needing to be enlightened as to their detestable enormities by the approbation of "Romanist" writers. Indeed, the fact that we thus openly express ourselves about them may possibly convince some tremulous old lady, or some scared Evangelical, that *The Union* is not, after all, the production of a cunning Jesuit, employed by that old pagan the Pope to ensnare souls in this pious land of England. It would be evident bad policy in "Papists" to speak too plainly on the proceedings of their fellow-conspirators. Hence it may be argued, that however wicked, scandalous, deceitful, *et cetera*, may be the conductors of *The Union*, they are probably not *really* Jesuits, or Dominicans, or in any way personally commissioned by the Pope of Rome.

But now let us explain what we mean when we say that we wish the conductors of *The Union* all success. How, in any consistency, can we so speak of men whose avowed aim is what theirs is? Their aim appears a distinct one—to maintain those doctrines commonly called distinctively "Roman"—of course with the exception of the doctrine of the Papal Supremacy—and at the same time to remain members of the Protestant Establishment. And their method has hitherto been this: to speak of us as if they were our recognised brethren in the faith; to use our phraseology; to adopt our ideas as far as may be; to go to Rome, and write just as if they were practically in communion with the Church there; to criticise English religious affairs as nearly as possible as we should criticise them; to write of our Bishops and clergy as friends and neighbours; in a word, to adopt towards the "Church of Rome" and 'her children identically the same system as that practised by the extreme Evangelical section of the Establishment towards the Baptists, Independents, and other Protestant sects. In what an inimitable way they propose to do this may be gathered from the sentence which concludes the paragraph we have quoted on the proselytising case at Winchester, and runs as follows: "Had such a wish been expressed among ourselves, the answer would probably have been received from the episcopal chaplain, stating that his lordship's next triennial confirmation tour would take place in the spring of 1858."

How, then, can we wish success to such a paper as this?

We wish them success, because we hope that in time this success will lead them on to another success, of which they perhaps little dream. We rejoice to see that a sufficient hold of certain elementary Catholic truths is still maintained

by members of the Church of England to make it even a possibility to obtain adequate circulation for a journal which dares to speak its mind. Impossible as we find it to do otherwise than class in one category all persons who refuse practically to *obey* the Pope, we do not for a moment deny that the differences in detail among them are very great; that while many are so heretical that it is difficult to detect in their opinions a single iota of the faith of St. Peter and St. Paul, others have never let go their hold of the great doctrines which, mixed up in inextricable confusion with the extravagancies and abominations of Lutheranism, are found in the Prayer-Book of the Anglican Church. In former days, before Puseyism began, a large number of the old-fashioned clergy and their followers believed in the dogmas of the apostolical succession, in creeds as such, and in sacramental grace: in a misty, vague, illogical way, it is true; but still in a sufficiently sincere degree to make them the objects of the contemptuous attacks of Dissenters and Evangelicals. In such men as these, when their baptism was rightly administered, and their lives were pure, the Catholic had no difficulty in recognising fit subjects for the doctrine of what we term "invincible ignorance;" he trusted that their errors were involuntary, and he regarded them as "crypto-Catholics."

But now things have changed. Puseyism has placed the logical consequences of old-fashioned Church-of-Englandism before the eyes of a younger generation in a manner which renders "invincible ignorance" more difficult to a sincere man. That quiet jog-trot spirit of humdrum, which kept the sleepy old mind of respectable England in its profound acquiescence in the perfections of the Establishment, is to a great extent a thing of the past. Men have been forced to look truths and logical results in the face, with a directness that would have abruptly shortened the days of the genuine old country-parson. With this advance in thought, an increase in responsibility has necessarily come too. The sun has shone into the faces of so many thousands, that when a man does not see, it is difficult to believe that it is not simply because he chooses to close his eyes. Hence, of all people whose moral condition is at once a strange phenomenon and a source of sorrow to the Catholic, there are few like those whose ideas are represented in this new periodical. To us, accustomed to such a totally different system of action, there often seems something stupendously unreal and insincere in the language of a man who can write of the Pope as does *The Union* correspondent. We can hardly conceive how an honest man can force himself to believe that by talking as if

he were in communion with the Pope, he would actually place himself in such communion. It looks so like affectation and humbug, that it requires some little consideration to treat those who adopt these fashions with the respect which is due to all honest men, whoever they may be.

Nevertheless it is undeniable that, of all the odd, queer, heterogeneous, incomprehensible compounds which exist in nature, there is none like that mysterious entity which we call the mind of a man. It is a strange enough mixture of the petty and the noble, of the sincere and the tricky, even in those who, through happy circumstances or force of character, are the most consistent of our race. But when it comes to the man or the woman of ordinary mark, what a marvellous combination of things admirable and vile do we present to the analysis of the satirist and the critic! *A priori* theorising on what such fantastic creatures will do in any great circumstances is fruitless. We cannot judge one another except by the light of facts already past and thoroughly investigated.

We hold, therefore, that any indiscriminating censure of the "Anglo-Romanist" party—to call them by the most appropriate name we can devise—grounded on the idea that men who know so much must really know still more, would be altogether unjust. The past history of many a man, now at length comprehended, forbids the idea. Large is the list of persons who in former times have themselves been chargeable with these very affectations, shams, and unrealities,—with this very same apparently wilful blindness; and who, having now opened their eyes to the logical absurdities of their old theories, still maintain that it was all *bonâ fide*, and that, when they seemed to be mere selfish *dilettanti*, trifling with the most awful and tremendous truths, they were in fact possessed with an intense sense of responsibility, and yearning for a knowledge of their duty only that they might do it. What these have been, others may be, and doubtless are. The Anglo-Romanist phase of theological progress is, we are confident, in many instances simply the sign of a hearty, though half-informed, conviction that Protestantism is not Christianity. And whatever may be our own perceptions of the inconsistencies of men who *seem* thus wantonly to sport with heaven and hell, we would never meet them with taunts or ridicule, or deny them the expression of our sympathy in their struggles for what is good and true.

To the party, therefore, which this new newspaper represents we have only to say, *Try* whether these doctrines, which are the life and soul of that living Church which is in com-

munion with the Pope, can be wrought actually into the life of Anglicanism. Our books are open to you; our practices court the light of day; our church-functions are accessible all over the world; we ourselves, living English Catholics, speaking your tongue and knowing your circumstances, are to be encountered by every man who wishes to find us. Here is our religion, and here are we. There are many things in us which you do not understand; some doubtless which distress you, and some which shock you. You may be sometimes misunderstood, personally, by us; you may be more harshly dealt with than you consider that you deserve, perhaps even than you *do* deserve. Heed not this; follow your consciences; adopt all you can of our ideas, our practices, our books. If the world is against you, it matters nothing. If people call you hypocrites, and charge you with eating the bread of Protestantism while you are Papists at heart, pay no heed to them so long as your conscience has a different account to render to God. You have a tremendous problem to solve; you see that the united voice of mankind, whether Protestant or Catholic, is at any rate against *your* views; you are daring to do that from which millions would shrink. See, then, the frightful danger of trifling in such a case as this. Think what a pure sincerity of purpose is needed to bear you harmless through such a thicket of snares. You imagine yourselves called to a most extraordinary course; do not fly from it. If the "Church of Rome" can thus be easily made to glide into communion with the "Church of England," by all means make the trial. *We* tell you it cannot be; the great majority of your fellow-Anglicans tell you it cannot be. Heed them not, if you in your own hearts believe that it can.

Only,—we repeat once more; and no one, even of yourselves, will hesitate in this to agree with us,—recollect the inexpressibly momentous nature of the work you are attempting. The question between Rome and her opponents is not a question of æsthetics, or politics, or good taste, or nationality, or civilisation, or establishments, or literature, or personal feelings, or church-functions, or vestments, or music, or of fasting, or saints' days, or of natural morality, or of superficial historical difficulties, or of forms of prayer;—it is the question, whether a man can belong to the one Church which was founded by Jesus Christ, who refuses to recognise the indestructible *unity* of that Church as symbolised and effected by the supreme government of the Roman Pontiff.

Short Notices.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Reflections and Suggestions in regard to what is called the Catholic Press in the United States. By the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York. (Dunigan and Brother.) Reprinted from *The Metropolitan* for December 1856. This pamphlet has been sent to us for review by the publisher. The author, after rebuking those pretended Catholic journals, which sacrifice their religion to their republicanism, and strive to perpetuate national jealousies of extraction in what should be the united mass of American citizenship, goes on, after a certain meed of praise, to criticise Dr. Brownson (who is said to hope rather too much from the development of a true American nationality) for the following passage in a most eloquent article which the able reviewer printed last October :

“These Catholic young men, who now feel that they have no place, and find no outlet for their activity, are the future, the men who are to take our places, and carry on the work committed to us. We must inspire them with faith in the future, and encourage them to live for it. Instead of snubbing them for their inexperience, mocking them for their greenness, quizzing them for their zeal, damping their hopes, pouring cold water on their enthusiasm, brushing the flower from their young hearts, or freezing up the well-springs of their life, we must renew our own youth and freshness in theirs, encourage them with our confidence and sympathy, raise them up if they fall, soothe them when they fail, and cheer them on always to new and nobler efforts. Oh, for the love of God and of man, do not discourage them, force them to be mute and inactive, or suffer them, in the name of Catholicity, to separate themselves from the country and her glorious mission.”

On this the archbishop says, “We confess our inability to comprehend or apprehend the meaning of this paragraph. . . . The Catholic young men in this country have had, so far as we know, every encouragement to realise the ideal of the eloquent reviewer. And it is a matter of great consolation to know that hundreds of them, even in this city, are co-operating in various ways to correspond with the programme laid down for them in the foregoing remarks. They are generally most active in promoting works of charity. Many of them belong to pious associations, Rosary-societies, the admirable association of St. Vincent de Paul, and other devout sodalities. But when or where or by whom they have been hindered from doing the work assigned them, or have had the ‘flower brushed from their young hearts,’ is quite a secret and a mystery to us.”

The pamphlet is instructive.

An Elementary Greek Grammar, based on the latest German Edition of Kühner. By Charles O’Leary, M.A., Professor of Greek in Mount St. Mary’s College, Maryland. (New York, Sadlier.) We cannot say that we are acquainted with all the improvements which have taken place in elementary Greek books since we learned that language from the old Eton grammar. We can only assert, therefore, that this is a wonderful advance on that manual; though we have heard that there is

an elementary work by a Mr. Geddes, a professor at Edinburgh, that is even better than this. Boys now-a-days may be taught philosophy and grammar at once, by being informed of the fundamental sense of each particle, its derivative meanings, and the causes and reasons of their derivation.

Fundamental Philosophy. By the Rev. James Balmez. Translated from the Spanish by Henry F. Brownson, M.A. 2 vols. (New York, Sadlier.) With an Introduction by Dr. Brownson. We have long been acquainted with this excellent work; but we received the present volumes too late to be able to give them any extended notice this month. We will therefore for the present content ourselves with saying that we know of no treatise on metaphysics that criticises and exposes the errors of modern philosophy so admirably as this. It is the greatest work of its author, and he is one of the five or six greatest writers whom the Church has produced in the present century. The translation is very well done; though there are several expressions which are either mistakes or Yankeeisms, with which we are unacquainted: these flaws, however, do not much damage the whole style.

Aurora Leigh. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. (London, Chapman and Hall.) Mrs. Browning is a person who has taken up poetry not merely as an amusement, or even as a trade or profession, but as the religion of life. She has no notion that the age has gone by when the *vates* or bard was the inspired authority, the seer whom every one consulted in every difficulty, and whose rhythmical responses formed the basis of every science. In her eyes poets are "the only truth-tellers now left to God,—the only speakers of essential truth,—the only teachers who instruct mankind to find man's veritable stature out." Other men are engaged in "building pyramids, gauging railroads, reigning, reaping, dining, and dusting carpets;" while the poet is "crying to them with a voice of thunder, 'this is soul, this is life,' making them look up for an instant, and confess that carpet-dusting is, after all, not the imperative labour of life."

This we concede is the commission given to the true *vates*; but such a being makes but a rare appearance; the chair of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Shakespeare is but rarely filled, or if filled, we are not ultramontanes enough to accept each edict and writ that comes from it, before it has received the sanction of the dispersed church of readers and listeners. The poet is not a poet because he says his own say, but because he says what we wish to say and cannot, because he expresses that which our lips have been vainly labouring to express, because he catches and fixes the fleeting vision which tantalises our souls, and flies from our peering eyes and clutching hands. The seal of the poet is popular acceptance; not the popularity of the hour, the offspring of the puffs and panegyrics of a party, but that silently growing love which leads men to quote his lines, to appropriate his phrases, and to adopt his expressions. Now to obtain this distinction he must have but one aim in view,—to speak truth, pertinent, universal truth, and not to be a mere posture-poet, a ballet-dancer of Parnassus. After all, carpet-beating is a prettier trade than attitudinising. Though it does not collect so great a crowd, nor excite so much wonder, to reap and to sow is a more respectable occupation than to grin through a horse-collar. And herein lies the difficulty of poets now-a-days; as musicians feel that Handel has exhausted the simple phrases and successions that produce sublimity of effect; that Bach has for ever rendered hopeless any competition in his peculiar style of "thought-entangled descant;" that in rhythmical sequence, in

the unexpected yet perfect response, in power combined with delicacy, Beethoven has left nothing to be improved,—so poets seem to feel that all common truths, all the ordinary feelings of the heart, have been long ago expressed, and that they must either be silent, or if they are to speak, must, like Jullien and Wagner, make up by grimaces and noise what they want of true inspiration:—make up, did we say? there can be no substitute for the calmness and self-possession which characterise every great work. The fever-screams of nightingales are no substitute for their song, nor the skeletons of muses for their youthful beauty. It is in the struggle to seem greater than they are, that our poets become so preposterous. Modern life wants not its new aspects of truth, its new phases of thought, its new feelings and philosophies, which will one day be found a rich mine for a true poet, when at length a man arises who will look outside of himself with as little self-consciousness and introversion as the ballad-makers of the people, or the hymnographers of the mediæval age. We see soul best, not in our own bosoms, but reflected in the face of society: copy that with artistic truth, and the true expression of soul will not be wanting. When poets desert this standard of truth, they strive to make up in exaggeration for their loss: just as in effete and depraved society expressions become less gross, and men seek to regain in words what they have lost in virtue; so when poetry has lost all its power, it seeks to regain by violence what it has lost in muscle.

What we want in the poet is, to express these new truths and feelings with unaffected propriety: not to speak like an act of parliament, with all the affectation of precision, and all the reality of confusion; but on the other hand, not to run riot in that unintelligible jargon whose clangour in most modern poets fills our ears with the din of the cymbals of Cybele. The poetical form is, as Victor Hugo says, a powerful dyke against the commonplace, which, like democracy, is always on the point of overflowing. An idea steeped in verse becomes suddenly more incisive and more brilliant—the iron becomes steel. As the voice, says Montaigne, when constrained within the narrow tube of a trumpet comes out with more force and effect, so a sentence, when compressed into poetical feet, breaks upon us more abruptly, and strikes us with more sudden shock. Hence poetry is the first language of childhood:

“What will a child learn sooner than a song?”*

It expresses the first lisplings of religion:

“Discret unde preces vatem ni musa dedisset?”†

(Whence would man learn to pray, unless the Muse had sent a bard?)

It is more powerful to teach than the sermon or the theological essay:

“The silenced preacher yields to potent strain.”‡

“Truth shines the brighter clad in verse,” says Swift. Poetry, says Cervantes, conveys love into hearts, and sense into souls. It is the charm, says Roscommon, which we use “heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse.” Even the lawyers allow it to be brought in as evidence, provided it does not contradict their enactments. “*Licetum est*,” say they, “*allegare dicta poetarum ubi juri non contradicunt*,”—the poets may be quoted when the law does not contradict them.

Now the question is, Are we to range Mrs. Browning among these true poets, or among the false ones?—among the mouth-pieces or the mouthers of this generation?

* Pope.

† Horace.

‡ Pope.

And first, with regard to the truth she tells, she hardly comes up to her own estimate of the true poet. She appears to us like a dog that leaps at the morsel offered to him, but falls back without attaining it. Her intention seems good; she comes nearer the truth than most people; but at last she falls down to their level, and there for the present she remains. To continue our unfeminine illustrations, she has climbed the greased pole higher than her predecessors; and if she has failed to reach the prize at the top, at least the pole is *dégraissé*, and the climb rendered less slippery for the next aspirant. But for herself, she is still on the level, and speaks from the level. The "truth" that she tries to enforce on this generation is, the futility and unsatisfactory character of art, of business, of literature, of philanthropy, and even of religion; and she falls back to the assumption of the current philosophy, that the love of the sexes and matrimony is the centre and *summum bonum* of humanity. And this in an age when society seeks in vain to repress the brutality of husbands, when women are demanding independence, and when the legislature is thinking of repealing the laws of Christian wedlock in favour of a Pagan and Judaical right of divorce. Verily, as Voltaire says, "men seek to regain in words what they have lost in virtue." Wedded love, as it becomes rare upon earth, is proclaimed to be the essence of Christianity. This is the key-note of Mrs. Browning's poem; almost its opening phrase, as well as its closing cadence. Aurora's father sees a girl going in procession to her first communion, and falls in love—

"A face flashed like a cymbal on his face,
And shook with silent clangour brain and heart,
Transfiguring him to music. Thus, even thus,
He too received his sacramental gift
With eucharistic meanings; for he loved."

And Aurora at last, having tried all the mysteries of thought, finds that she must put up with her kinsman Romney, the disappointed "Christian socialist," and end all doubts and distresses in the religion of matrimony. Such is the beginning and end of the book; the middle is an impossible novel, contrived to carry Aurora and Romney through all the experiences and disappointments of modern theories, in order, by a process of exhaustion, to bring them to acknowledge at last the required truth. For the vulgar error into which Mrs. Browning relapses we have not much to say. But for the details of the poem, for the appreciation of the different phases of life and society, and for the approximate fairness with which she regards the Catholic religion, we confess that we have a real admiration. There is much in the poem that descends to the commonplace, even to twaddle and small-talk; but there is also much that shines like clusters of jewels.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—In your December Number I notice that a correspondent, who signs himself "J. B. M.," is very severe upon theologians generally on account of their ignorance of etymology.

Four persons, however, fall under his censure by name: St. Augustine, St. Anastasius of Sinai, and Fathers Petavius and Passaglia; the last of whom has gone so far as to "affront the schoolboy knowledge" of the said correspondent.

Some of his criticisms I think are incorrect as to erudition, all as to good taste.

To begin with St. Augustine. He says something that "would have set the gravest synagogue in a roar." It is, that cherubim means "fulness of knowledge." "Whoever told him so was about as wise an etymologist as the boy who inferred that *brum* was a stick because *candela-brum* was a candlestick." Then J. B. M. proceeds to tell us how the mistake may have arisen originally. Some quizz of a Jew may have told the Christians "cherub" meant "*secundum multitudinem*," as if derived from "ca," *secundum*, and "rab," *multum*. The "bin" is easily accounted for, for "'bin' does mean knowledge in Hebrew." "The *secundum multitudinem* they spliced on to the *bin* for themselves. 'A lot of knowledge, as it were.' Why, it would have set the gravest synagogue in a roar!" But "bin is the real Hebrew," and the "plural termination." "Bin is a Chaldee one."

Here is "a lot of knowledge" in a vengeance!

The person who thus misled St. Augustine was St. Jerome, whose knowledge of Hebrew would not have "set any synagogue in a roar," and who is revered as an authority by the most celebrated Biblical scholars. We may judge of his mastery of the language from the single fact, that while his master was dictating the book of Tobias from the Chaldaic into the Hebrew tongue, St. Jerome, "*currente calamo*," rendered it into Latin from the Hebrew.

It was not likely, therefore, that this great man would have mistaken a Hebrew for a Chaldaic termination, much as he may have been tempted to translate cherubim "fulness of knowledge," because "bin" signifies "knowledge," especially as it does *not* mean knowledge, which "binah" does.

In l. 3 in Isaiam, c. vi., he thus writes: "Seraphim plurali numero appellatur, et singulari seraph, sicut *cherubim et cherub*."

So much for plural terminations. Now for the meaning of the word.

Explaining the verse of Ezechiel, "Et intellexi quia cherubim essent," &c., he writes, "Cherubim in lingua nostra *scientiæ multitudo est*" (hence the plural number), "notitia sacramentorum Dei, et thronus ejus." See l. 3. c. 10, on vv. 18, 19, 20.

St. Jerome knew not only the meaning but the *derivation* of the word, which has since been lost. Perhaps the living creatures signified "fulness of knowledge," because they were symbols of the four evangelists, and in the four gospels we have the "fulness of knowledge" which we have received "ex plenitudine Christi."

J. B. M., however, tells us *he* will "hazard a conjecture" as to the derivation of the word cherubim. "Cherub" comes from "rachab," it being customary, as he informs us, to invert letters in the Hebrew. According to this derivation, cherubim is the same as "hrecobim," "chariot-seats."

I beg to remark upon this conjecture of J. B. M., that *he* runs a risk of "affronting *our* schoolboy knowledge" when he talks in this way, for beginners in Hebrew know that it may be found in any modern lexicon.* We cannot, however, be surprised that etymologists are

* For instance, Gesenius writes thus, "Modo Semiticæ originis est hoc vocabulum, *vel 'carab' litteris transpositis est pro 'racub' . . . vel*," &c. See his Thesaurus. See also Winer and others.

not so dogmatical upon the point as J. B. M., when this derivation was probably suggested by the passage in Ezechiel, while the use of the word in the *third chapter of Genesis* seems to point to a very different etymon.

But J. B. M., not content with giving us this his lucid and original (as he imagines it to be) conjecture, illustrates his canon about the transposition of letters from two passages in Holy Writ. Thus "Shemuel," he says, is for "Meshual," "he who was asked for;" and "Lamech," in like manner, is for "Malech," a king, "the king both of Cainite and Sethite dynasty at the flood."

Here is another "lot of knowledge."

There are instances in Scripture of *supposed* transposition, and even change of letters; there is not one *certain* example. It is a liberty that might have been taken in a particular case for purposes of concealment, but very seldom, to avoid confusion.*

Unfortunately for J. B. M., the two instances he points to are, to say the least, not *probable* examples of transposition of letters.

"Shemuel," as the best interpreters show, is derived from "shama," "to hear," leaving out the guttural: cf. *e.g.* "meroz" for "me'eroz," and "El," "God;" or more simply still, from "Shem," "name," and "El," "God." Thus Gesenius; though not the only derivation he suggests. In this manner we need not have recourse to transposition at all, which would have caused the most irreparable confusion. J. B. M., against Gesenius, &c., derives it from "shaal," not too happily; for if Samuel's mother had wanted to give him a name from that root, she would have called him "Shaul," as is probable not only from the common practice, but also from her own words in the context (see v. 28 in the Hebrew). Why go to the form "Pual" in order to get "Meshual;" and if we have not got "Meshual," how can "Shemuel" be the inverted form of it?

As to "Lamech" being put for "Malech," suffice it to say that Lamech was not a king, much less of two dynasties. The origin of his name might be found in the Arabic without any inversion whatever.

J. B. M. now proceeds to censure St. Anastasius of Sinai. "His chapter on etymology in the 'Viæ Dux' is as asinine as the theology is admirable." It is a good thing to read, he says, for "a little pastime."

J. B. M. corrects one or two only of the etymologies he instances from St. Anastasius; the others he contents himself with laughing at. One is this: "Ophis, a serpent, comes from $\acute{o} \phi\epsilon\iota\varsigma$, that which talked to Eve." The real origin, we are informed, is the Hebrew term signifying "foam."

It is not my intention to take up the cudgels in defence of St. Anastasius' etymologies. It would be as useless as to defend all the natural history in some spiritual writers, even as late as St. Francis of Sales. But as J. B. M. thinks "the theology admirable," can it be worth while to drag a saint from heaven to make pastime for any body, or to apply the term "asinine" to any thing in connection with his name? And as it is *possible*, not to say *probable*, that J. B. M. gives the wrong derivation himself, many may think it was still less necessary to expose this holy man to ridicule.

It seems probable that the name of serpent would have been derived from some external sign connected with the animal. All the Hebrew words for serpent allude to its shape, to the sound it makes, &c. But foam has little enough connection with a serpent. J. B. M. might

* For a supposed instance of change of letters, see interpreters on the word Sesach (Jerem. xxv. 26; li. 41).

have thought of the Hebrew word "hepha," "viper," derived from "phaah," "to hiss."

So completely is J. B. M. at fault, as usual, that there probably is no word in the Hebrew language for "foam." If he was thinking of the "quasispumam," "chekeseph," in Osee x. 7, he should have known that the Latin translation gives the figure, not the *meaning of the word*.

Οφις may be the same as the Egyptian word οβιον. serpent, from οβι, to thirst, as the Greek word διψας from διψαω. Then there is the Egyptian word δφ, meaning the same.

The above display of Hebraic lore may have appeared forced more or less upon J. B. M. when attempting to ridicule and refute two saintly and learned authors. Whether this be the case or no, I find he volunteers some more erudition for the benefit of men who talk "utter and irretrievable nonsense" when they speak of etymology, namely, theologians.

"Chafatz," says J. B. M., means in Hebrew "to accept," "to please." Now, he never could see how it got this meaning till he found that it meant "*to wag* the tail;" and then the mystery was solved. "It does not require much observation to know that this act is the animal expression of pleasure."

Theology, thank God! has not as yet deprived me, Mr. Editor, of this power of observing *nature*. I remember some time ago seeing a dog "wag its tail" when pleased. I may have been less fortunate in preserving observation as to the *point of an argument* since I finished my theological studies.

The deduction I *presume* to be the following: As animals wag their tails when pleased, we are pleased when we should wag our tails if we had any.

Until J. B. M. saw this, he was "quite at a loss how to reconcile 'chafatz' with its cognate words," that is (he continues with a most benevolent communication of information on all kinds of matter), "with words having two radicals similar."

Here, then, we have virtually or explicitly three statements; and should not expect more than three inaccuracies—the exact number he falls into.

First, granting (which I do not) that "chafatz" means "to wag" (and I might say a good deal about the other meanings he quotes as well), he would still be unable to reconcile the word with its cognates.

Secondly, cognate words are *not* necessarily such as have two radicals similar. Many cognate words come under this category; but the rule is not correct which lays down that all words having two radicals similar are cognate words.

Thirdly, it is not certain that "chafatz" means "to wag."

It occurs once in its literal sense in the Scriptures, Job, cap. xi. The behemoth is being described, v. 10. "Ecce behemoth" v. 12. "*stringit* caudam suam quasi cedrum." The LXX. has εσθησε. The ancient versions are against J. B. M.

The meaning is "inflexit," "inclinavit;" hence propension of the will, inclination, love, &c.

The whole figure seems to exclude the idea of wagging; as I think any one will admit who takes the trouble of studying the passage carefully.

To pass on to the Greek. Dr. Passaglia has "affronted" J. B. M.'s "schoolboy knowledge." Dr. Passaglia should have known that αἰωνιος cannot be derived from αἰ ων, because both words, αἰ and αἰωνιος, have the same Sanscrit root, namely, i, to go, the *i-re* of the Latins.

Here again we have uncertainties given for certainties. It is *not*

clear that the two words have the same root; and even if they had, his conclusion might be denied.

First, then, *aiōnios* (*aiōn*) may not have the same derivation as *dei*. *aiōn* may have an *Egyptian* origin.*

Whoever is curious to follow up the proofs of this assertion may consult Jéblonski on the Egyptian word "phenez." The "encl" of the Egyptians is the *aiōn* of the Greeks; and both words mean "ætas," "sæculum," "æternitas." "Enench" corresponds to the Greek *aiōnios*, "æternus." Compare Heb. i. with 1 Ep. Joan. i. 2.

Secondly. But granting, for the sake of argument, that the root of *aiōnios* be the Sanscrit "i," "to go," the conclusion J. B. M. arrives at might be called into doubt very reasonably. For the *a* in the Sanscrit word *ayus* might be "privativum;" and therefore, so far from the derivation giving us the idea of going, it might give us the very contrary idea, of remaining stationary. It is not a little remarkable, that in all languages the verbs that mean permanent duration convey the notion of *station*, not of *motion*. In the Scriptures, consequently, we have this idea constantly: "Cælum et terra transibunt, verba autem mea non transibunt," &c.

If I must make an exception to this rule, it will be for words which convey the notion of *motion in a circle*; but then the idea meant to be given is not motion so much as action in the absence of beginning or end. Conf. the Hebrew word *dor*, with its derivatives (also *ophen*), and the various symbols of eternity. In two words, time that passes (the lapse of time) is expressed by motion (passing away); time that does not pass (duration, perpetuity of time) is expressed by that which remains (that *which* does not pass away).

I may add, that *aiōn* may be derived from *aiō*, "spirare." If *aiōn* and *dei* have the same root, I suspect this is the one.

Three reasons make me think this is the real derivation. I do not give them, as they would interest very few, and might not be understood unless I treated the subject at full length.

So that, Mr. Editor, as J. B. M. lives in a glass-house himself, I think he should be cautious about throwing stones.

I cannot admire the way he speaks of Petavius. "I can forgive *old* Petavius for such nonsense." The custom of alluding to authors by this appellative is condemned so unexceptionably by Lord Chesterfield in his Letters to his Son, and pronounced to be so intolerably vulgar, that I am surprised J. B. M. should have been guilty of this violation of good taste.

As to Petavius' knowledge of the Greek language, it may be judged of from the fact, that when hardly out of his teens he defended his philosophy in that tongue; a task many of the modern "illuminaſi" would shrink from performing in the vernacular. His much-admired translation of the Psalms into Greek was made by him when going to and from the refectory in one of the colleges of his society.

Even if he had the misfortune to live before Bopp, it cannot be said that he was ignorant of etymology. J. B. M. should remember also that theologians giving derivations do not always pretend to give the *primal* derivation of a word they may be writing upon, but often explain the meaning of the derived and obscure term from the more known and clear etymon of the word in the *same* language. An excel-

* Bopp, referred to by J. B. M., does *not* say they have the same root. See his dictionary, on the word *ayus*, quoted by J. B. M., with his usual inaccuracy, as *ayur*, though he should have known it is written that way only for the sake of euphony. Cf. the Gothic *aius*.

lent plan, as it does not call off the attention of students from the matter in hand. A professor would often show his wisdom much more if he contented himself in a theological lecture with stating that "*tributum*" comes from "*tribus*," than if he were to enter into a long disquisition as to the origin of the word "*tribus*" itself.

Let us speak when we can, Mr. Editor, in terms of respect of the Fathers of the Church, and of teachers of theology of the calibre of Petavius and Passaglia. They are our spiritual fathers, and instruct us in the most sublime of all sciences. When we cannot praise them, let us be silent; let us beware of holding up their weaknesses to ridicule. God Almighty still punishes the descendants of the ungrateful son, whose crime was not to make his parent ridiculous, but to bring others to join him in his mockery of the father who had made himself so.

I should have thought that Dr. Passaglia's late services to the Catholic cause, in defending with so much learning the privilege of the sacred Mother of God in her Immaculate Conception, would alone have entitled him to be spoken of with veneration.

Surely there is enough flippancy and irreverence in this country when speaking of holy things and persons, without J. B. M. spoiling his talent by encouraging such, however indirectly.

Why did he not give us an analysis of the little tract of Father Passaglia? he would have conferred a benefit and a pleasure upon all. Had he done no good, he could at least have done no harm.

There is a "*knowledge that puffeth up*." Let us beware of it. J. B. M. falls foul of every thing—the version of the Scriptures the priests quote from the pulpit, the hymns in the Breviary which they recite every day.

I am not of the number of those (if there be any such) who would wish to see the "*Rambler*" *fifth rate*, but I think it might be *first rate* without the boldness of some correspondents; a boldness very lately corrected in one,—and certainly not admired by any body in the writer who signs himself J. B. M.

I remain, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.

SACERDOS.

P.S. It may be only fair to state, that whatever may be J. B. M.'s opinion as to my strictures upon his letter, nothing shall induce me to be betrayed into a controversy upon Sanscrit or other roots. My object in making these few remarks has not been to state my preference for one derivation over another, but merely to call attention to the fact, that J. B. M. lays down as certain what is not always proof against doubt; and therefore censures learned and holy writers, to say the least of it, too hastily.

[We gladly print the foregoing letter; though we hardly think that justice is done in it to our correspondent J. B. M. Surely a man may laugh at what is certainly wrong, without being certainly right himself. J. B. M. does not blame the ancients for their inevitable mistakes, but only the moderns for needlessly reproducing them. Neither does he deny a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew to those fathers who made absurd derivations; Plato certainly understood Greek, yet nothing can be more foolish than the derivations of his "*Cratylus*." The theory of etymology was not understood in those days; and whenever it was attempted, the result to any well-informed modern is unfortunate. Not that moderns have any superiority of intellect over the ancients, but only an advanced knowledge of facts. The child now can laugh at the old sage who denied the antipodes. Further, we must beg to dissent from the dictum of "*Sacerdos*," that we may not ridicule what is ridi-

culous, if it happens to be found in the pages of a canonised writer. What inconveniences would result, if we had to accept all the chance sayings of Popes as given *ex cathedrâ*, or all the expressed opinions of constituted authorities as laws! "Every man," says an old author, "a little beyond himself is a fool." Whatever a man's wisdom, sanctity, or authority may be, they have limits; if he ventures beyond these limits, his wisdom and sanctity no longer protect him; he speaks unwisely, and we have as much right to laugh at *what he says* as if he were a nobody. To forbid it is a prim prudery which Christianity does not require of us. The wisdom of our fathers allowed the rule of the abbot of unreason, and saw no sacrilege in treating the most sacred things in a jocular way. No sensible Catholic is scandalised at the abuse of St. Januarius by the Neapolitan mob. We could tell stories of holy nuns turning the picture of a saint with its face to the wall, and even hanging it out of window, upon occasion. When the boy-priest in the child's Mass at the Roman college comes to his mock-elevation, cardinals and prelates burst into laughter; not to insult the image of holy things, but to prevent others from fancying the shadow to be the substance, and reverencing it accordingly. We must say we like this freedom, and can see no irreverence in it; it is far better than to force us to bottle up our feelings, and to play the hypocrite with ourselves.

The practice is even more requisite now than formerly; the son now no longer stands in his father's presence, kneels for his blessing every morning, or addresses him as "sir;" but we suppose the fourth commandment is kept as well now as in those stiff days. Even diplomacy is washing the starch from its ruffles, and unlacing the tightness of its corset. Sir Robert Peel's late speech at Birmingham—not that we wish to praise it—shows to what a length this change has already extended. It is better both for teachers and taught, for rulers and ruled, not to expect kings always to write with their sceptre, nor philosophers to have a recondite meaning when they wish you good morning. We see no harm in J. B. M.'s "showing up the utter and irretrievable nonsense which theologians talk when they get quite out of their sphere." We suppose that few persons would now assert that theology is the mother of other sciences in such a sense that a theologian's sphere embraces every other sphere of knowledge. Such a person would have a hard task; he must be prepared to defend all the assertions of all standard theologians on all subjects, and that not only in their writings, but in those of every body else who copies from them; for truth is one—once true always true. St. Augustine was right in denying antipodes, and the modern would be right who defended the same position! Bellarmine was right in contradicting Galileo, and the modern also is right in following the theologian rather than the astronomer! But seriously, if St. Augustine was within his sphere when asserting that the earth was a flat disk, or Bellarmine when teaching the immobility of the earth—*then it follows that these great theologians talked much untruth in their own spheres*. And what next? If all subjects of knowledge are within the theologian's sphere, when men find him talking nonsense about things they can see and touch, how will they believe him when he speaks about things which transcend sense? No, they will say; you profess to know all things, whether in earth or heaven; we see and know that you are wrong in your account of earthly things; how can we believe you when you speak to us of heavenly things?

Therefore we *must* admit the dictum of St. Thomas,* that "in mat-

* In lib. ii. sent. dis. 14 q. 1 art. 2 in corp. et in resp. ad 1.

ters of philosophy, which have nothing to do with faith, the teaching of the saints is of no more authority than the teaching of the philosophers whom they follow." The sphere of theologians is distinct from that of philosophers; it is not their province to make original excursions into the realms of philosophical speculation, but to follow the received systems, and to adapt them as they best may to their theology. This is why old theologians talked nonsense on matters of science. Not because theology taught them this nonsense, but because the philosophers whom they were obliged to follow led the way to it. J. B. M. expressly declared that he did not blame the old theologians for this, however much he might be amused with the whims of the philosophers which they embalm in their pages like dirt in amber. What he blames is, that modern theologians, when they draw illustrations from philosophy or science, instead of having recourse to the received modern authorities on these matters, should go back to the same exploded systems from which the old theologians drew their stores, and should treat us to the natural history of Pliny, instead of that of Professors Owen and Faraday. J. B. M. does not abuse the old theologians for not doing what they could not do; he abuses modern writers for not taking care to use the best authorities on all subjects which they have to introduce; and he calls their theology, thus disfigured, "male ferrata," finding fault not with its substance, but with its separable accidents; calling it "ill-armed," clad in mail which is not of proof, brandishing weapons which will not cut.

With every respect for our correspondent Sacerdos, we cannot help thinking that his objecting to a man's ridiculing that which is essentially ridiculous, the chapter on etymology in St. Anastasius' *Via Dux*, proceeds from an incomplete mastery of the principle of St. Thomas, and a consequent unwillingness to carry it out to its legitimate results. Take away the right of laughing at the scientific errors of a theologian on account of his sacred character, and you fall into the danger pointed out by St. Augustine in a passage which we have quoted before in this Journal, but which is quite important enough to be quoted again:

"It often happens that a person not a Christian has a most certain and profound knowledge of the earth and heaven; it is extremely degrading and pernicious, and most anxiously to be deprecated, that an unbeliever should ever hear a Christian laying down what he pretends to be the theological tradition on these subjects, but in reality such nonsense that his hearers cannot contain their laughter. *Not that we care for the mistaken man being derided*; but the misery is, that the sacred writers are supposed by those without to have held such opinions, and are rejected as ignorant."* Once protect the absurdities of the theologian from ridicule by the sanctity of his character, and you make his sanctity responsible for his absurdities; that is, you make sanctity itself ridiculous.]

THE LAMP.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—Permit me to place before your readers some remarks, neither long nor angry, respecting a review in the *Rambler* of a contribution which appeared in the *Lamp* last autumn. That article formed part of a series of papers which had reached me in the previous winter, all of

* Aug. de Gen. ad lit. ii. 18.

which had been much admired. The manuscript came to me through my esteemed friend (and at that time fellow-labourer) Mr. Bradley, the former editor of the *Lamp*; and as I in mistake concluded that he had, as with other articles, read and approved of it all, it went without examination before the public. It seems that Mr. Bradley had not read it, but was deceived. As soon as my attention was drawn to the tone, I published a repudiation of the contribution; and in the same Number a full account of the steps taken by St. Vincent de Paul which led to the condemnation of the Jansenist heresy, taking care also to prevent the publication of the continuation of the series. I was happy to find that this promptness was satisfactory; for at no period so much as within the last three months have the clergy so actively supported the *Lamp*, both by writing for it and by circulating it. If your reviewer had examined with more care the very part he reviewed, that gentleman would have seen that I took in October the exact course he now advises, viz. to publish an explanation, and to give St. Vincent's attack on Jansenism. Being resolved not to let the *Lamp* be drawn into discord, I carefully abstain from any irritating rejoinder; but wishing more harmony to English Catholics, and more kindness in dealing with each other's faults, real or supposed, I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES BURKE, *Editor of the Lamp.*

[The facts of the case are these: a Catholic journal, by some oversight, admits an heretical article, written by a Protestant, into its pages; the editor does not perceive his mistake, even in correcting the proofs; but in an early Number he puts a notice among his "answers and observations," apologising for "some sentences not in accordance with what he feels due to the Jesuits," and stating that, to prevent readers from taking a wrong view of Jansenism, he gives an account of that dangerous heresy. We, who thought that these "answers" were addressed to special correspondents, and not to the general public, did not look for the apology there; we expected to find it, if any had been made, in at least as conspicuous a place as the article requiring it had occupied, and conceived in terms as energetic as the gravity of the occasion demanded. Not finding what we expected where we looked for it, we spoke as we did, in a manner that we suppose any Catholic ought to speak of those who carelessly disseminate condemned heresies among the people. We can hardly recognise the very mild apology made as "the exact course which we had advised," or an adequate reparation of the evil. The *Lamp* is advertised for permanent use, in lending-libraries, &c. Readers, like ourselves, may find the poison without finding the antidote. If we had made such a mistake, we should have cancelled and reprinted the Number containing it. However, we have no wish to have any dispute with the Editor, and gladly own that if we had seen the apology we should not have written our review.]

THE EDITORSHIP OF THE RAMBLER.

We beg to inform our readers that the Editorship of the *Rambler* has returned to the hands of the gentleman who has edited it from its commencement; but who has been more than once incapacitated by serious indisposition from fulfilling its duties.

THE RAMBLER.

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PART XXXIX.

LITERARY COOKERY.

THE definition of man as a "cooking animal" applies in more ways than one. It touches us as regards the food of the brain as well as that of the stomach. The noble art of preparing delicacies for the palate disdains to be confined to such coarser material as beef, vegetables, and grain; it extends its sway into the more ethereal regions of history, philosophy, and politics. The multitudinous dishes of a grand banquet might be rivalled in fertility of title, as they are in variety and ingenuity, by the *rotis*, the *petits plats*, and the *entre-mets* of the printing-house; and in place of the bald matter-of-fact headings which salute the eye on the library-shelves, we might read the more appetising designations of *Fricassées d'Histoire à la Macaulay*, *Ragoûts de Philosophie à la Whately*, and *Bouillon de Prophétie à la Cumming*.

The dissection of these dishes of fictitious history and philosophy has been at all times an agreeable pastime to the critic and controversialist; and when the subject is interesting, the critic tolerably lively, and the victim sufficiently guilty, the perusal of such criticisms forms very pretty reading. The wonder is, that with so much that is done in the way of "showing-up," the noble art of literary cooking still thrives with such undiminished vigour. Considering what has been written in the way of exposure, simple-minded people marvel to think that Luther is still thought a saint by thousands; that Catholicism should be counted idolatry, and the Jesuits a band of hypocritical assassins. The reason, however, is obvious; these irrefragable refutations are little read; and, when read, they are only half believed. Even in matters not theological few persons thoroughly trust the statements of a writer who takes the opposite view from themselves. Wonderful is our conviction of the truthfulness of

those who agree with us; and equally surprising is our suspiciousness of those who disagree. But when it comes to questions about religion, it positively requires a very serious effort of mind to acquiesce in the belief that an opponent is not more or less tricking us. It is hard to imagine that he tells the world what he really thinks; it is hard to conceive that he should be so profoundly ignorant as his published statement would seem to imply. *We* see that he is blundering violently; that he is overlooking the plainest facts, and misinterpreting the simplest actions. Is it possible, then, we say to ourselves, that there should be no dishonesty in all this? Is it credible that an educated man can live in this age of books, newspapers, and public lectures, and be so destitute of all knowledge of the true state of the case in the topics of which he treats? If he does not know it, he *ought* to know it; and he must *know* that he ought to know it; and as he clearly does not *do* what he knows he ought to do, *ergo*,—is not the syllogism perfect?—he is a scoundrel.

And but for the little qualification we have already hinted at, perhaps it would be perfect. Unfortunately, that qualification does exist. It is too true that all the wisdom, learning, wit, acuteness, and zeal of Catholic writers is thrown away on the vast bulk of anti-Catholics. They save themselves the trouble of thought by not reading what we have to say for ourselves. They hold it a sort of impudence in us to put in the plea of not guilty. They fancy they would be contaminated by reading our vindications. It is an eternal law of nature with them, that they are right in all things, and we are always wrong. Accordingly, for three hundred years have we been pursuing the same thankless task, scarcely laughed at for our pains, but quietly silenced by having our books either thrown into the fire, or classed with abominations that no reputable person would admit on his table.

Not that our labours go entirely for nothing, or that the fruit is so excessively small as to be hardly worth continuing. It is undeniable, that three centuries of learning and reasoning on the part of Catholic writers have told distinctly upon the mind of the civilised world. We are not now accounted the spiritual black-legs which we appeared in older times, in the eyes of a large number of Protestants. A good deal of the declamation poured out against us is all rant, not half believed by those who utter it, but used as a convenient means for conciliating the approval of the noodle multitude. Here in England we may rest assured that we hear the worst part of our fellow-countrymen's opinion of us. Nobody runs a risk of losing any thing he values by blackguarding a Ca-

tholic priest, or printing a volume of twaddle about the Scarlet Lady of Babylon. Courage is only required when a man wishes to praise the Crimean nuns, or to do justice to the labours of our priesthood at home.

Within the last few weeks, indeed, the English press has furnished a notable illustration of the truth of a remark we made ourselves not very long ago, to the effect that, with all their pretended belief in our superstition and laxity of morals, the world really *expects* us to be fully up to a very high mark in the way of devotion and honour. Thinking men do not believe a word of the popular rubbish about the idolatry of papists and the immoralities of the confessional; and when we do not happen to come personally across their path, their sense of justice is disgusted when we are made the victims of our adherence to principles, which they pretend to believe we never regard. This illustration is to be found in the tone in which the assassination of the Archbishop of Paris has been received by the English press. Allowing for a certain amount of nonsense about the Immaculate Conception, and so forth, as a whole, the popular expression of indignation at the crime has been that which would naturally arise in minds which regarded the Archbishop as a devout Christian bishop, and the French clergy generally as the laborious and pure-minded pastors of the flock of Jesus Christ. If the thinking part of the English nation *really* regarded Catholicism as such a degrading superstition as the popular controversial books of the day would prove it, is it possible that the murder of the Archbishop should have elicited such an honest and general horror? The crime would have sunk to the level of a common every-day murder, naturally to be expected in a communion whose casuistry habitually taught lying, theft, and impurity. The peculiar blackness of the atrocity is at once recognised in the fact that its victim was a *Christian priest*.

To return, however, to our immediate subject. There is one circumstance in the mode in which our vindications of Catholicism are received, which can hardly be too often recurred to, as suggesting matter for serious thought. The popular mind, with all its want of perfect belief in our wickedness, is impressed with a doubt of our controversial sincerity which tells lamentably against a fair reception of our arguments. What blunders, what faults, what falsehoods have combined to create this common idea among our adversaries, we are not now inquiring. That it exists, and that it operates most injuriously, is unhappily only too manifest. We labour under the terrible disadvantage of coming into

court with a stain upon our character as honest men. That it is wholly undeserved—nay, that our judges are far more liable than we are to the charge brought against us—matters nothing. When Protestants read our books, they are not employed in judging themselves; they are criticising us; they want to know what we can say for ourselves, not what we can say against them. If need be, they will give up a great deal of their own positive claims, on the ground that they make no such pretensions to exclusive orthodoxy and divinely-taught morals as we do. We may damage them as much as we like, and yet not advance our own cause a step. The only result is, an increase in their universal indifference to all religious doctrines, and a comfortable acquiescence in the theory that one sect is as good as another, because, in truth, all are equally bad.

We gain nothing, therefore, except in a few instances, by our brilliant sarcasms against the absurdities and inconsistencies of Protestants. The exposure of the trash palmed upon the public as theology and history does not substitute any thing better in the convictions of the day. When we are witty at the expense of "Apocalyptic sketchers," and the "pious" tea-tables of Clapham, men of solid character join with us in the joke, and conclude—what?—that Catholicism is perhaps true?—no; but that Exeter Hall is a sort of low ecclesiastical playhouse, and that we Papists have a quick eye for the fooleries of our opponents. They are very much amused at seeing the humbug of Protestants exposed, even by us; but as for getting at the truth about Popery from Popish polemics, they are not *quite* so simple as that, we may believe them.

It is plain, then, that one of our first efforts in the present position of Catholicism in this country ought to be directed towards disabusing the minds of reflecting and honest people from this fatal persuasion. By some means or other we *must* overcome this deep-seated belief in our want of perfect openness. It is of no use to stand upon our rights, to wrap ourselves in our own virtue and defy the shafts of calumny. It is of no use to retaliate, even with the most destructive weapons. We don't want to prove Protestants rogues, so much as to force them to see that we Catholics are neither cowards nor tricksters. We have to compel them to admit that we possess our full share of those two virtues, which are peculiarly estimable in the Englishman's judgment, namely, courage and truth-telling. Whatever be the special faults of the British nation, whether connected with its Protestantism or not, it is impossible to deny it as large a claim to these two merits

as can be conceded to any people in the world. We call them virtues, or merits, without at all pretending to invest them with any religious excellence. They may be mere natural virtues; but they are virtues still. And the candid observer, however strong his hatred of Protestantism, cannot count over the rest of the nations of the world without admitting that *nowhere* do we find the middle and upper classes more disposed to tell the truth, and to fear no adversary, than they are in England. "O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil," is the motto of every man who aspires to be not only a gentleman, but a reputable person, in this kingdom. These were our characteristics long before the "Reformation" swept over the face of the country; and they have remained so, notwithstanding all the blighting influences of that miserable disaster. Go where you will, nowhere are those opprobrious terms, a "liar" and a "coward," accounted more damning to a man's name than amongst us; and there are not many nations where they are *so* fatal to all influence and position in society.

Now, most unhappily, the national mind has become saturated with a feeling, varying from a positive conviction to a vague suspicion, that we Catholics are, in matters of religion, neither honest nor courageous. Persons who would never think of imputing to us personal cowardice in the field of battle, and who trust our word in society and in business, without a doubt, believe us capable of the most culpable-disingenuousness and the most slavish timidity the moment we enter on the subject of religious belief. Of course they do not generally pretend to harmonise this view of our theological delinquencies with their confidence in our social virtues. That, they would say, is not their business; or if they do attempt it, they have a ready solution of the anomaly, by maintaining that our private morals are upright *in spite of* the tortuousness of our casuistry. They affect to believe that when we talk or write on religion we are one and all under the influence of a certain mysterious abstraction, called priestcraft, or jesuitry, or Papal dictation, or some one of those shadowy monsters so easily invoked, and so hard to catch and destroy.

Such being the case, is it not well worth our while to re-examine the tone and statements of such portions of our Catholic controversial literature as are of an historical or scientific character? As the times change, and the circle of our readers and critics enlarges, does not common prudence and our duty to our faith command us to go through our armory, and see what weapons are obsolete, what are rusty, and what require adaptations and modifications suitable to

the exigencies of the day? Is it not very possible that these old-fashioned pieces of artillery are more likely to burst and injure ourselves than to do good execution upon the foe? and that here and there we may find defences constructed after the true Chinese model, and made to look as if bristling with guns of tremendous calibre, while, after all, they are nothing more formidable than wood and canvas and paint? *

This prudent foresight is rendered still more necessary by the extraordinary advances which have been now for some time in progress both in physical science and in the study of history. These advances, in some instances, have told wonderfully in our favour, more especially in the destruction of vulgar prejudices in matters of history and biography. In other cases the present position of modern investigation is unfavourable to us rather than otherwise; fresh difficulties have been urged, or pretended, to which replies have to be found for which our forefathers were little prepared. Still, whatever the tendencies of modern research, the broad important fact remains, that the mind of the nation is calling for *truth*, historic and scientific, more loudly—and, we hope, more sincerely—than at any period during the last three centuries. For us, therefore, to hang back, timidly, ignorantly, or craftily, and to refuse to respond to this universal cry, would be a conduct absolutely suicidal. It would be madness to attempt to silence this startling voice by any replies which will not bear the most searching examination. Not only will mere plausible theories be worthless, but half-truths will be worthless. We have to encounter a belief that we are not only crafty and false, but actually afraid of the truth's being known. And this belief is to be vanquished, not by a mere denial of its justice, not by taunts, not by braggadocio, but by proving our courage by our acts. The world does not want to hear us proclaiming the honesty of our conviction that the course of history and the deductions of science are in harmony with our religion. It says, If your creed is not contradicted by the events of the past, show us that you think so, by being yourselves foremost in telling *the whole* truth about yourselves and about your enemies. If, it adds, your creed is true, it cannot be otherwise than confirmed by a knowledge of the past as it really was. When, then, you let us see by your fearless statements of the whole truth that these assertions are not mere rhetorical bravado, we will believe in your sincerity, and pay a more serious attention to your reasonings.

An additional consideration, again, suggests itself at this point of our argument. We Catholic writers do not always,

at least apparently, bear in mind that we come into court, not as advocates, but as judges. The question between the Church and the world is not one of plaintiff and defendant, in which mutual recrimination and self-laudation is the order of the day, when each party retains his counsel to cover over his weak points and to damage his opponent, while a judge sits supreme to decide between the contradictory statements. No doubt in many instances the great controversy assumes the dimensions of a mere war between adversaries. The controversialist has often nothing to do but expose the falsehoods of his adversaries, and to make up the best practicable case for himself, leaving his antagonist to discover his vulnerable points if he can. But, taken as a whole, our claim is to be heard as a judge; as one who can sum up the arguments on each side, separate reasonings from fallacies, and simple facts from *ad-captandum* exaggerations; and then, laying down what is the eternal law of truth and justice, decide without appeal. In our contest with heresy and unbelief we admit the rights of no tribunal. We profess to claim the obedience of mankind; and, making such a claim, we cannot escape the duty of the judge, or unite in ourselves the privileges of the advocate with the authority of the judgment-seat.

And Protestantism knows this truth too well to allow us to escape from its application. It hears our claims, and it understands their nature sufficiently to see that they involve a responsibility on our part, which can be fastened upon no single detached division of Protestantism. It comprehends, too, that it is in the absence of this responsibility on the side of Protestantism that its great controversial strength is to be found. The tactics of the old Parthian horsemen are the natural tactics of Protestants. They discharge their darts as they fly. Crush the pretences of any sect by the records of history, the language of Scripture, or the dictates of common sense, and what have you gained that is positive and lasting? Nothing. The clever Protestant can at an hour's notice produce some fresh modification of his theory which at first sight will elude all these difficulties. Expose him again and again; when at last he has come to the end of his ingenuities, he boldly avows that his creed does not profess to solve such problems; that they are no difficulties to him; that it is for us, who claim for our Church an exact, absolute identity with the Apostolic foundation, an unbroken historic life from the first ages of the Gospel, and an infallible truth for our doctrines as coming from the same God who made that universe which science delights to study,—it is for us, he says, to meet every fact, to grasp every difficulty, and to explain

every phenomenon in the moral, the metaphysical, and the material worlds.

Nor is it any valid *answer* to the criticisms we are venturing to offer on certain deficiencies in the conduct of our troops, to allege that the unfairness and grossness of our adversaries' attacks are such, that no man who is less than a saint can avoid retaliating in kind. This unfairness and grossness is certainly often absolutely monstrous; and we know quite enough of the proverbial susceptibility of controversialists to sympathise with those who are stung to the quick by such imputations. Still the question is not, what may be said in our excuse, but what are the obligations laid upon us by our vast and exclusive claims. The violence and insolence of a counsel in a court of justice can never exonerate the presiding judge from the duty of stating the whole facts of the evidence as brought before him. It may be hard, indeed, to retain his judicial impartiality and equanimity, but it is his bounden duty to do it; and unless he does it, the weight of his summing-up, his charge to the jury, goes for absolutely nothing in the eyes of a discriminating man.

We need, of course, hardly remind the reader, that in offering these suggestions we are speaking only of defects which are *sometimes* to be observed. We admit no such accusation as attaching to universal Catholic controversy. Not only would any such accusation be extravagant and untrue, but it would be silly to urge it as in any way applying to a considerable portion of our polemics. In much that we write and say, our professed and distinct object is only to state the case against our adversaries. We are often attempting nothing more than to pick to pieces the claims of a pretender; to strip the daw of its borrowed plumes, and point out the rightful owner of its stolen beauties; or to show the inevitable tendencies of theories, plausible before they are investigated, but as frightful in their results as they are shallow in their reasonings. Our only complaint is, that in instances in which we actually profess to state the real facts of the case, and to furnish such ample solution of a difficulty as ought to satisfy every candid mind, we *sometimes* see the Catholic cause seriously compromised by a timid, time-serving, rhetorical treatment of questions of deep interest. Agitated and eager as is the mind of the age, it is with no little disquietude that we observe the occasional shirking of difficulties, the cooking of figures, and the adoption in general of that system of coddling history, philosophy, and science, which is at all times useless enough, and in the present condition of England is fraught with peril to the holiest of causes. When a man

is forced to speak or write against his will, whether he has mastered his subject or not, of course no blame attaches to him if he puts the best face he can on the matter, and glosses over an ugly spot, in the hope that when thus hastily white-washed it will escape detection by his tormentors. But in the professed historian or philosopher, in the controversialist who voluntarily steps forward to calm the distress of his friends by a thorough and unanswerable reply to their enemies, the case is totally different. Here we cannot but think that wisdom dictates one of two courses only; either silence, or a perfect refutation. A defective solution of a difficulty leaves that difficulty practically more mischievous than before. If nothing at all is said, perhaps some are distressed, and the cause of wrong gains a step; but if a sham reply is put forward, the shallow and the ignorant may applaud, and gossips chatter with eager delight; but no thinking man is satisfied; and in the almost inevitable exposure of our advocate's personal weakness, the looker-on is finally convinced that he perceives the weakness of the cause he attempts to defend.

Before proceeding to give instances of this unsatisfactory treatment of important subjects, we must, in justice to our own side, call attention to one remarkable difference which exists between Catholic and Protestant controversialists, taken as a body. Whatever be our occasional defects, it cannot, we think, be fairly doubted that we are free from that astounding recklessness of misstatement of the opinions and arguments of our adversaries which is so grievous a blot on the polemics of Protestantism. We do not pretend that every Catholic controversialist thoroughly understands the position of individual Protestants; that he invariably treats them with the largest charity; or that he never makes over-statements against them and in his own favour. We would allow even the existence of a few cases of extreme severity and rashness of statement on our own side. But we do maintain, that when contrasted with the marvellous Protestant misrepresentations of Catholic dogma and practice, the savage and irreverent onslaughts on all we hold most dear, the obstinate refusal to allow us to be heard in our own defence, coupled with the almost universal practice of assailing us without any conscientious examination of our books,—contrasted, we say, with these glaring misdemeanours, of some one of which nearly all Protestant controversialists are guilty, the body of Catholic controversy is honesty, candour, learning, and charity itself. Anti-Catholic writings abound in misstatements of the commonest matters of fact; and that

on subjects which the writers were bound to study thoroughly before commencing their work. They display an ignorance of history and of religious doctrine which cannot be paralleled amongst us by the most extreme exaggeration of our actual faults. We, on the other hand, err by omissions far more than by false representations; we seldom attack any thing among Protestants without making some honest efforts to comprehend them, and to allow them to explain themselves to the utmost. Where we fail, it is more by an injudicious management of our own case than by scandalous attacks upon them. We may not always hit upon the wisest plan for converting them to our own views, but it is seldom that our conduct fails to give proof of our deep sense of our responsibility. If we are liable to correction from a human point of view, we are not often liable to that far heavier censure which proceeds from a higher judgment-seat than that of man.

We have now to give a few specimens of the deficiencies we have occasionally noticed in our own writers. The most learned, extensive, and popular of recent histories of the Church is that of Rohrbacher. Its merits are great; to deny them would be simply ridiculous. But it has a fatal tendency to shirk the discussion of any historical event which may be supposed to be a difficulty in the way of thoughtful Catholics. Rohrbacher's idea of historical accuracy is, to lay so thick a coat of whitewash on the personal characters of *all* Popes, that their actual characters disappear, and the simple-minded student begins to wonder where on earth the records of the evil lives of some few of them could have sprung from. Go to his pages for a complete treatment of the actual difficulties of any question, and you will run a chance of coming away as hungry as you went. Take, for instance, the story of Savonarola, a man whom some, nay many, even now venerate as a saint; and whose history is unquestionably a "difficulty" to the Catholic thinker. The whole thing is dismissed by Rohrbacher with the most off-hand coolness imaginable. Savonarola is quietly tossed overboard as an evident scoundrel, hardly worth treating of; and Alexander Borgia comes out freshened up with such a coat of paint that scarcely a trace of his old physiognomy can be detected. Yet if ever there was a case in history which demanded a thorough and sifting treatment in a history of such high pretensions as Rohrbacher's, it is this history of the Dominican of Florence. The inaugurator of an astonishing reform in his own city; regarded during his lifetime with the profoundest veneration and the bitterest hatred; put to death by one Pope on the ground of disobedience to the Holy See, to mention no other

imputations; soon afterwards admitted by another Pope in a picture in the Vatican among the doctors of the Church; and venerated as a saint by such persons as St. Philip Neri and St. Catharine of Ricci,—Savonarola has always been, and is to this day, the object of the most contradictory feelings on the part of Catholics, and a ready source for invectives against the Church on the part of her opponents. The Catholic reader, puzzled with these singular apparent anomalies, turns to the most celebrated of modern church-histories, in hopes of finding such an explanation of the story as shall satisfy him, as a good Catholic, and enable him to answer the taunts of Protestants. And all he finds is a hasty huddling up of the real difficulties, concealed under violent exaggerations; while no attempt is made to give that real solution which can be supplied, both in this and all similar instances. This is what we call “cooking” the history of the Church.

We find some striking specimens of these feeble methods of meeting objections in a defence of the social and political condition of Italy lately published in this country. We do not mention its exact title and authorship, as our object is to illustrate our own meaning rather than to censure the works of individual writers. It is enough to say that the author of the defence we allude to is evidently a person of great skill as a controversialist, and perfectly familiar with the subject on which he treats. And it is this very evident mastery, both of the weapons of warfare and the topics in hand, which makes his mode of defence so injurious to the cause which he espouses. Were he a dull or an ignorant scribbler, nobody would suspect that the weakness of his reasonings arose from the weakness of his cause. But recognising his capacity, and perceiving how closely he has studied his thesis, the reader, if a Catholic, is proportionately disappointed at the extraordinary character of his statements; and if a Protestant, is more convinced than ever that a case thus defended is utterly unsusceptible of any valid defence whatsoever.

From this clever essay, then, we select two specimens of self-destructive fallacies. The first is, the fallacy of overstatement and exaggeration; a fallacy into which the adoption of the *tu-quoque* argument often leads. The writer in question is annoyed—and what Catholic is not?—at the greediness and gusto with which the Protestant press seize upon the delinquencies of a Catholic sovereign, while they wink hard at the equally odious offences of Protestant rulers. Accordingly, he takes in hand the King of Naples, whom he defends by pretending that the treatment of Smith O'Brien by the British Government is a parallel to the atrocities perpe-

trated under the authority of that weak, however well-meaning, Bourbon. But what a ludicrous exaggeration and perversion of the truth is involved in such a retort! Of all instances of severity and cruelty, to select the history of Mr. Smith O'Brien as a proof that England is as bad as Naples! Why there is not a nation on the whole earth, save England, which would not have hung him up within one week of his capture;—a man who had the incredible audacity to go openly to the revolutionary government of France, and offer to raise a rebellion in Ireland, for the benefit of France, against his own sovereign. And yet this man was simply sent out of the country, treated almost as a gentleman, and is now let loose again in the heart of Ireland itself. Pius IX. is the most lenient and forgiving of monarchs; but we doubt whether even he could have ventured to save the neck of any Roman Smith O'Brien from the gallows. The unreality and hollowness of such a *tu quoque* does serious harm. People simply laugh at what we say; and reply that we not only are talking nonsense, but, what is worse, that we know that we are talking nonsense, and trying to palm off the rhetoric of the hustings for the sober deductions of historical investigation.

Another, and a far more serious fault in this defence of Italy, is its manner of meeting the common attacks upon her population on the ground of two of the worst of sins; namely, murder and unchastity. A more unhappy proof of the dangers of what we may call the fallacy of omission we cannot call to mind. We all know how eager are Protestant Englishmen to charge the social life of Italy with being deeply stained by these two enormities. It is one of the most telling and most frequently repeated accusations made against the Italian nations, while the whole blame of their supposed guilt is laid at the door of the Catholic Church. We who are Catholics know well how wicked and monstrous is the imputation; we know that our morals are far more stringent on these two crimes than are those of Protestantism. But we are none the more satisfied to see a frightful charge against Italian society met—how?—by taking no notice whatsoever of it! In the midst of a professed and elaborate vindication of its character, strengthened by careful and exact statistics on many points, and accompanied by an admission of the prevalence of the lower crime of brigandage, and a clever explanation of its popularity,—in all this we find, on *the* terrible charge, a profound silence. We cannot express the grief we feel at witnessing such a treatment of so momentous a subject. Yet, not three years ago, these very topics were made one of the chief *chevaux-de-bataille* of an elaborate book on the compa-

rative condition of Catholic and Protestant countries, by the most influential and clever representative of French Protestantism; we mean M. Napoleon Roussel. M. Roussel's work is, indeed, a scandalous misrepresentation of statistical tables, and a crafty selection of authorities, all on one side. Take, for instance, his contrast between Ireland and Scotland. He urges powerfully the details which tell in favour of Scotch morals; but on those which tell in favour of Irish,—for instance, on the subject of the purity of the female sex,—he is as profoundly silent as is the Catholic writer before us on the subject of Italian assassinations. His book is, in truth, a model to show us what, as conscientious men who aim at the whole truth, we ought not to do. We only allude to it as showing the imperative necessity under which Catholics lie, when they treat the subject at all, to treat it in all its bearings; lest by sham answers and a shirking selection of one-sided figures, they scandalise their brethren in the faith and sharpen the weapons of their foes. Here are popular writers like M. Roussel, culling from the reports of crimes all those figures which go against us, and omitting what go for us; and the only reply that the anxious Catholic can find is a total silence. We entreat our Catholic historians and statesmen to ponder well on the peril of allowing such figures as the following to remain without a *bond-fide* complete explanation. Either let them be shown to be erroneous, or let them be accounted for by arguments which do not create a suspicion of our own truthfulness and courage; or let us hold our tongues altogether. What other course can be prudent when we read these statistics, taken from the work of M. Moreau de Jonnès?

Assassinations, including attempts at assassination, in eight principal nations of Europe :

Scotland gives 1 to every 270,000 of the population.

England	„	1	„	178,000	„
Low-Countries	1	„	„	163,000	„
Prussia	„	1	„	100,000	„
Austria	„	1	„	57,000	„
Spain	„	1	„	4,113	„
Naples	„	1	„	2,750	„
Roman States	1	„	„	750	„

On these figures M. Roussel remarks that the four first are Protestant nations, which is not strictly true, the Low-Countries being half Catholic; and the four last Catholic: and striking an average, he declares that there is eleven times as much of the crime of assassination, allowing for the differences of population, in the Catholic countries as there is in the Protestant.

In reproducing these figures, though we are not expressly engaged in treating the subject, we feel it our duty briefly to suggest their explanation, which we believe to be as follows : In the first place, the crime of assassination is confessedly a crime to which the people of hot countries are far more prone than the people of the colder north. Now all the four Protestant countries placed at the top of the list are cold ; in fact, their own variations in the crime exactly follow their range on the thermometer. In the second place, assassination is a crime which is as inevitably excited by a despotic form of government as it is by the burning rays of the sun. Not only is it frequently the direct result of a harsh treatment of the individual subject, but it is a natural consequence of that habitual shutting-up of the opinions and emotions of the soul which a despotic government enforces on its people. Even supposing M. Roussel has not to some extent "cooked" his figures, we hold these explanations sufficient fully to account for the greater prevalence of bloody assaults in the four nations he has cunningly selected as types of Catholicism. The prevalence of this or that special vice in different nations proves, we are convinced, far less than is commonly supposed on either side in the Catholic and Protestant controversy. The average morals of different kingdoms, taken as a whole, do not vary to any thing like the extent which it is the fashion to pretend ; nor, in the many varieties which vice assumes, is the blame to be laid upon the dominant creed nearly so exclusively as it is sometimes convenient to allege. But however this may be, we recognise in the tendency of certain nations to crimes of violence and revenge only the effects of climate and political circumstances. The Church has no power absolutely to eradicate sin ; and even when armed with temporal authority, as in the Papal States, she is no more responsible for a popular taste for assassination than is the Protestantism of England for Irish agrarian crime. In both cases the crime is fostered by social and political causes ; and in neither do we believe that religion has any thing to do with the matter. Whether, however, our explanation is sufficient or no, we submit that it is the worst possible policy to profess to meet the popular outcry against Italian morals as resulting from the influence of Catholicism, without even a hint that the most serious portions of the accusation can be disproved.

We turn, however, to another case in which one of these unfortunate specimens of suicidal defence has been recently presented, on a kindred subject, to the House of Commons itself. It is a very common habit with Protestants to lay all the faults, real or imaginary, of the Pontifical government, to

the incapacity of ecclesiastics for managing secular affairs. Having no great esteem for the practical wisdom of their own clergy, it is but natural that they should view the capacities of the Catholic clergy with still more ineffable contempt. By way of meeting this attack, a short time ago a Catholic member of Parliament, whom, as our object is illustration rather than criticism, we do not name, delivered a speech, in which he gave the comparative numbers of laymen and clerks employed in the different departments of the Papal States, with the whole amount of the salaries paid to the two classes. He stated that whereas there are 289 ecclesiastics employed, there are as many as 6836 laymen; and that the united salaries of the former amount to 124,256 dollars, of the latter to 1,491,389 dollars.

Nevertheless it is evident that, as an argument, these figures are worth just nothing at all. So far as they prove any thing, they prove the very charge which they are meant to disprove, and furnish a pregnant illustration of the dangerous character of that sham treatment of historical truths which we are deploring. Who ever imagined that the *numerical* difference between the lay and clerical *employés* in the Papal States was not in favour of the laymen? Who ever suggested the comical notion that cardinals, bishops, and priests did all the inferior work of the underlings in the public offices? Who would look for ecclesiastics in custom-house and police officers, among tide-waiters and petty tax-gatherers? The question is, who are the *governing* body in the States? Who hold the high, the influential, the lucrative posts? Are these, as a class, held by churchmen or laymen? Undoubtedly, as a whole, they are held by churchmen. Of course they are far fewer in number than the inferior offices; but they are those which constitute their holders the real rulers and administrators of the nation. The very figures before us show that the average salary of the ecclesiastical officials is at least double that of the laymen; and when we consider that the ecclesiastics, being unmarried, have far less need of good incomes than the laity, the difference between the character of the places held by the two classes becomes still more striking. Here is the fact to be admitted, and defended by speakers like the hon. member to whom we refer. As to his array of figures, they are nothing worth. You might as reasonably allege that England is not practically administered by the gentry and aristocracy, because dukes do not sort letters at the General Post-Office, the Custom-House floors are not scrubbed by countesses, and princes of the blood are not employed as copying-clerks at the Horse

Guards. The fact is, the Papal States are administered almost exclusively by ecclesiastics. What then? If you do not think this is a good thing, say nothing. If you do, then stand up like a man, and defend it.

Surely there is something to be said for the administrative and statesmanlike qualities of an order of men that counts in its ranks a Ximenes, a Richelieu, a Mazarin, a Wolsey, and a Consalvi. Take the present Pope; as a mere king, surely he is not a nobody, a Bourbon, a German duke, with a soul devoted to court uniforms and theatricals. Or the present conclave and the Roman prelacy; are they all such helpless red-tapists, that the only way to defend their acts is to shove them into a corner, and then thrust forward a crowd of anonymous laymen to bear the blame of the blunders of the witless ecclesiastics? Or if the subject requires proofs from quarters nearer home, surely the one English cardinal of the present day possesses qualifications which sundry individuals of our secular government might well envy. We do not see in the oratorical powers and the versatility of acquirement of our lay statesmen in general, when compared with the proofs of what he can do which Cardinal Wiseman has given to the world, any token that the cardinalate is inconsistent with those very faculties and that very training on which a large section of secular statesmen rely for their popularity.* At any rate, whatever be the merits of the case, let us not fill our pages with heaps of statistics, or bewilder the reader with interminable details on all points except those which really answer an opponent's accusations. The only result of such a proceeding will be, that on reflection he will perceive that while his memory has been loaded with a quantity of superfluous, even though interesting, statements, his understanding has been made the sport of a rhetorical legerdemain.

The necessity which exists for extreme wariness in treating on scientific subjects without being master of the latest discoveries of scientific men, may be illustrated by a remarkable instance from one of the very ablest of modern Catholic writers. Few books stand so high on the list of great works as the *Etudes Philosophiques* of M. Nicolas, the French jurist; and, what is more, few writers of renown have so just a title

* As we have mentioned Card. Wiseman's name, we cannot help asking whether the present condition of the book-market would not justify a new and revised edition of his able *Lectures on Science and Revealed Religion*. It is now very many years since these lectures were written, during which period science has advanced with strides as daring as they have been rapid; and we cannot but think that if his Eminence could find leisure to prepare a new edition, including a thorough investigation into the bearings of recent scientific studies, not only would the labour be repaid speaking commercially, but a very valuable book would be the result.

to their fame as this accomplished and profound writer. Yet this very treatise handles the deductions of the science of geology in a way that makes the real geologist smile; not at M. Nicolas's reasonings, and not at his opinions, but at his ignorance of what geological discoveries actually are. In his chapter on Moses, M. Nicolas argues, by superannuated quotations from Cuvier, that the order in which organic remains appear in the strata of the earth corresponds exactly with the order of creation as described in the book of Genesis; that the lowest stratum in which fossils are found contains vegetable remains only, showing that there was a great day or epoch in which vegetables were the only organised substances; that to this stratum succeeds another, in which only fishes and reptiles are found with the vegetables; thirdly, a new series of strata, containing the remains of mammals; and lastly, only in quite recent beds, the bones of men. Now unfortunately much of this has for some time been proved to be hopelessly erroneous. Many fossil-bearing strata have been discovered beneath the pretended lowest stratum of Cuvier, *in all of which animal remains are found*; the lower forms of marine animals affording the earliest fossils with which we are acquainted.

Another of these defective proofs is that of the truth of the deluge from the erratic blocks or boulders of immense size, so often found at great distances from the rocks whence they were detached. Now nothing is better proved in all geology than that these blocks were carried and deposited in their present position by the agency of ice, which in one geological epoch seems to have occupied a vast area of Europe. It is therefore perfectly futile to offer them to the adept in the science of the nineteenth century as a proof of the Noachic deluge. We do not of course blame M. Nicolas's intentions; he undertook a mighty task, no less than the examination of the connection of revelation with all philosophy and science; and wonderfully well has he performed it. But he does not pretend to any personal authority in matters of science: he follows certain writers, whom he quotes honestly enough; and refers, for the truth of his positions, to M. Nérée Boubée, and the rest whom he names in his notes. The practical result is, however, unfortunate. As scientific errors, his reproduction of obsolete opinions would have been morally harmless; but as emanating from a writer who is assumed by the general reader to have access to the very best sources of information, they tend to produce those feelings of suspiciousness and general want of confidence which it is the grand aim of his book to destroy.

We refer to this particular case, partly because M. Nicolas's statements on the attitude of modern science towards revelation have been pointedly endorsed by an accomplished English Catholic writer within a very few years; and partly also because we have witnessed an instance of the mischief which has been wrought by this very chapter on the Mosaic history. We have seen a person who had read it, and who had become quite elated with the *demonstratio evangelica* which it appeared to give, plunge with a bland confidence into the study of modern science, and recoil with most bitter disappointment from the reality that was exposed to his horrified intelligence. We cannot conceive any trial of faith more sore than this; that a young man should be sent out into the world of science, not forearmed by being forewarned of its difficulties, but stupefied with the opiate persuasion that no such difficulties exist. Imagine, we say, such a course to be pursued in dogmatic religious studies. Fancy a Catholic youth introduced into the Protestant world with the notion that all its sects had but one end in view, to prove the truth of the Catholic Church; that Whately, and Cumming, and Sumner, and Carlyle, and Maurice, were all of them in their measure helping to build up the proofs of the Pope's authority; and that the objections against Catholic doctrines which he might hear would be such transparent absurdities that they would never distress him for a moment. What an easy prey would that youth probably become to the first sophist who encountered him! But no Catholic teacher has ever acted on this principle in matters of religion. Why, then, should we adopt a principle in the outworks and ornaments of religion, which for its substance we repudiate? We dare not try to build up faith by false miracles or by false prophecies. Why, then, attempt to do so by false concordances of science and revelation? The truth will come out in God's good time; patience is better than a premature attempt to reconcile apparent contradictions.

Doubtless every Christian must believe that at last, after it has run through its appointed changes, science will confirm revelation; he may also hope that this good time is approaching, and may find a high enjoyment in labouring to reconcile the apparent contradictions of the two. No Christian can believe that any doctrine is absolutely and scientifically true, which really contradicts a truth; consequently he will retain his conviction that in the end what now seems scientific but anti-Christian truth will be proved by advancing science herself to be nothing but the error of immature knowledge. But for all that, he wounds religion herself with a grievous

wound when he broadly alleges that the aspect of the science of this day tends strikingly to coincide with this his own firm conviction. To do this argues on his part either untruthfulness or ignorance, or a certain vehemence of enthusiasm which unfits him for dispassionate inquiry.

With one more consideration we close our present remarks. In what we have been saying, we have specially referred to the obstacles to the progress of Catholicism which result from this maimed and short-sighted discussion of supposed difficulties. It would, however, be a far from complete view of the evils of the course objected to, if we supposed them to take effect only on those who are not Catholics. The harm that is done to Catholics themselves, especially the youthful, by the shirking and cooking system, is, we are persuaded, of the most formidable description. It is a grievous error to suppose that an honest man's opinions are practically shaken by the admission that something can be said against them. It argues an ignorance of human nature, to imagine that Catholics in general believe that Protestants have nothing in the world to say for themselves, and that no apparent difficulties exist on their own side. It is a superficial theory of metaphysics, which denies that uncultivated or dull minds do not feel and comprehend many things which they are totally unable to analyse, or to explain in clear language to others. Catholics of all ages and ranks, with few exceptions, are conscious that the proof of the truth of their religion is a "moral" proof, and not a "mathematical;" though they are as ignorant of the technical meaning of these two adjectives as an unborn child. They know, too, that a "moral" proof implies that something *can* be said on the opposite side; they understand in their own indistinct but decided fashion that a difficulty, though only an apparent difficulty, is a practical difficulty until satisfactorily explained. And being thus aware that the truth of Catholicism rests on moral proof, their faith is not shaken by the admission that this or that historical or scientific question *is* a difficulty, or even by perceiving that they themselves have personally no access to its complete solution. People in general are not so confident in their own abilities, or those of their immediate superiors, as to expect an instant answer to every objection which an enemy can urge. They are aware that the knowledge and capacity of the most learned and accomplished men are but limited. The proverb, that any fool can ask questions which it will require a very wise man to answer, finds a response in the judgment of all persons of moderate intelligence.

A Catholic's faith, accordingly, is not injured by the mere

circumstance of his coming across some plausible anti-Catholic theory, and still less by his recognising any amount of moral goodness and learning in those who are not Catholics. He is prepared for the existence of apparent enigmas, and his faith has never taught him that all men who are not Catholics are rogues or noodles. But he is scandalised when he sees his fellow-Catholics afraid of facts, afraid of science, afraid of history. His whole moral nature receives a shock when he learns that those who profess to understand a subject content themselves with silencing an opponent when they were bound to answer him; when he finds himself put off with phrases, plausibilities, or rhetorical exaggerations; when the anxious desires of his soul for an increase of light and strength are rudely snubbed, and in place of a reasonable argument he is treated to an angry rebuke. More especially at that time of life when the passions are strong, and the whole nature is eager for action and susceptible of impressions, is the downward course towards infidelity accelerated by any symptoms of cowardice or logical duplicity on the part of those to whom he has been wont to look for information or guidance. Wherever the evil shows itself, whether in conversation or publicly-spoken words, whether in books or newspapers, whether in layman or ecclesiastic, the mischief tells upon him with fearful power. A dreadful suspiciousness lodges itself in his mind, which henceforth clouds his perceptions, warps his reasonings, and leads him, it may be, to the most cruel injustice towards those who may have erred, but who erred with the best motives, and through a mistaken idea that an inquiring mind can be permanently satisfied by an apparent solution of an ugly difficulty. If the history of individual apostasies could be unveiled to the world, in many a one we should see that, however lamentable may have been the influence of previous moral deterioration, it has been frightfully strengthened, not so much by the arguments of unbelief, as by the unwillingness shown by individual Catholics to meet them face to face.

We are all of us, let it never be forgotten, influenced by the character and conduct of our contemporaries and personal acquaintances infinitely more than by the example or writing of those who have now passed away. The little daily acts of life, the casual observations of private conversation, tell upon us practically more than all the reasonings and all the virtues of those who are known to us only as people of another age. We must not, therefore, expect the world to argue the questions of the day on abstract theories, or by a grand view of the whole history of mankind in general. When Protestantism raises a difficulty, the ordinary Catholic is not

practically moved by the recollection of what *can be* said in reply, but by what *is* said. And the degree in which his opinion is determined by what is said, mainly rests upon his perception of the fearless honesty of the advocates on the Catholic side. So long as he can detect no sign of fear or shrinking from the whole truth in the persons to whom he looks for defence, so long does he feel his feet firm upon a rock from which no sophistry on the part of his adversaries can displace him. He wants no exhibitions of bravado; he wants no rhetorical retorts; he wants no displays of gladiatorial skill in the substitution of personalities for reasonings. So long as he perceives that those who ought to understand such questions, not only do not fear the whole truth, but rather court investigations and prosecute inquiries, so long is his mind at rest and his faith undisturbed, whatever be the excitement of his feelings, or the unpleasantness of the facts he is compelled to admit. Then only is his judgment agitated and his conscience distressed, when he sees us try to trample out the sparks of scientific light, through fear lest they should make the blaze of the sun of Revelation grow pale; or dress up the muse of history with paint, patches, and hair-powder, till she looks like a demirep of the court of Charles II. instead of a providentially-appointed instructress of mankind.

THE CAPTURE AND DEATH OF DR. JOHN STOREY.

WE proceed this month to give an account of another martyr; one concerning whom Bishop Challoner is silent, perhaps through unwillingness to open the subject of the persecutions in Queen Mary's time. Disliking them as we do, we must yet remember that there was a great difference between upholding the ancient religion by the then established laws of Europe, and establishing a new religion, professing to be built on individual freedom of conscience, by the most ruthless persecution of all consciences that adhered to the old system; and moreover, that there is a vast interval between Storey's orderly administration of the law, and the vindictive and illegal treachery of Cecil, which we are about to expose. If the Donatists had revenged themselves on St. Augustine as Elizabeth's ministers revenged themselves on Storey, we doubt not that Protestants would have unanimously added the honours of a martyr to the confessorship and doctorate of the

Bishop of Hippo. Dr. John Storey, one of the most noted civilians and canonists of his age, first acquired the rudiments of his future profession in Henxey Hall, in St. Aldgate's, Oxford. He was admitted B.C.L. in 1531; in 1535 Henry VIII. appointed him to his new lectureship of civil law; in 1537 he became principal of Broadgates Hall, and moderator of one of the civil-law schools. In 1538 he proceeded in his faculty, and administered civil law under the Lord Marshal at the siege of Boulogne; in consideration whereof, the king renewed his former grant of the aforesaid lectureship for his life; and in 1546 joined Mr. Robert Weston—who afterwards married his daughter—with him. He was a member of the House of Commons in the first parliament of Edward VI.; and was imprisoned for saying in a speech there, "Woe unto thee, England, whose king is a child!" Having freed himself from prison by purging himself from his contempt on his knees in the House, he went abroad, and became a member of the new university of Louvain, where he remained till the king's death. On the accession of Mary he returned to England, and resumed his lectureship; but soon resigned it, in consequence of his being appointed chancellor of the diocese of London, an office which he was permitted to hold as a layman on account of the difficulty of the times. He had previously married a lady named Jane Watts. He was again returned to parliament; and shortly after, viz. in January 1555, appointed ecclesiastical commissioner, in conjunction with Sir Roger Cholmley and William Roper. Charges of unnecessary cruelty in discharge of the duties of this office have been brought against him, but without good grounds; for he was continually exclaiming against the impolicy as well as cruelty of putting to death a set of fanatical tinkers, tailors, and old women, while the nobility of that faction were allowed to go scot-free; and on one occasion he and Dr. Feckenham, Abbot of Westminster, went to the queen, against the wish of Bonner, and begged off the lives of twenty-eight poor wretches condemned to the flames. There can be no doubt, however, that his advice for the punishment of seven or eight of the principal of the puritanical faction, instead of the dozens of lesser note that suffered death, rendered him a peculiar subject of hatred and revenge to Elizabeth, Cecil, the Earl of Bedford, and the rest.

There is one letter of his preserved in the State-Paper Office, to the Earl of Devonshire; and as it is the only one we are able to find written in Mary's reign, and short withal, and contains matter interesting in itself, as showing the good prospect opened to this country, had not Almighty God, in

His inscrutable providence, shortened Mary's days, we present it to our readers.

“EMANUEL.

Although, my singular good lord, it be long sithence I have visited your honour with this my scraping hand, yet hath not my heart forgotten my bounden duty to pray for the preservation and prosperous estate of your good lordship, whom God hitherto hath proved with manifold travails, to the end that hereafter His mercy may use you to His glory and no small comfort of all Christian religion in this our native country; wherein although many things concerning spiritual and civil government be yet to be desired, yet is the same through the virtuous contemplation of the queen's majesty and of my lord cardinal* his grace so much repaired, and by the prudent activity of my now lord chancellor† in the execution of justice so reduced into order, that if your lordship were present to behold how right ruling doth daily succeed in place of ruffling raging, your honour would conceive no less good hope of the extirpation of vice, and planting again of virtue, than we do here of your lordship to be no small instrument to that purpose when it shall please God to send you to us again; whereof I have thought it my duty to certify your honour, although it be notorious, knowing that your honour having ever denied the same, will now the more rejoice the more you do hear thereof. How other things doth stand, this bearer your diligent servant declare unto your honour, which God will increase to His glory. From London, this 23d February (1556). Your lordship's most bounden servant,

JOHN STOREY.”‡

On the death of Mary, the worst apprehensions of Dr. Storey were realised. The people, just beginning to settle down into order and obedience, were excited to such a degree by the fanatical preachers, commissioned for that purpose by the court, that even the mild and gentle Feckenham could not contain his indignation :§

“I shall desire your honours,” said he, in a speech in the House of Lords, “to consider the sudden mutation of the subjects of this realm since the death of good Queen Mary, only caused in them by the preachers of this new religion; where in Queen Mary's days your honours do know right well how the people of this realm did live in an order, and would not run before laws; . . . there was no spoiling of churches, pulling down of altars, and most blasphemous treading down the sacrament under their feet, and hanging up the knave of clubs in the place thereof; there [was] no scrinching and cutting off the face and legs of the crucifix, there was no open flesh-eating nor shambles keeping in the Lent and days prohibited. The subjects of this realm, and especially the nobility and such as were of the honourable council, did in Queen Mary's days know their way into

* Card. Pole. † Heath, Archbp. of York. ‡ Domestic, Mary, vol. vii. art. 9.

§ Cottonian Vesp. D. 18, page 87; it was also printed, and may be found reprinted, in the first vol. of Lord Somers' Tracts, page 81.

churches and chapels, there begin their day's work with calling for help and grace by humble prayer and serving of God. But now since the coming reign of our sovereign lady Queen Elizabeth, by the only preachers and scaffold-players of this new religion, all things are changed and turned upside down; . . . obedience is gone, humility and meekness clean abolished, virtuous, chaste, and strait living abandoned, and all degrees and kinds desirous of fleshly and carnal liberty."

Storey was much more bold; for when he was reproached for having been an ecclesiastical commissioner in the first, or beardless,* parliament of Elizabeth, "I see," said he, "nothing to be sorry for; but am rather sorry that I have done no more, and that I had not more earnestly given my advice to spare the little twigs and shoots, but to strike more boldly at the roots and great branches."† Such was the offence given by this courageous speech, that he was obliged to fly and hide himself; but was soon taken in the west country, disguised in a frieze coat like a serving-man; and being brought before the council, was by them committed to the Queen's Bench; from whence he was transferred to the Tower in 1560, together with Feckenham Abbot of Westminster, Watson Bishop of Lincoln, Cole Dean of St. Paul's, and Chedley Archdeacon of Middlesex.‡

Whilst his enemies were devising some legal way to put him to death, he contrived to make his escape; and after lying hid for some time in the houses of divers of his friends, landed again in safety in Belgium, and took up his quarters at Louvain. He was here tormented with many doubts whether he had done well to escape from a martyrdom to which he thought God had called him. He often talked this over with his wife and friends; and Father Saunders tells us he once consulted him, whether he ought not to go back and put himself in the power of his enemies. He told him not, for he was freed by the design of God; and could not count upon the grace of God, if without His evident wish he returned to England. He then wished to pass the remainder of his life in doing penance among the Carthusians of Louvain; but his wife would not agree to the proposition; he however spent as much time among them as he could. But his enemies at home were not idle; and the martyrdom which he so ardently desired,

* It was composed principally of licentious young men. Sir Thos. White, in a speech in the House of Commons on the change of religion, said, "It was unjust that a religion begun in such a miraculous way, and established by most grave men, should be abolished by a set of beardless boys."

† This speech may be found in Holinshed, edition 1587, vol. ii. page 1180; and is alluded to in a short life of Dr. Storey by Father Saunders, in the seventh book of his work *De Visibili Monarchiâ*, fol. edit. 1571.

‡ Strype, Ann. Eliz. 149.

he was by the grace of God at length enabled to attain to. Elizabeth, Leicester, and Cecil, laid the following plot to entrap him. The King of Spain, and Duke of Alva, having appointed an office at Antwerp for the search of all English ships going into or coming out of that port, one William Parker,* brother of the Archbishop, a wool-draper, a man well skilled in mercantile affairs, was largely bribed by the council to go to the Low Countries to the Duke of Alva, and professing himself a fugitive from England, and a convert to the Catholic faith, to solicit the office in question. The Duke, rejoicing beyond measure in having such a near relation to the chief spiritual heretic in England for a convert and refugee, and withal a man so skilled in mercantile affairs, gladly conferred on him the office he asked for. As soon as he was installed, he named as his assistant Dr. Storey, who was in great poverty, and had a wife and four young children to support, besides nephews and nieces—for two families of Storey were then living at Louvain. He considered it his duty to his family to accept the office, against the wish of his friends, who told him it was an odious one, and unworthy of him. Thus the first part of the plot was successful; the second we shall describe very briefly, as we shall lay letters from the principal performers of it before our readers which will more fully explain it. It seems that a certain John Mershe, one John Lee, and a man named Saltanstall, were agents for Cecil in the Low Countries. They, with Parker, and a certain Pigotte, laid a plan that a ship, sufficiently manned and armed for the purpose, should enter the port of Antwerp; and that Dr. Storey should be induced to visit it for prohibited goods, which were to be placed in her. This plan nearly failed, owing to the indiscretion of Pigotte, and the information of one of the sailors, who suspected the plot, and ran away, and afterwards told Parker to take care of himself, thinking he was the victim of, and not a partaker in, the conspiracy. However, three merchants trading to the Low Countries, viz. Roger Ramsden, Martin Bragge, and Simon Jewkes, allured by the bribes of the lords of the council, were found ready to undertake the dangerous enterprise which Pigotte had mismanaged. The plan was, that as soon as Dr. Storey and Parker should go under the hatches to search the cargo, the hatches were to be shut down, and the two conveyed to Eng-

* So at least it is affirmed in a marginal note attached to one of William Parker's letters to Cecil, in the State-Paper Office, although Strype does not mention William as one of his brothers, probably as being a Popish lost sheep, as he (not knowing the plot) must have considered him. Many of the Archbishop's near relations were connected with the wool trade, according to Strype, and his father's name was William; it was therefore a family name and family trade.

land, all sail being set as quickly as possible; nobody knowing at the time the complicity of Parker but Mershe, who, under the English government, was chief conspirator. This was accordingly acted upon, and was perfectly successful. Dr. Storey was landed at Yarmouth (not Harwich, as Wood tells us) on the evening of August 14, 1570. The next day he sent the following letter to Cecil, dated 15th August 1570:

“In first proof that I am personally present in this the queen’s majesty’s town of Yarmouth, I am bold to scribble unto your honour these presents. The circumstances of my apprehension on water by Zealand, this bearer and his company, diligent and yet merciful, can better declare than myself, deceived by my simple and yet foxy skipper, can but by conjecture declare. If it shall stand to your pleasure to have me restored to my keeper, from whom like a very wreckling I did escape, then it is my humble suit unto her majesty and your honour so to temper the yet continued heat of my said keeper, that he content himself with laying on irons on that of my legs which is only able to bear the same, until your leisure may serve to call the corpus before you, or so with charity to dispose the same, now much decaying and decayed, by competent lodging, that it perish not *ante tempus a Deo præfixum*.

If any preoccupation have been used with your honour of me by Mr. John Mershe, late at Brussels, or Mr. Thomas Palie, now turned a *Je . . . , it may yet like you *audire alteram partem*, in which your doing, *sicut non pænitebit; ita opposita juxta seposita magis elucescent*. Decimo quinto Aug. Tui honoris orator,

JOHANNES STOREY.”†

This letter was sent to Cecil by Parker and Simon Jewkes, as the following items of the bill of expenses sent to him, which we shall afterwards comment upon, will testify; Parker being a nominal prisoner, and Jewkes his keeper:

Paid at Yarmouth, for three horses and a post, sent up	£	s.	d.
with Parker and Simon Jewkes	2	1	4
Paid them in their purses, to bear their charge to London			
and to the court‡	3	0	0

Parker, however, broke down on his journey when he got to St. Alban’s; and sent Cecil the following letter from thence:

“RIGHT HONOURABLE,—Not long since your honour was advertised from Yarmouth of the arrival of Dr. Storey, brought from beyond the seas by me and my supports, or assistants, the 14th of this instant, about eight of the clock in the afternoon; since which time I have been travelling towards your honour, with whom my

* Illegible.

† State-Paper, Domestic, Eliz., vol. lxxiii. art. 18.

‡ Domestic, Eliz., vol. lxxiii. art. 64.

heartly desire is to have conference of these things which in these affairs doth appertain; but being a man not used much to travel, I have over-travelled myself, so as yet I could not attain to the presence of your honour, and also not having any determinate time to have any access to your honour, do as yet remain attending the appointment of your honour, which I require, if it may stand with your honour to signify the same by the bearer hereof, and then shall I give my diligent attendance at all times, according to my bounden duty herewith. The Almighty have your honour in His blessed tuition. From St. Alban's, this present night, 18th August 1570. By your honour's obedient during life,

WILLIAM PARKER.*

Roger Ramsden, Martin Bragge, and the rest, set off with their prisoner after a three days' abode in Yarmouth, having received a strict injunction to let him speak to no one; and so strictly was this order observed, that one Gosling, a bailiff, got into trouble for supplying him with kersey to make hose of. The bill here also supplies us with considerable information:

Paid for our charges at Yarmouth, the space of three days, with the Dr., Parker, and the rest, so long as they were in our company, as also that which was spent on the men and mariners	£	s.	d.
		3	15 0
Paid for all our charges from Yarmouth to London		5	10 0
Paid for all our charges here in London, to this 26th August, with our horse-meat the first night		0	13 2

The lords of the council ordered Dr. Watts, Archdeacon of London, to take care of Dr. Storey till the Lollards' Tower could be got ready for his reception; for no common prison would do for such a man. "In my poor opinion," writes Lord Cobham to Cecil, "no common prison is fit for him, for he shall find too many friends."† No, the man who might have put Cecil and Leicester, and Elizabeth herself, to death, and had only put them in fear, was not to be allowed the use of friends. He was to have no common prison; the vindictiveness of the court faction was to ape the vengeance of God, and Dr. Storey was to be punished by that wherein he had sinned. The Lollards' Tower, in which he had shut up the heretics whom the ancient laws then punished, was to be new-locked and bolted to shut him up. The following letter of Watts to Cecil, dated August 26, 1570, acknowledges the receipt of the illustrious prisoner:

"With remembrance of my bounden duty to your honour, it may please the same to be advertised, that upon Friday last in the even-

* Domestic, Eliz., vol. lxxiii. art. 21.

† State-Paper Office, Domestic, 18th Aug. 1570, vol. lxxiii. art. 24.

ing, Dr. Storey was brought unto my house to London by certain men of Yarmouth, with a letter from the queen's majesty's council to receive him into my charge; which thing I did according to their commandment, albeit I am very unmeet and unprovided for such a charge. . . . The Lollards' Tower shall be made ready for him about Tuesday next. The locks and bolts of the doors were broken off at the death of Queen Mary, and never repaired since, and therefore require a time to be made new again. My house is so weak that I am forced to get men to watch every night, which is a great trouble to me; and the care that I have of his safe keeping (being a person of whom such an account is made) doth much impair my health. I will commit him to Lollards' Tower as soon as it is ready, and will appoint a couple of keepers to keep him there, which, as I understand, is your honour's meaning. God preserve your honour in long life and health. Your honour's to command,

THOMAS WATTS.*

The Lollards' Tower was soon ready for him, as the following extract of a letter from Thomas Watts to Cecil, dated September 4th, 1570, will show:

"With humble remembrance of my bounden duty unto your honour, it may please the same to be advertised, that according to your order Storey is committed to Lollards' Tower, where he hath been since Friday in the morning last. He seemeth to take little thought for any matters, and is as perverse in mind concerning religion as heretofore he hath been; and plainly saith that what he did in Queen Mary's time he did it lawfully, because he was but a minister of the law; and if the like law were again, he might do the like. I have appointed two of my neighbours, being honest men and favourers of the truth, to be his keepers jointly, and have divided the keys of the prison between them, so as the one cannot come at him without the other; and I have given them strait charge to keep him secret and safe, and not to suffer any to have conference with him. . . ."

We shall now leave Dr. Storey for a while, to show our readers how all the rogues engaged in this conspiracy, from Cecil to the sailors, quarrelled over the payment and division of the spoil. William Parker was the luckiest of all; for as Cecil did not desire the share he had in it to be known, and as, for appearance-sake, he was to be kept in prison and tried with Dr. Storey, as an accomplice with him, under the pretence that both of them were entrapped and brought over as traitors, it was necessary to pay him very handsomely not to divulge the plot, and to submit quietly to his imprisonment in the Tower, to which very shortly both he and Storey were transferred, as will appear by the following extract:

* Domestic, Eliz., vol. lxxiii. art. 30.

† Ibid. art. 53.

Demands of Sir Owen Hopton, Lieutenant of the Tower, for prisoners' charges from 1st Feb. to 7th April 1571.

Among other items :

Item, for the diet and charges of Wm. Parker for nine weeks, at 13s. 4d. a week, one keeper at 5s. a week, and fuel and candles 4s.	£	s.	d.
		10	12 0
Item, for Dr. Storey, ditto, ditto*		10	12 0

The three merchants, however, sent in their bill for money paid out of pocket, not including their own reward, amounting to 177*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*; among the items of which the following suspicious ones are found :

Paid more that we were fain to give to be released of a hoye we bought at Barrow, that was not so able to serve our turn as we took her to be	£	s.	d.
		16	13 4
Paid more to be released of ten sacks of tow and other things, which at the first were determined to be laid on the said hoye, but after we determined to the contrary		3	2 8

They then charge 50*l.* for the hire of a hoye, and 30*l.* for the hire of three mariners, one of whom ran away *after* he had been paid, being in all 80*l.*; whereas Cecil, by making inquiries, found they had paid but 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for both ship and men; so their bill was taxed, and they were paid but 68*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.*, notwithstanding many strenuous letters of Mershe to Cecil, that it were better to give way and pay the bill, for if they were made discontented, the affair might acquire an awkward publicity,—Cecil, in one of his last letters to Mershe (after the affair had gone on some time, and Dr. Storey was executed), jocosely saying that if the young men were not satisfied, they might have Dr. Storey's carcass among them to sell as relics. The young men at last invented a new tale, namely, that they had left 2300*l.* of debt behind them in the Low Countries, which the Duke of Alva had confiscated; for that the seizure of Dr. Storey, who was on terms of friendship with him (the Duke), had very much embittered both the King of Spain and him against Elizabeth and her government. However, if there had been any truth about the 2300*l.* of debt, we doubt whether they would have been a whole twelve-month in finding it out as an argument for the payment of their bill; and we have still greater doubts whether they would have undertaken the affair with the almost certain prospect of losing every thing they had in the Low Countries.

We give one of their whining letters to Cecil, dated June 1571, a few days after Storey's execution :

* State-Paper, Domestic, Elizabeth, vol. lxxiii. art. 46.

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MY VERY GOOD LORD THE LORD OF BURGHLEY,—The cold answer, right honourable, which of late we received of Mr. Mershe to his motion, made, as he saith, of our cause unto your lordship, had wholly dismayed us, had not both the right honourable Earl of Leicester sundry times declared unto us the contrary; and you yourself of your great goodness very lately confirmed the same, which yieldeth us indeed great hope that notwithstanding the said Mershe's discouragement, we are shortly to have some good end of that which so long we had sued for, wherein undoubtedly your great bounty shall so much the more appear and shine, as our present necessity doth urgently crave the same; and our hope is likewise the better assured, in that you have used, as of late we understand, so great liberality* towards Parker, whose good happ in that behalf, as we do not in any wise malign, so doubt we not but our travail and losses, without whom he had never prevailed, will also be somewhat considered accordingly. Yet forasmuch as those, perhaps, to whom we had partly trusted, have not so effectually declared our cause as both by promise and in conscience they are bound to do, and to the intent (whatsoever report be made to the contrary) it may plainly appear unto your lordship, that of all prudence touching those affairs ours hath been and still is the greatest, may it please your lordship to understand the whole order how we came first to deal in this matter. The thing being pretended and planned by others long before, charge was committed unto one Pigotte to furnish a ship with men and mariners sufficient for such a purpose. He proceeded therein so far, that the very place, time, and tide was appointed, where the Doctor should be shipped with the whole train almost in all points as we now lastly used, for none other to that end could aptly have served; but in effect those matters were so slenderly handled, that when it came to the very point, all was dashed and like to be discovered; for beside that the men and mariners forsook the enterprise, and refused to deal any more therein, certain of them letted not to make exclamation at Parker's house, where Storey and all other rebels resorted; and not knowing that Parker was privy thereunto, warned him, as he said unto us himself, to take heed, for there were that pretended to carry him and another into England. Until the matter was brought into this exigent, we never dealt therein, nor once understood of any such pretence; and in this extremity did one John Lee, gentleman, break the news unto us, declaring how lewdly Pigotte had ordered the matters, greatly complaining the danger he stood in himself, being in fear their enterprise would be bewrayed, that in very deed he once determined with the rest to have fled and absented themselves, for fear of the peril which was like to ensue; and so far discoursed upon the matter with us, that plainly we perceived him to be the principal dealer therein by order from hence, and the only man that

* There is a sign-manual of Queen Elizabeth in the Chapter-House, granting him an annuity of 100 marks, till better advanced by pension or office, besides 20*l.* down. July 11th, 1571.

by promises of great rewards and other things had allured Parker to consent thereunto :* craving instantly (for so much as he brought the matter so far) our aid and assistance in that distress towards the accomplishing of the rest ; whereunto, although in heart we were very well inclined, yet could we not upon such a sudden be persuaded to hazard all that we had and our lives withal, until such time as, upon sight of certain letters which he showed us from Mr. Saltan-stall and Mr. Mershe, wherein your lordship was also mentioned, he showed in the end your lordship's own letter for confirmation of the rest, without which indeed we had not so far endangered ourselves at that sudden. But perceiving thereby that our service should be great and very acceptable to the State, we judged no time to be omitted, nor any danger refused, which might further so good an enterprise. So that it was neither Lee, Saltan-stall, or Mershe, but the credit of your lordship's letters, my lord, that moved us, all other things set apart, presently to employ ourselves that way, and without further deliberation to hazard our lives, and all that ever we had, rather than so good a piece of service should be overthrown. It was a dangerous attempt, and very well handled of Lee, the winning of Parker to consent thereunto ; for without him the Doctor could never have been blinded in such sort as he was. But all the rest was our deed only, and no man's else, as we trust Lee hath long sithence writ unto your lordship ; and we have also his letters to testify the same, if need require, whereby it shall plainly appear, if Mr. Mershe have not likewise reported accordingly, that he hath greatly abused us. As for Parker, be it spoken under correction, my lord, it was the opinion which Storey had of his simplicity, and not his own policy, that so deceived and allured him into those dangers ; which thing Storey by this one point sufficiently declared, in that he thought him not able to deal in any matter touching his office without his presence to guide and direct him ; and sure I am your lordship doth well perceive him to be very incapable of any such affairs as these were. For our parts, more assistance than of a very child or infant we never had of him, and accordingly were forced from time to time to instruct him what he should say or do in every respect ; and for his office, if your lordship make account what he hath lost thereby, surely as it was his only substance, it is well known, although he bore the name, that it was a matter of trust, and that Storey notwithstanding would have reaped the greatest fruit thereof. For our parts, right honourable, besides that we lack a great part of our disbursed money, and the great charge which we have been at in following her majesty's court these ten months continually, what we have lost and are likely to lose, if we should so amply declare as our cause requireth, your lordship may think it very much ; for over and above the 2300*l.* heretofore mentioned, our liberty and traffic in those places hath hitherto maintained the estate of mean merchants, whereof we are now wholly destitute. And for mine own part, those

* They were all ignorant of the original plot between the lords of the council and Parker, which was kept as a great State secret.

hopes which on the behalf of my wife I am like to lose, I would not willingly have given for 1000 marks. Thus humbly beseeching your lordship to weigh our cause with compassion, for that Mr. Mershe declaring unto us so heavy a message from you, the same is a double grief that your lordship should wish us Dr. Storey's carcass among us, as Mr. Mershe saith, or otherwise to make some more reasonable suit, wherein, my good lord, as we have lost all that ever we had in doing this service; so for that matter that we require tends to the queen's majesty's profit, and the commonweal, and is but a casualty to what it may be worth to countervail our damages before mentioned; yet we humbly content ourselves therewith, desirous no further to enjoy it than as the same be not prejudicial to the intercourse and good policy of the State. And now, if we be driven to change our suit again, as we were once before for the matter of leather, we must be driven withal to beg our bread, and so leave to trouble your lordship any more. But behold your lordship as our good patron, whose goodness it is to consider how extremely we be forced, whilst that we must trouble you with so many words. But we beseech you of pardon and some end, whatsoever it be. For these five months the Earl of Leicester hath promised us good despatch; and so we be put off to our greater destruction, fed only with hopes, and lastly are furthest now from any relief at all. Praying God to move his heart, and to preserve your good lordship in all felicity, your honour's most humble orator,

ROGER RAMSDEN."*

We are unable to inform our readers whether they ever got their money; but as for Parker, there are several letters from him to Cecil, in after years, by which it appears that the lord-treasurer employed him as an agent and a spy. In one of them he tells Cecil that it was a lucky thing he bore the same family name as Lord Morley (a noted Catholic fugitive); for he was often taken for a member of his family, and so acquired considerable information. In another he says: "Having experimented as well beyond the seas, as also here in my own country, the trade of merchandises, and frequenting the company of merchants daily beyond the seas more than here in these parts, by reason of my calling and advancement by the Duke of Alva to office."† He then relates a conversation he had with a merchant at Antwerp; who was free before him, "trusting that it would never be his luck to come again into England."

But we must now go back to Dr. Storey. We left him in the Tower of London, where he had been placed after a short residence in Lollards' Tower. The difficulty Cecil and Leicester had, was to trump up some charge of treason against him, by which he might be legally put to death; for

* State-Paper, Domestic, Elizabeth, vol. lxxviii. art. 50.

† Lansdowne Mss., 41, art. 22.

it was clear they could not make his having been ecclesiastical commissioner under Queen Mary, or his speech in the House of Commons, treason, although they were the real cause of his execution. It was not till Easter 1571 that they concocted an indictment against him. It seems that he had been on friendly terms with the Nortons and other refugees, actors in the northern rebellion, who had been indicted for treason. He was therefore indicted for comforting traitors; and one of the particular charges against him was, that "he came one day to Parker's house at Antwerp; where, sitting at dinner, the elder Norton and some other of his company came in from the church; and one said, this is Norton; and thereupon Storey rose and gave him place and bid him welcome, and so the elder Norton sat down in Storey's place."*

The indictment against him is still extant in the State-Paper Office,† and shows how false were the virulent and spiteful attacks of the authors of two tracts against him; the one called *The Copy of a Letter lately sent by a Gentleman Student in the Laws of the Realm to a Friend of his, concerning Dr. Storey*;‡ and the other, *Declaration of the Life and Death of John Storey*, 1571.§

After reciting the indictment against Richard Norton, Thomas Markenfield, Christopher Neville, Francis Norton, and Thomas Jenny, for their share in the rebellion in the north; also that the said Richard Norton and the rest traitorously fled to Antwerp; it goes on to present:

"That John Storey, of London, doctor of laws; William Parker, of London, draper; and John Prestall, of London, gentleman, feloniously and traitorously conspired, compassed, and imagined the death of the queen, and her deprivation; and well knowing that Richard Norton and the rest had committed, done, and perpetrated divers treasons and rebellions in England, did feloniously and traitorously, at Antwerp and divers other places, comfort, receive, entertain, and assist the said Richard Norton and the rest, against their allegiance, &c., and against the peace, &c., and against the statute in that case made and provided."

He was brought to Westminster Hall on the 26th May, before the judges of the Queen's Bench, and arraigned. He refused to plead, saying "that he was not an English subject; that men were not born slaves, but freemen; that kings were made for the people, and not the people for their kings; that the doctrine of natural allegiance was tyrannical and unjust,

* Extracted from Dr. Storey's confessions.

† Domestic, Eliz. vol. lxxvii. art. 64.

‡ Reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany, vol. viii. p. 608.

§ Ibid. vol. iii. p. 100; and in Lord Somers' Tracts, vol. i. p. 480.

for that as men were born free, they had a right to choose their own country, and could owe no allegiance before they had sworn allegiance." He acknowledged, however, that he was born in England. "Then," said they, "it follows you are a subject to the queen and laws of the realm." He replied: "God commanded Abraham to go forth from the land and country where he was born, from his friends and kinsfolk, into another country; and so he, following his example, for conscience-sake in religion, did forsake his country and the laws of the realm and the prince, and had given himself up to the service of another Governor."

Perceiving they were about to give judgment against him, he said they had no law so to do; then turning to the people, he said: "Good people, I trust ye see how violently I am used, and how unjustly and contrary to all equity they use me." He added: "He had good hope he was not destitute of some friends there that would inform King Philip how cruelly they dealt with him." One of them said to him: "Master Storey, because you think it violence that is shown to you instead of law and justice, you shall know that we do nothing but what we may do by law and equity." Then one of the judges said: "This is Scarborough's case." "Nay," said Storey, "my case is not Scarborough's case; but indeed I had Scarborough's warning* to come to this arraign, for I knew nothing of it till seven o'clock this morning." Then a book was given him, to see what they might do by law; and when he had read it, the judge asked him "how he liked it?" Storey answered: "God have mercy upon me;" and so he was sentenced in the usual way.

Quite right too, Dr. Storey; you Elizabethan Catholics are much too advanced in your notions of the rights of man. We have already seen one accomplished gentleman, Sir Thomas Tresham, fined and imprisoned for refusing to take an oath that would probably have cost him his ears, and for insisting on the right of an accused party not to be forced to criminate himself; and now we have to defend you for the abominable doctrine that a man is not delivered over bound hand and foot, or rather body and soul, into the hands of any ogre who may happen to be sitting on the throne, simply because the poor man was born within the fortunate dominions of the ogre aforesaid. You really do hold that a civilised man who has the misfortune to be born of civilised parents within the territories of Mumbo-Jumbo or Nangaro, may if he chooses migrate to another realm, and transfer his

* First knocking a man down, and then bidding him stand; an old proverb, called by the common people in those days "Scarborough's warning."

allegiance to a more sympathetic sovereign! Fatal error, which we can only stigmatise as it deserves, in the words of an indignant contemporary, the same law-student to whom we have already referred. "It appears," quoth he, "that Dr. Storey said at his arraignment, 'that kings were chosen first by the people for their necessities, and not the people for their kings; and therefore the people might leave their kings when they had no more need of them.'" (Indeed! no need of the "light of their eyes" and the "breath of their nostrils"?) "And so," continues the student, "the conclusion, in his opinion, served for him that he might refuse his natural liege lady and queen: *a traitorous and monstrous error, worthy of some monstrous death, according to the monstrosity of the treason.*" You perceive, Mr. Thackeray, that if the people of England would but have listened to their Popish instructors three centuries ago, they would have been spared the necessity of being physicked into the same frame of mind by the infliction of the four Georges.

Having thus been seized in a foreign land by craft and violence, and condemned in a country that he never wished to enter again, and to which he had openly repudiated all allegiance, he was taken back to the Tower. On his way there he was insulted by the rabble, who shouted after him such doggrel as the following:

"Master Doctor Storey,
For you they are right sorry,
The courts of Louvain and Rome.
Your holy father the Pope
Cannot save you from the rope;
The hangman shall have your gown."

Two days after his condemnation he wrote a letter to his wife at Louvain. He said he might easily have refuted the charge of treason, had he wished, had he called those as witnesses with whom he was said to have plotted at Antwerp; but that his conscience would not allow him to plead otherwise than he had done; for he could not plead as if he acknowledged an excommunicated queen, and especially could not according to his conscience acknowledge the jurisdiction of any judge appointed by one so excommunicated, for fear of being himself involved in the same condemnation. In order, therefore, to save his own conscience, and that he might die in the communion of Holy Church, he did not hesitate to shed his blood. He therefore not only returned thanks to God that he was thought worthy to die for so good a cause, but thought that his wife and all his friends would congratulate him, if they really knew with what eagerness he prepared himself for

that death by which in so short a time he would expiate the faults of a life of nearly seventy years.

The fanatical preachers who had hitherto annoyed him with their importunities now left him; and on the evening before his execution the lieutenant of the Tower asked him if he would like any minister of God to attend him. He replied that he should, provided he were no heretic or schismatic. The lieutenant upon this allowed Dr. Feckenham, Abbot of Westminster, who happened to be imprisoned in the Tower at the same time, to remain all night in his chamber: nearly the last time that such a favour was granted. On the next morning, the 1st of June, he was placed on a hurdle and drawn to Tyburn; and when the rope was placed round his neck, he made a long speech to the people, which will be found in the tract before mentioned, reprinted in the third volume of the Harleian Miscellany. He said he had come there to die; and were the death ten times more fierce, that he had deserved it. He thanked God he had been comforted the night past by good and godly men, who had taken away from him the fear of death. He appealed to God the Father, trusting in the passion of His Son Christ Jesus, and hoping by the shedding of His blood only to be saved. That as David had sinned and had to suffer a temporal punishment, so had he. Then he gave the history of his seizure and indictment. He said he was sure God had wrought it, and that it was by His grace he was brought there to die. He then defended himself from the charge of cruelty with which he was accused when acting as ecclesiastical commissioner. "Wherefore I pray you," said he, "name me not cruel. I would be loth to have any such slander to run on me. But sith I die in charity, I pray you all of charity to pray for me, that God may strengthen me with patience to suffer my death, to the which I yield most willingly. And here I make a petition to you, my friends, that would have bestowed any thing on me,—I beseech you, for charity's sake, bestow it yearly on my wife, who hath four small children; and God hath now taken me away, that was her staff and stay; and now my daughter Weston and her three children have gone over to her, and I know not how they shall do for food, unless they go begging for it from door to door. I have good hope that you will be good to her; for she is the faithfullest wife, the lovingest, the constantest, that ever man had; and twice we have lost all that ever we had; and now she hath lost me, to her great grief, I know."* He then spoke about his reli-

* She received a pension from the King of Spain of sixteen and a half dollars a-month after his death.

gion. He said he would die in the faith he was born in, namely, the Catholic Church; out of which, as in the time of the deluge out of the ark of Noah, there is no salvation. He said that he, to his sorrow, fell out of the ark once;* but by the grace of God he found a boat with three oars—to wit, contrition, confession, and absolution—by which he was saved; and he never left the ship again. Lord Hunsdon said to him: “Are you not the queen’s subject?” Storey said: “Every man is born free, and he hath the whole face of the earth before him, to dwell and abide in where he liketh best; and if he cannot live here, he may go elsewhere.” One of the ministers present told him not to make so light of our noble queen and country, and told him to confess she was supreme head of the Church of England and Ireland; to which he answered, he came not there to dispute, but to die.

His execution was conducted with more atrocious cruelty than was usual even in those most barbarous times. Lords Burghley and Hunsdon, the Earl of Bedford, and another earl, whom we may not uncharitably suppose to have been Leicester, came to gloat over the dying moments of the man they both hated and feared in Queen Mary’s days, and detested still. Dr. Fulke, a celebrated Protestant controversialist, and many others of the leading Puritans, were present. He was cut down the instant he was hanged, in order that he might have all his senses about him. He was then stripped; and as soon as the executioner began his obscene and disgusting function, the modest martyr rose up and gave him a box on the ear. He was, however, held down by three or four men while the rest of the cruel butchery was performed.

By the Franciscans and Carthusians he was held in particular veneration as a saint, and his relics were honoured and placed over the altars in certain of their churches. His martyrdom was represented on the church-walls of the English college in Rome. He, as well as Felton, who was hanged the previous year for posting the excommunication of Elizabeth on the Bishop of London’s gates, both died in defence of the supremacy of the Holy See. We hope the time is coming when the cases of some of the martyrs who fell in England in the cause of religion will be considered, from the time

* He alludes to having taken the oath of supremacy in Henry VIIIth’s time, which he ever after mentioned with tears, giving God thanks for restoring him to the unity of the Church. He alludes to it in his will, in these words: “For breaking any command set forth by the authority of the Church, and for the non-observing of any of her decrees, and especially for my offence in forsaking the unity of it by acknowledging any other supreme head than Christ’s deputy here on earth, St. Peter and his successors, I do most humbly and penitently cry God mercy.”

of Henry VIII. downwards; and that it will soon be discovered that great saints and martyrs, who would not disgrace the calendar, have existed, even in our fallen land.

The malice of Dr. Storey's enemies did not cease with his death: most violent attacks were made on his memory.* Every thing which he did as a young man which could in any way tell invidiously was brought up against him to blacken his character;—nay, the very cries he uttered at the time of his execution, urged by the sharpness of the pain, were brought against him by way of reproach. Both Strype and Bishop Kennet† tell us that Dr. Fulke, in one of his numerous works, we forget which, thus wrote against him: "Such as were manifestly void of patience can be no true martyrs, as were most of those rebels and traitors; and Storey by name, who, for all his glorious tale, in the time of his deserved execution by quartering was so impatient, that he did not only cry and roar like a hell-hound, but also struck the executioner doing his office, and resisted as long as strength did serve him, being kept down by three or four men till he was dead; and he uttered no voice of prayer in all that time of his crying, as I heard of the very executioner himself, beside them that stood by, but only roared and cried as one overcome by the sharpness of the pain." Thus wrote Fulke. We have a different opinion, namely, that the term 'hell-hound' is rather applicable to those who could complacently write such atrocious language, and to those who could come and gloat their vengeance over the sufferings of a poor dying man,—to Elizabeth and her infamous ministers, and to the Protestant bishops and clergy who were continually urging them on to still further atrocities.

The capture and execution of Dr. Storey excited great indignation among the Catholics of that time, although the exact history of it was but little known. Strype himself gives two accounts of the matter. In his *Life of Archbishop Parker*,‡ we have very nearly the true history: "Parker

* Especially in the two tracts, reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany above mentioned. Strype and Holinshed, too, are very foul-mouthed against him. The street-ballads of the time attacked him furiously. We give a short specimen:

"DIABOLUS loquitur.

Stand to it, Stapleton, Dorman, and Harding,
And Rastell, that rakehell, to maintain my order;
Bonner and Gardiner are worth the regarding,
For keeping articles so long in this border.
O Storey, Storey, thou art worthy of recording:
Thou stood'st to it stoutly against God and the king,
And at Tyburn desperately gave me an offering."

† Bishop Kennet's Biographical Collections, in the Lansdowne Mss. 931, fol. 108.

‡ vol. ii. p. 366.

was procured by certain persons, to which they say Cecil was privy, to go to Antwerp and decoy Storey;" but then he adds, that "the Roman Catholics did not forget Parker; for this year, for some pretence, he was cast into prison by the craft and malice of Storey's private friends as a pirate." As if Catholics had any influence in those days: the real history being, as we said before, that Storey and Parker were both placed under the hatches as equally prisoners; both conveyed to England apparently against their will; both imprisoned in the Tower and arraigned on the same indictment, in order that the complicity between Cecil and Parker might not leak out; and Parker was well paid for submitting to it with good grace. Strype tells us in another place* that Parker was a merchant, trading to Antwerp; and when Storey came to search his vessel unnecessarily, he was so angry, that he set sail and brought him to England on his own responsibility; a version evidently untrue, but one which we dare say Cecil wished to be believed.

Catholics, however, must have known a great deal of the truth about it in those days; and in some instances spoke out, in spite of their almost certain imprisonment and persecution in consequence. Thus Edward Neville† was informed against, for saying that "he that brought over Dr. Storey was a traitorous villain; and that whoever durst say the contrary was a villain, and lied in the throat;" and John Sentledge, for saying "he would maintain all his cousin Neville had said, though it were in presence of my lord treasurer." This Edward Neville was transferred from the Tower to the Fleet, January 3, 1598, "after a long imprisonment," probably on this account.

We do not profess to give this short account of Dr. Storey as a full history of his life and martyrdom, for which there are materials extant sufficient to make a small volume; but rather as an additional instance of the cruelty of the Elizabethan period, and to bring into more notice as illustrious, though not so well-known a martyr, as Fathers Campian, Southwell, Walpole, and others are.

* In his *Life of Sir J. Cheek*. † *Lansdowne Mss.* 97, art. 23.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE PACIFIC.

SCARCELY a generation has passed away since Cook steered his adventurous course among the coral-reefs and palm-tree islets of the Pacific archipelago; first set foot on the continent of Australia, or, anchoring to refresh under the wooded shores of New Zealand, predicted that it might one day become the Britain of the south. The great Pacific, so lately desolate, in less than a generation has become a highway of nations. Stately cities are even now arising with a rapidity unexampled in the history of mankind; and races, destined no doubt to play an important part in the future of the globe, are already peopling the antipodes of Europe. In the midst of this vigorous young life stand the native Australian and Pacific-islander races in sad contrast,—worn out, and gradually decaying.

Of all the phases of the life of nations, there are few more interesting, and generally none more sad, than that which presents barbarism suddenly placed face to face with superior civilisation and mental energy. Ordinarily the savage, proud in his wild independence, or too brutalised by ages of barbarism to perceive his inferiority, resists the superior race, having no points of sympathy with it, and many of antagonism and repugnance. He is driven back, and ultimately disappears. Such a case is that of the unfortunate aborigines of Australia. But the Pacific islanders, chiefly of Malay origin,—such as the New Zealander, the Tahitian, and the Sandwich islander,—belong to another category. They afford perhaps the only instance in the world of a people in many respects purely savage, and even sometimes cannibal, yet manifesting a desire to receive and partially amalgamate with a superior race; and in a certain degree to avail itself of a material civilisation above its own.

It is to the Pacific islanders of this class that we now propose to devote a small space; and the subject is one that not only possesses an intrinsic interest of its own, but is deserving of the especial notice of Catholics, from the fact that the Pacific islanders are the only people to whom Protestant missionaries have been able to point with any appearance of plausibility as an instance of the success of their evangelising efforts.

We shall refer more especially in this notice to the New Zealander, as perhaps the most perfect type of the race, both physically and morally; as being the native inhabitant of

one of our youngest but most promising colonies ; and lastly, as the New Zealander is so frequently exalted as the model neophyte, nay, the perfect Christian, of Exeter Hall. Our attention, too, has been of late attracted to this subject by the following passage in a recent work by Mr. Hardwick, the "Christian advocate" of Cambridge University, entitled *Christ and other Masters* :

"In New Zealand, where but thirty years ago the natives were ferocious cannibals, the scourge of neighbouring islands, and the terror of the British seaman who was driven to their shores, we now behold a population almost as generally Christian as our own. The chiefs and people vie together in their zeal for the advancement of religion, and exhibit all that catalogue of virtues which distinguish the regenerate nature,—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

The writer of these pages, who has traversed the interior of New Zealand in several directions, and who dwelt for years in constant intercourse with the natives, must confess that he fails to recognise his old friends in the foregoing highly-coloured picture. The Pacific islander, with the Bible in his hands, is, on the contrary, a remarkable instance of the essential absurdity of the doctrine of private judgment—"the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible" system. He learns to read and write; he takes up the Bible; he is shrewd, quick-witted, and puffed up with a sudden sense of his importance. Our friend, perhaps, was not a chief; but now becomes a man of consequence as a teacher of the fashionable European doctrines. He is at once a doctor of divinity, and expounds the Scriptures in a way that might well astonish less ambitious theologians. The writer himself remembers undergoing a long lecture from a native of this class, who, insisting upon the superior godliness of his tribe, and of himself in particular, laid down the broad principle that the Gospel was never meant for Europeans. Some of their deductions are ingenious, if not moral. A well-known chief at Wellington, when remonstrated with for indulging in a plurality of wives, was ready with the example of Solomon, who was even more extravagant in that particular; and another, who had sold the same piece of land three times over, being reproached by the then governor for conduct so inconsistent with his religious professions, at once justified himself by pleading scriptural authority. "I read," said he, "When thou hast sold thy land, doth it not again return unto thee?"*—a reference to the Judaical sabbath-year which un-

* The Maori theologian was probably quoting the text Lev. xxvii. 24, *memo-riser*. It is correct in substance, though not in words.

doubtedly proved deep research, and a happy talent of applying his knowledge to his own cases of conscience. It may well be imagined that instances of this kind might be multiplied *ad infinitum*.

And if in expounding the Scriptures the natives are thus singularly felicitous, in their collateral comments they have at least the merit of originality. The writer has been assured that he, as a "Roman"-ist, worshipped Jupiter. Denial was quite unavailing,—on the good old principle, probably, that Catholics are not the best evidence on what they themselves believe. On another occasion, a whole assembly of natives quoted missionary authority for their statement that it was the Catholics who cast the three children of Israel into the fiery furnace; and in the heat of the discussion an old Wesleyan native stoutly advocated another clause in the indictment:—it was the Catholics who crucified our Saviour. On the last count, however, we were acquitted by a majority of voices, though unanimously condemned on the former. Similar stories were disseminated in Tahiti before the arrival of the Catholic bishop; veracious legends of child-eating prelates, and scraps of equally authentic history unknown to European annalists. Such is the foundation of most of the Protestantism of the Pacific islanders,—the Bible in the hands of semi-savages, and a strong infusion of anti-Catholic prejudice. It is, however, very doubtful how far these two elements of a popular creed have any deep hold on the majority of those calling themselves Christians. The Holy Scriptures are read, and outwardly revered; but often privately become the object of blasphemous irreverence. And as to the anti-Catholic legends, they have in most cases ended by defeating their object by their own extravagance, and have left the natives in a state of complete disbelief and religious indifference. But we shall be referred to the admirably religious letters so frequently quoted in proof of the high moral tone of the evangelical New Zealander; and that we may not be suspected of any desire to throw a veil over this strong point of our opponents, we must trouble our readers with some extracts from a parliamentary blue-book, containing, amongst other documents relating to the colony of New Zealand, an account of the death of Honi Heke, a renowned warrior-chief, and a disciple of the missionaries. Governor Grey, in a despatch to the Colonial Office, notifies the illness of the chief Heke, and encloses two copies of letters, one from Heke himself, and one from "Harriett John W. Heke Pokai," his wife. Heke informs the governor that his "disease is great; but do not you grieve about that. This is not the

everlasting abode of the body." The lady, it is true, is less lucid in her correspondence, and has evidently forgotten to add a postscript to say that her husband is dying; but her letter is nevertheless worthy of insertion:

"TO THE GOVERNOR,—My dear friend the Governor, greeting you. I send this expression of my love to the Governor and his wife Lady Grey. Friend Lady Grey, are you well, both you and your husband? I am well. Give my love to your wife.

From your affectionate sister,

To Lady Grey.

HARRIETT JOHN W. HEKE POKAI."

Amiable couple! can we apply to them the quotation of the "Christian advocate,"—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance"? Perhaps before we do so, we had better turn over a few pages, and read another letter from a certain chief named Pene Tani, which throws yet further light on the "long-suffering," if not on the "peace, meekness," &c. of poor Heke's domestic hearth:

"O FRIEND THE GOVERNOR,—Salutation to you. This is my speech to you, that you may hear and thoroughly understand that your loving friend John Heke is dead. On the 7th day of this month, at the third hour of the morning, he died; and was buried on the 11th at midnight. The cause of his death was a quarrel which he had with his wife, because John Heke had been with another woman, and on this account his wife was angry. Thus it was: Heke was sleeping in the forenoon,—he was sound asleep; then came Harriett with haui (a kind of club) and struck him on the ribs. When she had beaten him, she threw him down upon the bed; and when he was down she showered blows and kicks upon him. That is all. John Heke's death was near; he first disclosed this to me, and said, 'My death is in my right side.' He fixed his eyes upon me and pointed to Harriett, and placed his hands on his ribs. I laughed at him. Well, after his death, when he had lain two days, his body was washed, and it was seen that the injury on his ribs was very great,—matter had come from the place. On this account the assemblage of the Ngapuhi (a tribe) was very angry with Harriett; and all the property of John Heke was given up to them, nothing being left for Harriett, because Heke's relations were extremely angry. That is all of these words from me.

To Governor Grey.

From PENE TANI."

In Mr. Fox's *Six Colonies of New Zealand* an anecdote of well-known authenticity is related of the great chief Rauparaha. Renowned for his warlike achievements, but still more for his cruelty, his treachery to friends and enemies, and his talents for intrigue, Rauparaha, after the massacre of

the Wairau, "placed himself," says Mr. Fox, "under missionary protection; and by pretending conversion and likening himself to St. Paul, succeeded in hoodwinking his protectors." Unfortunately we have not at hand the blue-book which contains the letters by which he for a time blinded the generally acute governor, Sir George Grey, at the very moment he was supplying arms and ammunition to be used against the government. Detected and held in detention, he was ultimately allowed to return to Otaki, his native place.

"There (we quote again from Mr. Fox) he resumed his pretensions to sanctity. 'I saw,' says an intelligent but newly-arrived clergyman who visited him at this time, 'amongst the other men of note, the old and once-powerful chief Rauparaha, who, notwithstanding his great age of more than eighty years, is seldom missed from his class; and who, after a long life of perpetual turmoil, spent in all the savage excitement of cruel and bloody wars, is now to be seen every morning in his accustomed place, repeating those blessed truths which teach him to love the Lord with all his heart and mind and soul and strength, and his neighbour as himself.' . . . A few days before his death, when suffering under the malady which carried him off, two settlers called to see him. While there, a neighbouring missionary came in, and offered him the consolations of religion. Rauparaha demeaned himself in a manner highly becoming such an occasion; but the moment the missionary was gone, he turned to his other visitors, and said: 'What is the use of all that nonsense? that will do my belly no good!' He then turned the conversation to the Wanganni races, where one of his guests had been running a horse. Such were the last days of Rauparaha."

And such, in the opinion of those who know the natives best, and whom the natives have no object in deceiving, is the real measure of much of that outward piety they so readily assume. Regular as many of them constantly are in singing hymns and repeating prayers, it is not possible until one has been a good deal amongst them to judge how little reality such practices have for them beyond a mere form and a sign of respectability. The almost superstitious observance of the Sunday is another singular feature in their "Christianity." The writer has known every New Zealander in a village refuse to assist some Europeans in seeking for a native of their own tribe who had been lost in the bush, and was supposed to have been hurt or taken ill,—which proved to be the case,—because it was a Sunday. The native had been missed on Saturday, and it was represented to them that he might be dead by Monday; in which they fully concurred, but persisted in their refusal to "desecrate the Sabbath;"—they would

wait till Monday, and then find him, dead or alive. The unfortunate man was a native of very inferior rank; had he been a chief, the case would no doubt have been different. And yet, as if to illustrate the mass of inconsistencies that make up the savage character, in nine cases out of ten the refusal to act as guide, as ferryman, to supply food to a traveller, on a Sunday,—all of which are of common occurrence,—is generally simply a ruse to obtain extra payment. One payment for the service, and another “for breaking the holy day,” is a demand well known to New-Zealand travellers, accompanied sometimes by a request from the more conscientious that the payment may be placed under a stone, to be taken up on Monday. An officer of a United-States frigate which touched at Hawaio in the Sandwich Islands related to the writer an incident which is unfortunately characteristic. He had landed at Hilo, the seat of a flourishing American mission, and had taken a walk one Sunday evening into the adjoining country. Tired and hot, he requested a young native to sell him a few of the oranges which grew on the spot; but was met by an indignant refusal, on the ground of profanation of the Sabbath. Somewhat annoyed at what he considered a refinement of scrupulosity, he was turning away, when the virtuous sabbatarian followed him, and, passing a glowing eulogium on the beauty of his own sister, made him a proposition that, whilst it argued but little for the morality of the young lady in question, proved at the same time how easy it is to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

But we have given enough instances to show the character of that “Christianity” which swells the reports of Exeter Hall and the coffers of the Bible-societies. We are aware that a few isolated instances are not sufficient in themselves to prove a case; but we have adduced them as illustrations,—as types of character rather than as proofs. Personal knowledge of the New Zealanders, and, in a lesser degree, of some of the other Pacific islands; intercourse with men of all classes who have voyaged and dwelt amongst them; added to a considerable interest in the subject, and a desire to arrive at the real truth,—have all led the writer to the same conclusion. And to a Catholic at least it does not seem wonderful. Common sense, when it is not blinded by prejudices of education, would show that when the Bible is placed as the sole rule of faith in the hands of the “ignorant and the unwary” savage, he is only likely “to wrest it to his own destruction.” We can understand how the principle of the Divine authority and mission of the Catholic Church, once imprinted in the savage mind, may gradually train him up in

the way of virtue and religion; how he may gain the supernatural idea of chastity, from the example of the nun that devotes herself to teach his daughters; of self-devotion, from the priest who gives up every domestic tie to lead a lonely life of hardship and toil, and dies perhaps in the forest hardly known of man. With such examples, and with the aid of the Sacraments, a savage race may be elevated;—but elevated by beginning in humility, not in pride and self-sufficiency. So it is with the individual fallen man; so it is with races long fallen from depth to depth of barbarism. It is very fine to talk of savage virtues like the followers of Rousseau, or to depict a paradise like Herman Melville. There are, indeed, savage virtues; but they are generally very different, and founded on very different principles, from the virtues of religion, and often under a pleasing exterior hide vices worse even than those of the most corrupt civilisation; for civilisation even the most corrupt has always an under-current of religious and moral feeling, if not actual at least traditional, without which, indeed, it could not long exist; whereas in the pure state of barbarism the individual man is amenable to no tribunal of fixed ideal right and wrong, but is wholly swayed by his own passions and feelings for good or evil. As to the Tahitian and Marquesan paradises of the novelist, his paradise is one of sensuous gratification, seen through a medium of *couleur de rose*. Tahiti is to this day as licentious as in the days of Captain Cook; and yet the Tahitians, almost to a man, call themselves Protestants, sing hymns, and read the Bible; and the introduction by the missionaries of a law of divorce unknown to their native customs (and a law of divorce, too, which permits the man to marry again, and condemns the woman to perpetual widowhood) has caused them to retrograde, by removing a check which previously existed. In this respect the Sandwich islanders are on a par with the Tahitians, and the New Zealanders hardly, if at all, superior. There is one more point in the extract which we have given from the “Christian advocate’s” work which demands our attention. The writer, to give force to his picture of the virtues of the New Zealander of the present day, recalls their cannibalism and their other savage propensities of thirty years ago. Unfortunately, the last authentic instance of cannibalism is of much more recent date. It is beyond all doubt that cannibalism was committed on the body of at least one British officer slain in Colonel Despard’s attack on Heke’s stockade; and yet so “religious” were the natives, that when they next morning evacuated the place, the fact was known to

the besiegers by the silence that reigned within it at the hour of morning prayer. Unfortunately, again, for the writer's contrast, two native tribes are at this moment engaged in war at Taranaki, in spite of the efforts of the Government and of Bishop Selwyn to put a stop to their hostilities; and we read only the other day in a New-Zealand paper of a threatened difficulty in the north having been happily adjusted by Bishop Pompallier, after all other efforts had failed. The fact is, that the natives are *not* perfectly civilised, even in a material point of view; still less perfectly Christianised. That there is some change for the better in them in certain respects we will admit, as compared with thirty years ago; but the question is, What has brought that change to pass?

We have already observed, that the Pacific islanders differ from almost all other savage races in their desire to receive Europeans amongst them, and to benefit by their superior knowledge. Even before the first missionaries landed in New Zealand, it was an object of ambition amongst the native chiefs to have Europeans resident in their tribes; and in the Sandwich Islands the friend and councillor of the warrior king Kamehamea I. was an English sailor, a man himself of remarkable ability. It was in virtue of this principle that the missionaries were first received. In New Zealand, at least, the native thought little of any religious observance; he possessed a traditional knowledge of one universal God, but it was much obscured by mythical legends of spirits and demigods. His religious observances were few, chiefly consisting of old forms of incantation, with the remarkable exception of the custom of elevating the first slain man in battle on a spear, and leaving the body there as an offering to the god of war. The New Zealander, then, had little to which he was attached in the way of belief to give up; and even in those other islands where there was a more complete form of religious observances, the natives do not appear to have felt that difficulty in abandoning their old ways and adopting new ones that has been experienced by races less intelligent perhaps, but at the same time more earnest and less versatile in character; consequently they professed themselves Christian as part and parcel of the European habits and customs, but more as a fashion than as an affair of faith. You may travel as safely amongst the New Zealanders, or Tahitians, or Sandwich islanders, as you may in England or France,—perhaps, if you have valuables about you, more safely; and it is a question whether you could have done this thirty years ago. But you may travel as safely among a pagan tribe as among a “Christianised” one; it is undeniable that such is

the case in New Zealand. No one disputes that tribes that have had their chief intercourse with outlying settlers, or even with the rough whaler population, are in many respects as advanced, in some more advanced, and in little but outward forms less advanced, than those tribes amongst whom the "Church Missionary" and similar societies have made their greatest efforts. We might here again quote Mr. Fox, who, in his chapter on "Missionary Influence," draws a parallel between natives of the model missionary settlement of Otaki and those of the Motueka district living amongst some settlers (at the time Mr. Fox wrote, chiefly of the humbler class). The result of the comparison is decidedly in favour of the latter. The fact is, that such civilisation, or rather such improvement in habits, as has been attained by the New Zealanders, is mainly attributable to their own intelligence; to their desire of obtaining riches; to the influence of intercourse with Europeans generally: and even the effect of these influences has been greatly exaggerated. It is quite a question amongst those who have devoted the most thought to the subject, how far the Pacific islanders generally, and the New Zealanders in particular, have *really* progressed within the last thirty years. We have already admitted that they have progressed in some respects; they have given up several of their most savage customs, such as cannibalism in New Zealand, and human sacrifices in the Sandwich Islands. Native wars are less frequent; infanticide is at least less openly practised. These are great gains, no doubt; but when we begin to consider whether they have made any advance in social organisation, it would appear that in that respect they have rather retrograded. The authority of the chiefs has been weakened, and nothing has been substituted in its place. The influence of the government in New Zealand at least cannot be effectively felt in the more remote and thickly-populated native districts; and though latterly the colonists in New Zealand (who have as a body generally maintained the most amicable relations with the natives, and shown an excellent feeling towards them) have, since self-government has been conferred upon the colony, taken some important steps to induce the natives to obtain individual property in land, and in other respects to benefit them, yet it appears very improbable that the New Zealanders will ever be sufficiently elevated to form any appreciable element in the future of the colony. Their rapid extinction has no doubt been retarded by colonisation. They are better fed and better clothed; though, especially in the matter of lodging, their old savage domestic habits cling about them still.

Wars and feuds, too, are less common and less bloody; but in spite of this they are rapidly dying out. There are fewer women than men amongst them; and the proportion of children is exceedingly small. In Tahiti, and in the Sandwich islands, the same process of depopulation is going on; and it appears but too probable that, from natural causes alone, another hundred years will see the last of a race of men that must in Cook's time have numbered several millions throughout the islands of the Pacific.

We have referred especially, in the preceding paragraphs, to the present social state of the New Zealanders. In Tahiti and its dependencies the French exercise "a protectorate,"—in reality a very arbitrary rule. Their efforts to implant habits of industry amongst the natives appear a total failure; and the unbounded immorality which is the chief cause of the physical decline of the South-Sea islanders is no where more remarkable than among the Tahitians. Very few of them have become Catholics, on this account; and, indeed, the French government has, in its usual spirit of deferring every thing to political expediency, actually at times thrown obstacles in the way of the Catholic missionaries, to the extent; at one time, of forbidding their preaching to the natives for fear of irritating the more powerful Protestant party in the island. This may seem incredible, but the writer had it on the spot, from the very highest authority; and, indeed, the position of the Catholic Church in the Pacific, in relation to the French civil authorities, forms a disgraceful contrast to the generally fair treatment it has experienced in the English possessions in that part of the world. The Sandwich islands, an important naval position, forming the key to the North Pacific, have their independence guaranteed by England, France, and the United States of America. The simulacrum of a constitutional government has been established there, with a native king, and a cabinet virtually composed of Europeans, at its head. Till within the last few years this was, in fact, a despotism of American missionaries; but in 1853 it had become so intolerable, that a petition, signed by 260 foreign residents and 12,220 natives, was presented to the king for the dismissal of the more obnoxious of his missionary advisers; and the demand was so imperative that they were forced to yield. In many points the government has improved since then, owing chiefly to the advice tendered by the English and French consul-generals. The Catholic religion, formerly prohibited, is now allowed, and has made great advances amongst the natives.

In speaking of the Pacific islands, we must not omit to

allude to the Gambian islanders. Though the writer has no personal knowledge of them, he has high authority for believing them to be an instance of highly successful Catholic missionary efforts. They are described as singularly moral and devout, with an organised system of industry which has won the admiration of the most unprejudiced visitors.

To finish, as we began, with New Zealand, we will add a very few words on the position of the natives as regards Catholicity. The New Zealander will as readily embrace Catholicity as Protestantism, as far at least as the first step goes,—calling himself a Catholic; the great difficulty is to prove his sincerity. Many, however, are sufficiently advanced to be admitted to the Sacraments. But amongst the tribes that profess Catholicity the great want of priests is a serious drawback. The nuns' schools at Auckland and Wellington for the education of native girls, both of which receive government support, are likely to tend more than any thing else to elevate the moral character of the natives; but they are unfortunately necessarily on too small a scale to exercise any material influence on the natives generally. We will only further remark, that the general character of Catholic tribes is comparatively favourably spoken of, and that the only occasion on which we remember to have heard of any one of them engaging in any war, was when Rewa called out his tribe to aid the government to re-establish law and order during Heke's insurrection.

We regret that in the preceding pages we have not been able to take a more favourable view of the Pacific-islander races,—races whose many amiable qualities, whose quick wit and native gentleness of manner, cannot but be often recalled by those who remember pleasant evenings by New-Zealand camp-fires, or wander back in imagination to the palm-tree and orange-groves of the more tropical islands. But if, as we fear, the last chapter in the history of these races is even now quietly, gradually, but surely, approaching its fulfilment, we do not doubt that the future historian, looking back on their present state and character, will estimate it no higher than we have done.

Reviews.

CHALDEA AND PERSIA.

Travels and Researches in Chaldea and Susiana. By
William Kennett Loftus, F.G.S.

THE pages of the *Rambler* are, fortunately, perhaps, not a proper place for critical disquisitions on the true interpretation of cuneiform inscriptions. If they were, we might possibly be driven to employ some such scheme as the learned *mollah* did, when dining with our friend Hajji Baba at the hospitable board of the moon-faced Bessy's father. The reader will remember, that on the professor of languages finding his Persian suddenly and hopelessly at fault in presence of Prince Hajji, he, in the words of the chronicle of that veracious son of a barber, "grew confused and evidently much dissatisfied with himself; when, looking at the back of his plate, to his joy he there discovered some Chinese characters, and in triumph volunteered to give the meaning of them. Having previously ascertained my ignorance of that language, he gave a long explanation, which seemed to satisfy every body of his profound learning, and restored to himself the equilibrium which he had lost." If very hard pressed, we too must examine the back of the plate; and, admitting that we have not kept our "arrowhead" quite up to the mark, display our skill in doing into vernacular British the most crooked and perverse Lunarian. The truth is, that the gift of ability to decipher the sculptured or impressed language of the crumbled cities of the Euphrates is confined at present to so few individuals, that the ranks of *literati* stand in little better position than the mob of outsiders. If any such authority as Sir Henry Rawlinson chooses to tell us that a Babylonian cylinder contains a correct formula for the brewing of pale ale, we can only fold the hands of acquiescence over the bosom of faith, and enlarge our ideas of the empire of Nergal-shar-ezur, as having rejoiced in the possession of some curly-bearded Bass or Alsopp.

But though we cannot enter critically into the philological researches of the accomplished workman in this field of interpretation, we can, and do, take a very decided interest in the valuable additions which have been made by them and by their means to the history of mankind. We care but little, save in a certain malicious sense, about the "Prophetical

Society,"—which, after a tedious parturition, has just, we find, given birth to a volume, clad in ominous black and scarlet (the colours which foolish jesters term thunder and lightning when occurring in fancy waistcoats),—seeing that the course of the future may not be altogether laid bare to the apprehension of the Mrs. Gamps and Mrs. Harrises, lay and cleric, who constitute that singular association. He, however, must be dull and heavy indeed who cares nothing for the past; who is not stirred by curiosity into some feeling of interest and excitement as he reads of the disinterment of records which open again to sight and touch, as it were, the ancient world and its thousand mysteries; the mighty empires which were, but are not; whose mouldering gigantic skeletons alone remain deep buried in the dust, to be uncovered piecemeal, now and then, like scattered bones of the monsters of geology; in evidence that boundless wealth and power wait but the word of Him with whom a thousand years is as one day, to vanish into nothingness, even as the summer cloud before the sun. There is something almost overpowering in being carried back thus sensibly to a time when as yet Abraham had not traversed the plains of Mesopotamia; and in tracing a course of events always parallel to and often closely intermingled with the narrative of Holy Writ, by visible and tangible records, in the very spots where the patriarchs pastured their flocks; where the prophet Ezechiel lies buried; where the pride of Nabuchodonosor bit the ground; and where the tomb of Daniel is a place of pilgrimage to the wandering Arab to this day.

Mr. William Kennett Loftus, whose researches in Chaldea and Susiana are the subject of our notice, was attached as geologist to the Turco-Persian Frontier Commission, in 1849-52, under the orders of Colonel, now Major-General, Sir W. F. Williams, Bart. of Kars. In 1853 he again visited the East, in conduct of the expedition sent out by the Assyrian Excavation Fund. The present volume is the result of his labours; and although in presence of Layard and others he must, we presume, be considered one of the *dii minores*, we have found his narrative, in spite of his literary inexperience and a certain want of method, extremely interesting. Many qualities must be found combined in a man, to render him fit to undertake the task of excavation in the plains of Assyria and Chaldea. He must add to ample courage a sufficient knowledge of Eastern dialects to out-clamour his opponents in their own Billingsgate; he must endure the extremes of heat and cold, as well as the depressing influence of frequent labour in vain; and above all, he must have

tact, to enable him to deal with the fanatical Turk, the crafty Persian, and the frantic Arab. It is a redeeming point of the Eastern diplomatic *disservice*, as the *Examiner* calls it, that persons possessed of these qualifications have rarely been wanting when circumstances have called for their presence. Mr. Loftus appears to be by no means deficient in them; and the sketches which he gives of his relations with the multifarious dwellers and rovers in the Desert form very agreeable episodes in the history of his antiquarian researches. Bâghdâd being appointed as the rendezvous of the commission, the English party, as might be expected, was the first to arrive at that dirty remnant of the glories of the khâlifât; and doing so in May 1849, was exposed to the malaria arising from the subsidence of a vast inundation. In a short time the fever swept off 12,000 out of a population of 70,000; the febrifuge most in vogue being a heavy dose of unripe grape-juice. The thermometer in the shade rises to 117° Fahr. in Bâghdâd; and as the heat is still more unendurable at the head of the Persian Gulf, the idea of proceeding to the frontier till the summer should be past was abandoned. As soon, however, as the intensity of the heat permitted, Colonel Williams organised a trip to the ruins of Babylon and the Persian shrines, by way of breaking the monotony and lassitude of a long detention, which could not but be felt, notwithstanding the abundant hospitality of Colonel Rawlinson, then consul-general.

The site of Babylon and the Birs Nimrûd have now been so often described and discussed, that we shall not follow the travellers in this portion of their journey, save to glance at the strange edifice which crowns the celebrated mound, and which, in former and less accurate days, was supposed to be the ruins of the Tower of Babel. The excavations made under Sir Henry Rawlinson, and the sagacity and skill with which he has unravelled the recovered cylinders, have enabled him to describe this vast historical monument with astonishing accuracy. It was "the Stages of the Seven Spheres of Borsippa," an oblique pyramid of six terraces, crowned by (in all probability) a temple. Each terrace was about twenty feet high, dedicated to a planet, and stained with the colour attributed to it by the Sabæan astrologers: the lowest black, for Saturn; the second orange, for Jupiter; the third red, for Mars; the fourth yellow, for the Sun; the fifth green, for Venus; the sixth blue, for Mercury; and the temple at the top, now a vitrified mass, was probably white, for the Moon. We cannot resist adding at length Sir H. Rawlinson's translation of the cuneiform inscription which commemorates the

restoration of this edifice by Nabuchodonosor, some 600 years B.C. :

“I am Nabu-kuduri-uzur (Nabuchodonosor), king of Babylon, the established governor; he who pays homage to Merodach, adorer of the gods, glorifier of Nabu the supreme chief; he who cultivates worship in honour of the great gods, the subduer of the disobedient man, repairer of the temples of Bit-Shaggeth and Bit-Tzida, the eldest son of Nabu-pal-uzur, king of Babylon. Behold now Merodach, my great lord, has established men of strength, and has urged me to repair his buildings. Nabu, the guardian over the heavens and the earth, has committed to my hands the sceptre of royalty therefore. Bit-Shaggeth, the palace of the heavens and the earth for Merodach, the supreme chief of the gods, and Bit-kua, the shrine of his divinity, and adorned with shining gold, I have appointed them. Bit-Tzida also have I firmly built; with silver and gold and a facing of stone, with wood of fir and plane and pine, I have completed it. The building named the Planisphere, which was the wonder of Babylon, I have made and finished; with bricks enriched with lapis-lazuli I have exalted its head. Behold now the building named the Stages of the Seven Spheres, which was the wonder of Borsippa, had been built by a former king. He had completed forty-two cubits, but he did not finish its head. From the lapse of time it had become ruined; they had not taken care of the exits of the waters, so the rain and wet had penetrated into the brickwork. The casing of burnt brick had bulged out, and the terraces of crude brick lay scattered in heaps; then Merodach, my great lord, inclined my heart to repair the building. I did not change its site, nor did I destroy its foundation-platform; but in a fortunate month, and upon an auspicious day, I undertook the building of the crude-brick terraces, and the burnt-brick casing of the temple. I strengthened its foundation, and I placed a titular record on the part I had rebuilt. I set my hand to build it up and to exalt its summit. As it had been in ancient times, so I built up its structure; as it had been in former days, thus I exalted its head. Nabu, the strengthener of his children, he who ministers to the gods, and Merodach the supporter of sovereignty,—may they cause this my work to be established for ever; may it last through the seven ages; and may the stability of my throne and the antiquity of my empire, secure against strangers, and triumphant over many foes, continue to the end of time. Under the guardianship of the regent who presides over the heaven and the earth, may the length of my days pass on in due course. I invoke Merodach, the king of the heavens and the earth, that this my work may be preserved for me under thy care, in honour and respect. May Nabu-kuduri-uzur, the royal architect, remain under thy protection.”

Let us now turn for a moment to other than cuneiform records, to a Book where we read :

“At the end of twelve months he was walking in the palace of

Babylon. And the king answered and said: Is not this the great Babylon, which I have built to be the seat of the kingdom, by the strength of my power, and in the glory of my excellence? And while the word was yet in the king's mouth, a voice came down from heaven: To thee, O king Nabuchodonosor, it is said: Thy kingdom shall pass from thee; and they shall cast thee out from among men, and thy dwelling shall be with cattle and wild-beasts; and thou shalt eat grass like an ox, and seven times shall pass over thee till thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will. The same hour the word was fulfilled upon Nabuchodonosor."

The traveller stands on the ruined tower of Nimrúd, and on every side his eye rests on marsh and pool and crumbled mound—a wide panorama of utter desolation. The boast of the king remains on a broken tablet; the word of God is ineffaceably written on the length and breadth of the land.

Continuing their journey to the termination of the first of the great *Paludes Babylonæ*, which are only navigable when supplied with the waters of the Euphrates by opening the Hindieh canal, the party arrived at Nedjef, a town founded on the site of the ancient Hira, which is held sacred by the Sheah Mahommedans as the burial-place of 'Ali, the son-in-law and successor of Mahommed, who was assassinated at Kufa, a place near at hand, in the fifth year of his khálifát. No less than 80,000 pilgrims are said, at a low average, to flock annually to pay their vows at the magnificent mosque which forms the shrine of the Moslem saint; and from 5000 to 8000 corpses are brought every year from all parts of Persia and elsewhere, to earn heaven and its houris by turning to dust in contact with the dead khálif. The bodies are carried in boxes covered with coarse felt, slung one or two on each side of a mule, with a ragged conductor smoking and singing cheerily on the top. The consequence of this progress, which lasts frequently weeks and months, under a broiling sun, is of course the necessity of filling more boxes and employing more mules; but life is held cheap in the East, and it brings grist to the mill of the reverend proprietors of the cemetery. The fees they charge are worthy of the dean and chapter at Westminster, being not less than from 5*l.* to 100*l.* per burial. Under the protection of Táhir Bey, the military governor of the district, and his Turkish troops, the party were permitted to enter the court of the mosque, which is a mass of rich and brilliant polychromatic decoration. The tomb itself the infidels were not permitted to defile with their eyes. Their admission at all into the sacred place nearly excited a tumult in the Persian crowd;

but the bey, like a pious follower of Omar, was only too happy to make the Sheahs "eat dirt" at the hands of the Giaour, or Ghyáwr, as Mr. Loftus writes it, after a Welsh, but no doubt more correct, manner. The Ghyáwr, notwithstanding, did not get off scot-free; for while the tents were being struck, they were suddenly assailed by the most foul and unbearable stench; "several persons retched violently, all being more or less affected." A pile of the Nedjef merchandise, coffins, and their contents, had been sweltering in the sun while the accustomed bargain was being driven with the authorities; and though hidden from sight by an enclosure, the morning breeze had wafted intelligence to the noses and stomachs of the Firenghé, who rushed to their horses, and amid a salute from the garrison galloped with all haste into the pure atmosphere of the desert.

On their return, the travellers touched at Kerbella, another Sheah place of pilgrimage, and a shade more aristocratic as a burial-place than Nedjef. Here Husséyn, also a sháhíid, or martyr, was enshrined; but popular feeling was so excited by news which outran the arrival of the visitors, that it was deemed imprudent to attempt entering the mosque. They proceeded, however, to a small oratory called the tent of 'Ali, outside the gates, where two Persian mullas (mollahs) objected to their entering with boots. To avoid insulting the priests, the Europeans abstained from going beyond the veranda; but the opportunity was too tempting to the Sunné Turkish officer who accompanied them, so he walked boldly in, boots and all. "By 'Ali's beard, why do you enter this clean and holy place to pollute it with your unclean feet?" said one of the guardians in angry expostulation. "My boots are quite as clean as your filthy floor. Look, see the dirt upon it! When you clean your floor, I'll take off my boots; but I am not going to soil my feet to please you." We hope the moral inculcated by the contemptuous Osmanli will not be lost upon certain Transatlantic cousins, who scrape their shoes, but spit on their carpets. From Kerbella the party returned direct to Bághdád, picking up by the way some Persian ladies with their attendants, who were anxious to have the advantage of such escort. To the oriental lady our author is decidedly not complimentary; and we confess his graphic description savours of the inelegant:—astride on a mule, enveloped in a huge blue cotton cloak, her face covered with a white or black mask, her feet in wide yellow boots, these last thrust into yellow slippers, her knees up to her chin, and holding on by the animal's scanty mane! Shade of Diana Vernon, what an object! On foot, the boots and slip-

pers compel Zuleika or Fatimeh to slide and roll like "a duck in a pond, or a bundle of clothes on short thick stilts." For the rest of the picture, the mind and manners that belong to these fair forms, Mr. Loftus refers us to such European ladies as have penetrated the privacy of the harem. The native Christian ladies he can say something about himself: "I remember on one occasion seeing an Armenian beauty at a fête presented with a choice bouquet. On receiving it, she languidly rose from the embroidered ottoman; and then, to the utmost surprise and indignation of the giver, deliberately sat upon it." Ah, Mr. Loftus, Mr. Loftus, were not *you*, sir, the indignant swain whose hopes and roses were simultaneously crushed at one unhappy sitting? But we spare your blushes, and hasten to graver matter.

In December, when the commission was at last in a position to move, it was arranged that the diplomatic party should be conveyed to Mohammerah, the southern point of the disputed boundary-line, by the Hon. East India Company's armed steamer *Nitocris*. The mules, horses, and servants, were to proceed by land, under the escort of the troop of cavalry appointed by the Turkish government. As the route chosen lay through Lower Mesopotamia, a district little visited by Europeans, Mr. Loftus proposed to join the overland party, and obtained a willing consent from Colonel Williams. The troops, however, to our author's great disappointment, received counter orders to take the ordinary route by the west of the Euphrates; but by the assistance of an amiable 'Agha, he was supplied with eight Bashí Bázúks, and a couple of kettle-drummers, and with this procession left the bazaars of Hillah in due oriental state to pursue his own course. Having drummed him outside the suburban date-groves, the musicians, to his great joy, took their leave on receipt of a small bakhshish, and returned to the bosoms of their families. It was not without considerable difficulty that the journey was accomplished; but the perils of unruly Arabs and tyrannical pashas were overcome by the perseverance and courage of the Englízí, and he arrived in safety at Zobeir; whence, crossing the noble Shat-el-Aráb, the combined stream of the Tigris and Euphrates, he joined the commissioners at Mohammerah in Persia. Owing to the usual neglect and ignorance of the Turkish authorities, all commerce has nearly ceased; the only vessels that anchor in these deep waters are a couple of English merchantmen, with a frigate now and then from the East India Company's squadron in the Persian Gulf.

The space enclosed between the waters of the Euphrates and the Yusufièh Canal is wonderfully rich in ancient remains,

—those of Hammám, Tel Ede, Warka, and Sinkara, being nearly within sight at the same time; and some miles below the last, on the opposite side of the river, are the ruins of Múgeyer, which have yielded most important records. It was here that in 1854 Mr. Taylor, after having in vain pierced to the very heart of the great tower, found at last in a niche formed by the omission of one brick in the layer six feet below the surface a perfect inscribed cylinder. This led him to try the other corners; and from each, in precisely the same position, he secured a like commemorative record. Guided by this hint, Colonel Rawlinson in the following autumn disinterred without difficulty four cylinders from the corners of a platform at the Birs Nimrúd, to the surprise of his Arab workmen, who no doubt attributed the Ghyáwr's success to his acquaintance with the magical arts. It may be interesting to add, that the Múgeyer cylinders have enabled Colonel Rawlinson to reconcile the scriptural account of the taking of Babylon under Baltassar (Bel-shar-ezer), the last Chaldean king, with the account of Berosus, who makes Nabonidus, in that capacity, surrender himself to Cyrus in the city of Borsippa. The cylinders, as read by Sir H. Rawlinson, distinctly state that Bel-shar-ezer was the eldest son of Nabonidus, and was admitted to a share of the government, thus being regent over Babylonia, and to all intents king of the Chaldees. All these ruins were visited in his hasty journey, and not unprofitably, by Mr. Loftus and his companion Mr. Churchill; and at Warka, till then unknown to European visitors, they spent two days, making a careful map, with notes and drawings; its immense size, and the enormous accumulations of strange sepulchral remains, satisfying them that it was only second in rank to Babylon and Nineveh.

The report made to Colonel Williams caused him readily to accede to a suggestion that excavations should be tried on a small scale, and he liberally supplied the funds necessary for the purpose. At Busrah, therefore, Mr. Loftus purchased implements, and such trifles as might aid in his intercourse with the Arabs; and having convinced himself by experience that he was safer among them unaccompanied by the hated Turkish troops, he set out with a party of nine, including his servant Ovannes, an Armenian Christian, who spoke seven of the native languages fluently. On reaching Súk-esh-Sheioukh, he sought an interview with the sheik of the Muntefik tribes, in whose district Warka and Sinkara are situated; and was graciously received by him. Sheik Fahád appears to have been a very magnificent personage, tall, handsome, well-dressed, and of dignified and courteous manners,—a model

chief for a warlike and powerful race. Soft-sawder notwithstanding is not without effect in the desert itself; a well-applied outpour of thanks for previous hospitality, and a hint that a favour shown to the speaker was in fact an exhibition of friendship and esteem to the sultan of the stranger's country, did his business. "I am your slave," responded the sheik; "some Arabs are dogs; but the tribes of the Muntefik are my servants; you and your property are as safe with them as in the shelter of my own tent." A letter of instructions to a subordinate officer was written by the great man's secretary, and duly sealed; and this done, a few compliments brought this very satisfactory interview to a close.

It was now winter in the Arab plains, the thermometer standing below the freezing-point; and it was absolutely necessary for the horsemen frequently to dismount and walk, in order to keep up the circulation. The wind, passing over a soil strongly impregnated with nitrous salts, becomes so intensely chilling, that the Arabs, with their bare feet resting in large iron stirrups, were completely benumbed, "frequently falling from their faithful mares, and requiring to be again lifted into their saddles;" the same coarse abba which shades them in summer being their only protection against the cold of winter. After a couple of days' journey, Mr. Loftus delivered his credentials to Sheik Dehbí, Fahád's deputy, at Dúrájí, and organised a party of excavators for his proceedings at Warka. These were continued incessantly for three weeks, and resumed on a subsequent visit to some little extent; but although much has been thus brought to light of value and interest, a great deal more remains to be done; and the disinterment of this wonderful city of the dead must only be looked upon as commenced.

The four cities founded by Nemroud are enumerated in the book of Genesis (c. x.) as Babylon, Arach, Achad, and Chalanne in the land of Sennaar (Shinar). About 120 miles south-east of Babylon are the enormous piles of mounds called Warka. Sir H. Rawlinson states his belief that Warka is Arach, though he has been unable to read its cuneiform name with precision; but it is generally designated as "the city" *par excellence*. "The name Warka," says Mr. Loftus, "is derivable from Erech (Arach) without unnecessary contortion. The original Hebrew word, 'Erk,' or 'Ark,' is transformed into 'Warka,' either by changing the *aleph* into *vau*, or by simply prefixing the *vau* for the sake of euphony, as is customary in the conversion of Hebrew names to Arabic." Of the high antiquity of the ruins there cannot be a shadow of doubt; and the best authorities appear to agree in ad-

mitting the strong probability that they constitute the remains of the Arach of Nemroud. On a slightly raised tract of desert soil, ten miles in breadth, stand Warka, Sinkara, Tel Ede, and Hammám, all unapproachable except from November to March, when the Euphrates assumes its lowest level. The desolation and solitude of Warka are even greater than of Babylon: no tree gives shade; no blade of grass yields pasture; the shrivelled lichen alone clings to the weathered surface of the broken bricks; the eagle, the jackal, and the hyæna shun its spectral tombs. Amidst the waste, the boundaries of the city proper are marked out by an irregular circle of earthy rampart nearly six miles in circumference, and in some places forty feet high. Three miles beyond may be traced what were once suburbs; but the principal buildings are situated on an extensive platform of undulating mounds, occupying the greater part of the area enclosed within the walls. The most central, lofty, and ancient of these buildings is a tower 200 feet square, built entirely of sun-dried bricks, there being no external facing of kiln-baked brickwork, as is usual in Babylonian structures; but the necessary support was afforded by four great buttresses of flat bricks cemented in bitumen, each being inscribed with eight lines of early cuneiform characters. These record the dedication of the edifice to "Sin," the moon, by Urukh king of Chaldea, probably 2230 B.C.

For the singular "Wuswas" building, and other vast monuments of Babylonian or Sassanian architects, we must refer the reader to Mr. Loftus himself, who certainly made good use of his time and his unmanageable corps of "navvies." But we must not pass over Warka, as being by far the most important of the sepulchral cities which abound in Lower Chaldea. From the absence of tombs in the Assyrian mounds, Mr. Loftus infers that the Assyrians carried their dead to the sacred places in the Chaldean marshes down the Tigris and Euphrates, from the same motives which induce the Persians at the present day to seek the shrines of Kerbella and Meshed, as the only fitting abodes for the ashes of the orthodox disciples of 'Ali. The accumulation at Warka is enormous: "It is difficult to convey any thing like a correct notion of the piles upon piles of human relics which there utterly astound the beholder. Excepting only the triangular space between the three principal ruins, the whole remainder of the platform, the whole space between the walls, and an unknown extent of desert beyond them, are every where filled with the bones and sepulchres of the dead." When a depth of thirty feet in the loose soil rendered it dangerous to continue the exca-

vations, the funereal remains were as plentiful as ever. The earliest form of sepulchral vase or sarcophagus is the large vase known as the "Babylonian urn," lined inside with bitumen, and having the mouth covered with bricks. Another early form resembles a dish-cover resting on a projecting rim. On carefully removing the cover, the skeleton is found generally reclining on the left side; but trussed like a fowl, in order to fit the shape of the lid. But the most singular is the glazed-earthenware coffin, which, in fragments and entire, occurs in countless numbers, and appears to have superseded the ruder descriptions of burial-vases. These coffins are exactly slipper-shaped, the upper end having an oval aperture some two feet in its largest diameter for the admission of the body, furnished with a depressed ledge for the reception of a lid, which was cemented with lime-mortar. The upper surface of both coffin and lid is generally covered with plain or ornamental ridges, forming many square panels, in each of which is a small embossed figure of a warrior. The exterior is covered with a green enamel, the interior with blue; the former probably being changed by long exposure. The material is yellow clay mixed with straw, and half baked. The Arabs have long been attracted by the gold ornaments which these coffins contain, and break and destroy numbers every year for the purpose of rifling them. Mr. Loftus had extreme difficulty in obtaining perfect specimens for the British Museum; those near the surface of the ground being considerably weathered, and those below saturated with moisture, so that both fell to pieces in the attempt to stir them, in spite of every endeavour to secure them by poles and pieces of carpet or abbas tied round them. A hundred or so were demolished, when by a lucky thought a coating of several layers of paper was pasted on one selected for experiment; and a few hours proved that success had been attained, to the unbounded delight of all parties concerned. The coffin could be moved with safety, and was carried off in triumph by a shouting, dancing, and yelling crowd, spear in hand, and reached the tents in safety; though the frantic capers of the excited Arabs exposed it to infinite dangers in its transit. Many interesting objects occur in and around the coffins; personal ornaments of gold, glass bottles and dishes, lamps, Parthian coins, jars, and jugs of extremely elegant forms, steel and flint of the shape now in use, terracotta figures, and tablets. Eight of the latter contained, in a broad border round a central inscription, the impressions of very many small but well-executed seals, heads, animals, deities, and such-like. The inscriptions Sir H. Rawlinson

states to be matter relating entirely to the domestic economy of the temples; but he recognises Greek names in Babylonian characters beneath many of the seals, and dates of Seleucus and Antiochus the Great; so that cuneiform writing was still in use 200 years B.C.

From Warka Mr. Loftus proceeded to Sinkara and Tel Sifr; and in both excavations were conducted with good result. At the latter clay tablets were found, about six inches by three in dimensions, inscribed in minute cuneiform characters, and placed in an envelope, also of clay, completely enclosing them, and itself inscribed in like manner. Impressions of cylindrical seals are found along the margin and four edges of the envelope. A cursory examination only has been made of these strange records; but they appear to be documents of private persons about 1600 years B.C., in the first Chaldean empire. Having rejoined the commissioners at Mohammerah, and despatched his collection of antiquities to England, Mr. Loftus was next desired by Colonel Williams to visit Susa with his friend Mr. Churchill, and try what could be done in the way of digging at the great mounds of Shúsh. Being furnished with letters from the British and Persian commissioners to the authorities at Shúster and Dizfúl, the two great Persian cities in the plain of Arábistán, he took his departure accordingly. The travellers arrived at Shúster in due course, and were feasted by the great men of the place; though the jealousy of the green-turbaned descendants of the prophet was excited by the very mention of the name Shúsh. An entertainment, however, was at times somewhat trying: *kañiyúnes*, or water-pipes, tea sweetened to syrup, more pipes, much talk, and then, in this land of cholera, green cucumbers and sour apricots, more pipes, a cup of coffee, and good-by. "We both fortunately survived that day," adds our author feelingly, "and rode to our tents to get 'something to eat.'" Sometimes they had enough, and more than enough, of *chilau*, *pilau*, and lamb stuffed with rice, almonds, and raisins. Tea and sherbet are the sole drink at these fêtes; but for all that the taste of strong waters is not unknown. On one occasion, after a journey in the rain, a bottle of sherry and one of brandy was placed on the Ghyáwr's table. "The governor's brother entered in his usual sedate manner, and took a seat. He desired to know the contents of the bottles; a glass of sherry was poured out, which he drank and pronounced *khúb*, 'good.' A second was *khilé khúb*, *bístar khúb*, 'extremely good.' But he asked to taste the other bottle;—that was *béh ! béh ! béh !* Then he tried a glass of sherry; then a glass of brandy. Finally he seized

both bottles, and mixed the liquors in the same glass; nor did he desist until the whole contents had disappeared. Not content with this, he asked for more; but this was of course refused him. He was ultimately supported from the room by an old domestic, who exhibited great concern that Ghyáwrs should see his master in his cups. We afterwards learned that previously to joining our party he had imbibed eleven glasses of raw 'arak!"

Owing to the distrust with which Mr. Loftus and his companion were watched at Shúsh, they were unable to open a single trench before the arrival of Colonel Williams and his party, who, after an extended stay at Mohammerah, visited Dizfúl, the rock-sculptures of Bisútún, the ruins of Persepolis, and other places. On their return to Dizfúl a firman was obtained, and excavations commenced at Shúsh on a large scale under favourable auspices. Of the primitive history of Shushan, Susa, Sús, or Shúsh, by all of which names it appears, little is known beyond the fact that here was the original capital of the descendants of Elam, the son of Sem. About 650 B.C. the conquest of Susiana, under the name of "Maddaktu," and the taking of the city "Shushan," is recorded in the bas-reliefs of Ashur-bani-pal king of Assyria, discovered at Nineveh. It is clear that during the sway of the Persian kings, from the time of Cyrus, Susa rivalled the former glories of Nineveh and Babylon. Herodotus makes Aristagoras tempt Cleomenes king of Sparta to join the Ionians in attacking Darius, by describing "Susa, where the Persian monarch occasionally resides, and where his treasures are deposited: make yourself master of this city, and you may vie in influence with Jupiter himself." But perhaps the most interesting portion of the history of Susa is its connection with the story of Esther. There appears to be every reason for believing in the identity of Xerxes with the Assuerus of the Bible, by whom the Jewish maiden was raised to the throne, and through whom so signal a vengeance was wrought on the enemies of her people; seven hundred being slain in Susan the city, and seventy-five thousand in the provinces. The labours of Colonel Williams and our author resulted in the discovery of the ruins of a vast and magnificent palace, in which the positions of sixty-six columns were determined with accuracy, and sufficient fragments exhumed to restore the various details of one capital and shaft, which was identical, save in a few small particulars, with the external groups at Persepolis, examples of which may be studied in Mr. Fergusson's restoration at the Crystal Palace. On the square pedestals are trilingual inscriptions—the Scythic being

on the western side, the Persian on the southern, the Babylonian eastward; the north side remaining blank. These records are much defaced; but enough remains to enable Mr. Norris to give a translation which he says is "not very far from the truth," and which asserts that Artaxerxes, the son of Darius, by the aid of Ormazd, placed the effigies of Tanaitis and Mithra in the temple. Mr. Loftus dwells on the great probability that it was here, among the pillars of marble in the court of the garden of Shushan the palace, when the king "was merry, and after very much drinking was well warmed with wine," that the disobedience of Vashti raised Esther to the queenly dignity; and he certainly makes out a strong case. But for the rest we must now refer to the book itself, as our space is exhausted; assuring the general reader that he need not be deterred by the look of a few hard words and queer-looking characters from the perusal of an interesting narrative, which will not only rub up his history, but add to his knowledge of the manners and customs of the true believers. Alas for the lands that are scourged by hateful Moslem rulers! Sick men or sound, allies or enemies, speedy destruction to them all! and may the Cross once again sanctify the polluted country of the patriarchs and the prophets; and a bishop, as of old time, take his seat in the city of Esther!

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis. The Egyptians and Assyrians, the Babylonians and Persians, wrote their history, both public and domestic, on stones, and burnt it into clay; and it survives to us. But we,—for it may be that the stream of ages will leave us in our turn stranded behind the historic period,—how will it be with our *paper*-records, when the worldly wisdom of the *Times*, the folly of the *Herald*, Hansard, blue-books, novels, plays, sermons, the "Duke's" despatches, and Mr. M. F. Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, shall alike have mouldered into dust? Let us hope such a time may never come; or Macaulay's romantic New Zealander, who is to sit on a broken bridge and contemplate the ruins of St. Paul's, may lecture to a Maorie antiquarian society of the peculiarities of the strange race who confined their lapidary inscriptions to the enumeration of the virtues of the dead in places of mortuary deposit, while they decorated the highways with brazen tablets, which, cleansed by careful manipulation from the *æru*go of centuries, yield the following important results: "Tomkins, tailor; John Wiggins, dairy-fed pork."

WHATELY ON BACON.

Bacon's Essays with Annotations: by R. Whately, D.D.
London: J. W. Parker.

DR. WHATELY is in many respects a remarkable man; but from the first he was spoiled by an affectation of eccentricity and singularity, and at last his gray hairs, instead of being a crown of glory, have become a very Medusa's wig of hissing snakes, as hostile to Popery as the old serpent himself. Such is the end of the false liberalism with which he commenced. He was a man who could never argue like other people: his peculiar historic doubts concerning the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte are a type of the serious paradoxical thoughts natural to his organisation. While still a fellow of Oriel College, he used, as the tradition runs, to apologise for the indulgence of a somewhat remarkable appetite, on the ground that such a course was the very best preservative against scarcity. If all men, said he, only eat just so much as they needed, farmers would sow and fatten only enough to provide that quantity; in such a case, a bad season would leave mankind in a state of starvation; whereas if every person made it a rule to eat twice as much as he wanted, a half crop or a murrain would, instead of leaving him in a state of famine, merely put him for a season on his natural allowance. This quizzical humour was, we believe, carried out in his conduct. Admiring youngsters have described to us how, even after his accession to his dignities, the comical Archbishop would make his after-dinner entrance to the drawing-room by a sudden vault over an ottoman, to the scandal of the aged female sitting thereon; how at an inaugural dinner at Dublin, given by the corporation to celebrate the double solemnity of the accession of a new viceroy and a new archbishop, the latter functionary would entertain the vice-queen during the whole dinner with an elaborate dissertation on prize-fighting; and how in the first years of his residence in Dublin,—bizarre and outré in his amusements as in his arguments,—he would astonish the gaping crowd with his athletic activity and attempt to rival the Australian savage in his use of the boomerang. Whether he could ever attain the excellence of his models, and bring down birds with the weapon, we cannot say; we have, however, heard that he has at least been known to frighten the phoenix with the erratic and eccentric course of the skimming missile.

Of course we cannot vouch for the accuracy of any of these reports; we give them as they come to us, as a representation if not of the true nature of the man, at least of the impression and stamp which he has left on the minds of persons not at all indisposed to sympathise with him.

Neither do we mention these things in disparagement of Dr. Whately, but in illustration of his peculiar mind and method of argument. Eccentricity, and shooting round the corner, are the characteristics of his course and of his aims. He never went direct to the mark in his life. For this cause his admirers do well to cull sentences and pages from his works, and to publish them as the "beauties of Whately." His individual bricks are well squared, well burnt, some of them have even the stamp of genius. But his buildings are as singular as Sir Charles Barry's kitchen-clock for the million, with its Chinese pagoda roof, and its bunch of buttercups tied under the wee ball that crowns its height, to nod to the vibrations of Big Ben. Who, for instance, would imagine in perusing his *Logic* that he was gradually working up towards the enforcing of an heretical position regarding the use of the word "person" in theology? Or who would be prepared to find "Bacon's Essays" made the text for an almost continuous tirade against "Romanists" and "Romanism"? — *Stat duplex, nullo completus corpore Chiron*. His works are centaurs, with two bodies, neither complete.

In arguing about Popery, he is careful to follow a maxim which he inculcates, and which is certainly, if rightly conceived, the key to his controversial method. "Romanism," he says, "in order to be understood, should be read backwards." Certainly, in order to understand it as Dr. Whately understands it, and tries to make others understand it also, it must be read backwards. But then this *Credo al rovescio* is no more our profession of faith than the *Pater-noster* said backwards is our prayer. It may be convenient to Dr. Whately thus to represent our system; but after all, facts are facts, and are not wont to be changed because obstinate theorists choose to distort and misrepresent them.

His book opens with a specimen of this inversion. Catholics, he says, first seek unity, and then truth. Now this is either a truism or an absurdity. Most people first accomplish the means, and then seek to enjoy the end: Dr. Whately himself probably has his meat cooked before he eats it; but it would scarcely be fair to say, that his first aim is cookery, and then feeding. We are convinced that God has committed a gift to the Church, and that to enjoy this gift, we must be

united to the Church : we are united to the Church for the one object of the enjoyment of the gift. Unity, then, certainly comes first, and the gift afterwards. But in our intention, the gift is the great object which we seek, unity the means by which alone we can attain it ; the gift is primary, unity secondary. Dr. Whately would have more reason, if he said that Protestants first seek private judgment, and then truth ; for we believe that many of them would not accept a truth miraculously revealed to them, if it implied a permanent sacrifice of their liberty of thinking as they chose.

But in spite of his willingness to upset and invert all our doctrines, such is the singularity of the man's mind, that in one or two instances he absolutely paints us as we are, even when, if he is consistent to his principle, he intends the reverse. Accidents are so extravagant, that a prophetic spirit may even visit a Caiaphas, and the false high-priest, intending to lie, may for once tell the truth. Such, we take it, is his admission of the principle, that the doctrines of the Church were not first deduced from Scripture, but that the Scripture-deductions were employed as *à posteriori* arguments for the doctrines. The Doctor, of course, puts this as offensively as possible. To expect to convert a papist by showing him the *true* (Whatelean) interpretation of the texts which assert the doctrine of the real presence is, he says, "a very reasonable expectation where the doctrine has sprung from the misinterpretation, but quite otherwise where, as in this case, the misinterpretation has sprung from the doctrine." Dr. Whately, of course, would have the contradictory of this to be the right thing, and would wish all doctrine to spring directly from the interpretation of Scripture. Now see to what a funny opinion this would lead as to the apostolic preaching. St. Peter and St. Paul, according to the Whatelean theory, must have gone about for years preaching somewhat as follows : "We have nothing to tell you, no doctrines to inculcate,—that were to encourage a pernicious tenet that shall hereafter arise about tradition ; we have only to prepare your minds for what you shall have as soon as our amanuenses are ready to deliver the copy. We have at present nothing to give you, nothing to tell you, but a great promise to make, a true Evangelium to predict for you. Be ready, be prepared, and you shall see what you shall see. Behold we give you glad tidings of great joy ; for unto you shall be given a *Book* ! Yes, a book, which you shall read and believe, and live. We will not say that you shall be able to learn any thing definite or incontrovertible from this book beyond a few plain facts, such as the existence of God, and the like. Rather, wicked wags in later

days, seeing the quarrels to which its interpretation shall give rise, shall inscribe this motto on its covers,—

‘*Hic liber est in quo quærit sua dogmata quisque,
Invenit et pariter dogmata quisque sua.*’

Such is our mission. In order to introduce truth and peace on earth, we have to promise you this Book, which you shall read without note or comment, and which alone shall be your religion. Into this faith we are ready to baptise you—into the faith of the coming Book.”

Then try to fancy the commotion among the wise men when the Book at last arrived. They had to wait long; all the Apostles but one had gone off the scene before it was completed, and ages elapsed before the survivor’s finishing stroke was owned to be a constituent part of the expected volume. However, at last it was complete; and doubtless the Church, whose only faith till now was in the coming Bible, sat down with great unanimity, and with no prejudice, to make its dogmas out of that book. How one sage cries, *εὑρηκα*, I have found it, while another demolishes the incipient structure with a rival text! With what blessed ease, without any tradition to guide them, do they gloss over the verbal contradiction between St. Paul and St. James! With what facility, in that age of the universal belief of the transformation of substances by magical formulæ, do they determine that the words, “This is My body,” cannot imply transubstantiation, because such an idea involves an impossibility!

But here, Dr. Whately would tell us, you bring in the corruptions of human nature. I maintain, he says, that the doctrine just mentioned is not derived from the text, but that it is derived from the innate superstition of man, twisting the Word of God to his own fancies.

But let us inquire: if you cut away tradition on one side,, and human nature on the other—(Query, does human nature include Whatelean logic, or are we allowed to use that very pretty instrument in the manufacture of religion?),—if you cut away these two, how and by what rules are you to interpret the Bible? The Apostles are dead; no hearsay tradition is to be allowed; human nature and reason are corrupt; and yet here is the long-promised book newly arrived. How is it to be interpreted? By what process did you get your Protestantism out of it? Not by tradition, nor by the corruption of nature. How then? By Whatelean logic?—but is not this natural, yea, and a corruption of nature? It is all very fine to allow Protestants to be continually arguing with their snappish objections and contradictions to every

thing we say ; but let them show us how on their principles Christianity began ;—how it came to pass that Christianity, which once was without the Bible, became afterwards the mere emanation of the Bible ? We should like to see the process historically traced. We do not see how else it could have been than thus : that as Judaism was faith in the promises of a coming Messias, so præ-printing-press Christianity was faith in a coming book ; while its Pentecostal gift is a machine whereby the white pulp of old rags, being put in at one end of it, is transformed, and comes out at the other end Religion. Such is the Protestant transubstantiation—of rags into Religion.

We maintain, in opposition to Whately, that the whole cycle of Christian doctrine was taught and embodied in verbal and material formulæ,—that is, in symbols and ceremonies,—before the Bible was published to Christians ; and therefore that there first came oral tradition, embodied in daily commemorations, and then came letters and treatises explanatory of it. These writings were intended to be explained by the established belief, or by the tradition ; and in the nature of things could not avoid being so treated. Tradition first brings me the doctrines of the Church, and then she brings me the Bible, which she herself received subsequently to the doctrines, and which she explains by and in accordance with those doctrines. Dr. Whately would probably find it difficult to gainsay this plain fact ; so he goes on his acknowledged principle of “reading Romanism backwards,” and puts the cart before the horse, pretending that we only prove tradition by her second act, namely, her testimony to the Scriptures.

“Many,” says the arch-bonze, “defend oral tradition on the ground, that we have the Scriptures themselves by tradition. Would they think that, because they could trust most servants to deliver a letter, however long or important, therefore they could trust them to deliver its contents in a message by word of mouth ? Take a familiar case. A footman brings you a letter from a friend, upon whose word you can perfectly rely, giving an account of something that has happened to himself, and the exact truth of which you are greatly concerned to know. While you are reading and answering the letter, the footman goes into the kitchen, and there gives your cook an account of the same thing, which he says he overheard the upper servants at home talking over, as related to them by the valet, who said he had it from your friend’s son’s own lips. The cook relates the story to the groom, and he in turn tells you. Would you judge of that *story* by the letter, or the *letter* by the story ?”

This is very smart and very witty ; but it partakes of the

general fault of Dr. Whately's arguments; it is *nihil ad rem*, nothing to the purpose, and not true. Just consider what it supposes. There is the individual soul, to which God wishes to make a communication; He therefore sends to it a letter by a footman. Now who or what is this footman? It is no other than the Church, a corporate body, of which the soul in question may perhaps aspire to be a member,—say the billionth part. Yet this soul—this unit against millions—is forsooth the master, and the millions are the footman. This soul has direct communication with God, and the other millions have simply received from Him a sealed letter, and have only learned its contents from the kitchen-conversation of the valet and the cook! These millions obsequiously bring to the single soul enthroned in its solitary pride (it must be a Protestant soul, or it would never have got into such isolation) the sealed book, and say: "O happy soul! to whom it is reserved to look on that which is forbidden to our eyes, to receive a communication never made to us, receive this book. To you only is it given to peruse the contents; we know nothing about them but what we have learned through indirect channels. Open it and read, and judge for yourself about the meaning thereof."

And then the best of the joke is, that the soul, after it has received and studied and understood and believed the book, and become a member of the Church, and in union with God, a scholar of the Holy Spirit, and a partaker of the unction whereby wisdom is given, must dissemble all this knowledge; must become an infinitesimal fraction of a footman; and must, as one of the deputation, carry the same book to the next soul, pretending to know nothing of it, never to have seen the inside, and to have only indirect evidence of the contents. For the Church is a footman, a menial in the house of God; whereas the individual soul, the mere fragment, the single component atom of the mighty mass, is the lord,—the proud potentate, whose humble servant the whole Church is to become. This is certainly a new application of the *Servus servorum Dei*.

But to pass by this absurdity of the eccentric dignity, we shall find his unfairness as remarkable as his foolishness. "Would you judge," he says, "of the story by the letter, or of the letter by the story?" Why that would depend upon the language of the letter. Suppose the writer said: "I have not time to write you a fuller account, but the bearer will fill up the gaps, supply details, and explain difficulties;" then you would be a fool to refuse to apply to the bearer. Now, as a matter of fact, the New Testament does speak of the

Church in this way: it speaks of *vivâ voce* explanations and traditions, and tells us to listen to the Church. No, says Dr. Whately; the Church has only a second-hand story; it can tell us nothing. On the contrary, our Lord says, "I am with you all days, even to the end of the world." "He that heareth you heareth Me." And yet her voice is only the voice of a footman, retailing the gossip of the upper servants. Verily, Dr. Whately, you are a flippant blasphemer!

And the reasoning is as contemptible as the matter. In spite of his being the author of a shallow book on logic, and of verbose dissertations on the fallacies, he commits every moment the enormous fallacy of mistaking a happy illustration for an argument, and of fancying that he has proved Popery a fabrication, because leaves are green, or because footmen tell cock-and-bull stories of their masters' affairs. But when logic is systematically applied to prop up a bad cause, it is sure gradually to get bad. No wonder, then, that the only rule of Aldrich in vogue with Oxford divines should be, *Sectetur partem conclusio deteriore*,—Let the conclusion be on the worse side. No wonder that they should be sworn enemies of the four figures and twenty-four modes,—impugners of Barbara, Celarent, Cesare, and Bramantip, and patient of nothing but Baroko. No wonder that their favourite figures should be the *nihil ad rem*, *æquivocatio*, *amphibologia*, *ignoratio elenchi*, *non causa pro causa*, *petitio principii*, and the like. No wonder that the sciences which they chiefly affect for illustrations should be the peculiar Protestant ologies, pseudology, battology, mattology, and cacology,—specimens of each of which might with small pains be easily culled from the work before us.

We have only room for a delicious example of mattology, or foolish-speaking, which may be found at p. 72. "Even supposing," says the learned pundit, "there were some spiritual advantage in celibacy, it ought to be completely voluntary from day to day, and not to be enforced by a life-long vow. For in this case, even though a person should not repent of such a vow, no one can be sure that there is not such repentance. Supposing that even a large majority of priests and monks and nuns have no desire to marry, every one of them may not unreasonably be suspected of such a desire; and no one of them, consequently, can be secure against the most odious suspicions." We recommend this argument to all Christian socialists, and enemies of the inviolability of the marriage-contract. Surely matrimony too ought to be completely voluntary from day to day, and not

enforced by a life-long vow. For though possibly Dr. Whately may not be tired of Mrs. W., no one can be sure that he is not sick of her. And even though he has no desire to change his wife, he may not unreasonably be suspected of such a desire, and consequently can never be secure against the most odious suspicions. We recommend this twaddler to take care, lest in opposing Popery he finds himself unawares sapping the foundations, not only of all society and all faith, but also of what is of more importance to him—of his own family comfort—into the bargain.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY.

Theophania; or a Scriptural View of the Manifestation of the Logos, or pre-existent Messiah. By Twinrock Elmlicht, Esq. (Richardson.) Notwithstanding the oddity of the *nom-de-guerre* assumed by the author of this solid volume, his work is a remarkable production. Every biblical critic is aware that different opinions have always been held, not only among Catholic but among Protestant critics, as to the right interpretation of the many passages in the Old Testament describing some special manifestation of the Divine Presence through a visible agency. The questions involved have nothing to do with the nature of the prophetic gift, commonly so called; but are concerned with those cases in which the term “angel,” or some kindred phraseology, is usually employed; the point in discussion being, how far those supernatural events are to be regarded as manifestations of the presence of Almighty God in the person of the Eternal Son. Many scenes are recorded in Scripture in which forms were shown, or voices addressed to the outward senses, or their ideas impressed upon the mind. The author’s object is to discuss all these instances, and determine in what cases the attributes described are inseparable from our ideas of an immediate manifestation of the Divinity, and in what the forms and voices are to be attributed to angelic ministers. We cannot pretend to pass any definite judgment on a book requiring, both in reader and writer, so much study; but we may safely say, that it shows an unusually attentive and anxious study of the Holy Scriptures, with no little learning and critical acumen. It is, in fact, taken altogether, a very striking and suggestive publication. Like many critics, the author, who is a Catholic, is pretty positive that he is right; but if a man were not so firmly convinced, he would have little heart to undertake the labour requisite for such a work.

Shadows of the Rood; or, Types of our suffering Redeemer Jesus Christ occurring in the Book of Genesis. By the Rev. John Bonus, B.D. (Louvain). (London, Richardson). This is a charming book; thoughtful, and in many respects original, because it re-opens treasures which have been long closed to the ordinary Catholic reader. The

author takes the lessons of Genesis, which are read by the Church during Lent; and by the light of the fathers, the medieval theologians, and the hymns and antiphons of the Breviary, shows how they are prophetic types of the sufferings of our Lord. We venture to say, that the most meditative of our readers will be quite startled with the multitude of new but obvious applications of the inspired text which the author's extensive acquaintance with the medieval writers has enabled him to produce. His style is compressed and somewhat quaint; and his habit of quoting the Vulgate, and appending a translation adapted to his present purpose, gives him great freedom of exposition. We cordially recommend this little volume for Lent reading.

Catechism of the Diocese of Paris. Translated by M. J. Percy. Fifth Thousand. (London, Richardson.) This is an admirable catechism, which has been long and extensively known; we could wish its use were universal. The very popularity of the book seems to have thrown a difficulty into the way of remedying what is now an inadequate expression: we presume that the plates are stereotyped, otherwise in this edition we should scarcely read at page 290, concerning the immaculate conception, "such is the common opinion, an opinion authorised by the Church."

An Abridgment of the Catechism of Perseverance. Translated by Lucy Ward. (London, Dolman.) This book has gained the approbation of the most illustrious prelates of the Church, as well as that of the most experienced educators. Inspector Stokes, in whose good judgment we have the greatest confidence, recommends all pupil-teachers to master either this or Keenan's *Catechism of the Christian Religion*, or some similar work. We know that no criticisms of ours can injure its sale, otherwise we should be silent as to a defect in it which we lament. It is this: the lessons on the Creation (Nos. 4 to 11) are so *rococo*, that, considering the circumstances of the present day, we cannot help thinking them dangerous to faith. If children are to be brought up with M. Gaume's notions of science, the simplest elementary treatise on geology or astronomy will be a hard trial to them, and ought to be placed on the Index. Surely it is worse than useless to teach a child what the man must either unlearn, or, if he perseveres in believing, must be content to be a stranger to the intellectual movement of the present day. Cannot the profound simplicity of Moses either be religiously preserved, or, if expanded, developed into a less antiquated system than the following? "When God made the world what it is, it was altogether bare, without ornament, without inhabitants, surrounded on all sides with deep waters, and these waters were enveloped in a dense mist. Then He caused a portion of those waters to rise upwards, and left the others below on the earth. Then He placed the sea in its bed, and commanded the earth to appear, and clothed it with herbs. It was then nothing more than a meadow; but it suddenly became an immense orchard, planted with all sorts of trees, loaded with fruits of a thousand different kinds;" and so forth. Or, to take the science: need we be referred to "Desdouts, *Livre de la Nature*, tom. iii. p. 309," for the novel fact, that "in seven or eight minutes light travels many millions of leagues"? as if Macaulay were to quote Pinnock's *Catechism* as authority for the fact that Paris is the capital of France. We are told, too, that we each of us bear on our heads (!) a column of air of twenty-one thousand pounds weight, which only does not crush us because the air in our bodies maintains an equilibrium with that which is above us." Surely, if a child can understand this, he can understand the Copernican theory too, and need not be

taught that "the sun rises every day, and makes its revolution with great rapidity." Worse still are the reflections on the uses of the parts of the universe. The universe is made for man; but the parts of the universe are made for the whole. How absurd is it to teach that the reason why God created the light, the great constituent agent of the material world, was "to enable us to enjoy the magnificent spectacle of the universe, to give colour to objects, to give beauty to our garments and the decorations of our houses; or that the uses of the air are, 1st, to enable us to smell, and to distinguish good food from bad; 2dly, to convey sound, and enable us speak and hear, then to be a pump; and 3dly (?) and lastly, to enable us to live by respiration!" As if any one could assign the final causes, the reasons and uses of things; as if the universe would be the universe at all without light and air. In like manner we are told, "God made the grass green *because* green is most agreeable to the eye; had it been red, white, or black, it would have been painful to the sight." Why may it not be agreeable to the sight because the sight was adapted to the green grass? But these faults are confined to a very small portion of the volume; and the great excellence of the rest quite makes up for these shortcomings. As a theological catechism we are happy to add our humble subscription to the testimonials of its utility.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Arnold; a Dramatic History. By Cradock Newton. (Hope and Co.) There is so much that is good in this dramatic history, that Mr. Newton would do well to take pen in hand and rigidly strike out every phrase which he considers eminently original. We do not mean every idea that he thinks original; far from it. It is his queer words and questionable grammar which want the pruning-knife. For instance, why invent such an adjective as "sun-toiled," or forget that to "pine" is not an active verb? The poem, moreover, is overdone with imagery, indicating, with the defects already mentioned, that its author wants experience, and that culture of the faculty of taste which natural genius rarely supplies. With all this, *Arnold* is a dramatic poem abounding with tokens of acuteness, thought, and imagination. If the imagination is too exuberant, and the thought indicates a mind not yet at rest, the whole is a work of promise, conveying a favourable impression both of the author and his abilities.

Notes on the Education Question. By the Right Rev. Bishop Ullathorne. (London, Richardson.) Education is recognised by all thinking persons as the great question of the day, and whoever has any remarks to offer upon it ought to be able to count upon a patient and equitable hearing; much more so, if he speaks with the wide experience, the clear judgment, and the official authority, of the author of these notes; who, however, does not write *ex cathedra*, but, on the contrary, says that "these chapters are written in the spirit of inquiry, and to promote inquiry. They have no authority beyond their argument; they are simply notes."

The question discussed is clearly stated. Whereas aid implies control, —and our schools accept aid from three sources: local subscribers, the Poor-School Committee, and the government,—the inquiry is, whether it is worth while to accept the aid of government at the cost of the controlling influences which we must in return concede to it?

The two chapters on inspection and on building-grants contain the direct reflections on this subject. The author, while accepting government inspection, as long as it is completely optional, declines the building-grant, which gives the government the permanent right.* But we cannot help thinking that he clogs the simple inspection with a condition the possibility of which would prove the practicability of the Manchester scheme, of a total separation of religious instruction from education. He calls the attention of the inspectors to the order that they are to report on the secular instruction only, and then appears to complain that this order has been in some degree violated by both Mr. Marshall and Mr. Stokes, who have certainly alluded to the religious training given in some schools in their reports. But these allusions are so excessively innocent, that to disallow them seems to us equivalent to requiring the inspector to cast religion entirely out of his thoughts during his examination and his composition of the report. Now, if this feat is possible for the examiner, why not for the teacher? and if for the teacher, why not for the scholar? and if for the teacher and scholar, why set your face against mixed schools, with exclusively secular education and with adventitious religious instruction interpolated between the gymnastics and the music-lesson? Why insist on the inspectors being Catholics, if their religion is to be entirely forgotten during the inspection? Surely nothing can so tend to increase the impulse given to the secular element of education by the inspector, and to diminish the interest of both teachers and pupils in the religious element, as the literal enforcing of this condition. The infringements adduced by the author are perhaps transgressions of the letter, scarcely of the spirit of the inspector's commission. And the government report,—a document, by the way, addressed far more to those school-managers whom it may concern than to the officials of the government,—does not seem an unfitting place to commend certain religious books, or the practice of reciting hymns, and the epistle and gospel of the Sunday, or the precision, knowledge, and delicacy with which certain questions of moral philosophy and Scripture history were answered; unless you wish the whole machinery of government inspection to be applied to the exclusive development of the secular element, and the discouragement of the religious element, in our schools. The concluding sentence of this valuable pamphlet, which embodies the two main conclusions of the arguments, is as follows: "The clue to guide us through the labyrinth is, the independent tenure of the school. And the surest guarantee of Catholic teaching will be, the use of our own books."

The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles J. Napier, G.C.B. By Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Napier. Four vols. (London, Murray.) Though there is a violence about all the Napiers, which, pushed only a little further, would almost justify a suspicion of lurking insanity, it must be conceded that Sir Charles Napier (not the one who did not take Cronstadt) was a great man, both in his actions, as the world already allows, and in a lesser degree in his writings, as appears by his most interesting letters and journals in these volumes. He was nurtured amidst a maddening excitement and scenes of horror, which made a profound impression upon him. It was in Ireland, where, previous to the outbreak of 1798, the soldiers were let loose to live at free quarters; the yeomanry, animated by a sectarian fanaticism, were exceedingly ferocious; and magistrates, for the most part partisans, acted with great

* Surely not a permanent right of inspecting the studies, but only of ascertaining from time to time that the building is *bonâ fide* used as a school.

violence and cruelty. Poor men were frequently brought into Celbridge (where the Napiers lived) dead, or dying of their wounds, having been wantonly shot while labouring in the fields by passing soldiers or yeomen, and there was no redress. These scenes implanted in him a lasting hatred of the oligarchic and selfish government of England, which was always openly expressed, and did not conduce to his advance in life. His letters are full of passages where this feeling comes out. "Some regiments," he writes in 1807, "are not permitted to take Irish volunteers, which appears as if they were specially appropriated for half-hanging and flogging, and cutting of throats, for burnings and robberies, and other little government details. What an intolerable system of ruling!" Among his other opinions, his rabid hatred of popery comes out at times into strong relief, though apparently it is but a reflection and concentration of his heathenish disdain for religion in general, and the Church of England in particular. He talks of the "Pope surrounded by his bloated parsons," just as if the sting was not meant for Rome so much as for Canterbury. This hatred of "priests" is just as strong in the case of Anglican bishops as of cardinals; and after all, his insane words were more than compensated by his just actions when he had the power of acting. Thus he wrote from Scinde in 1843 to the Bombay government: "The troops in Scinde are in want of pastors. . . . The Mussulman and the Hindoo have their teachers; the Christian has none! The Catholic clergyman is more required than the Protestant, because the Catholics are more dependent on their clergy for religious consolation than the Protestants are; and the Catholic soldier dies in great distress if he has not a clergyman to administer to him. Moreover, I have not the least doubt that a Catholic clergyman would have great influence in preventing drunkenness. But, exclusive of all other reasons, I can hardly believe that a Christian government will refuse his pastor to the soldier serving in a climate where death is so rife, and the buoyant spirit of man crushed by the debilitating effects of disease and heat. I cannot believe such a government will allow Mammon to cross the path of our Saviour,—to stand between the soldier and his God, and let his drooping mind thirst in vain for the support which his Church ought to afford." The volumes abound with views which have lately made the fortunes of writers on military subjects. Sir Charles Napier, we are afraid, will be a great extinguisher of originalities which have lately claimed the rights of a patent in matters of war. Take, as a specimen, part of an essay on officers written in 1813. It might be a paragraph of the *Times* correspondence from the seat of war. Speaking of the staff, he says:

"A French general sends officers of trust, aware of the importance of accuracy as to time and facts, to bear orders for combined movements; and their staff is selected for talents and experience united; not for their youth, ignorance, and imbecility, as in our army, displayed in vanity, impertinence, and blunders on all occasions. A French quartermaster-general is not distinguished by his dangling sabre-tache, High-Wycombe drawing-book, and fine ass's-skin, and ass's-head, with which he makes rapid sketches equally deficient in clearness and accuracy. Nor do French soldiers stand for hours unsheltered in a town, while the quartermasters-general are—taking care of themselves. That a proper staff is the hinge on which a general must turn his army, seems never to have been attended to by us."

The only thing we object to in these volumes is Sir William Napier's importunate and impertinent pleading for his brother's matchless superiority to all the world in all possible subjects. He was a master in

two arts—war and administration. Such high qualities do not require to be enforced by the blustering extravagance of a partisan.

The Rules, Office, and Devotions of the Carmelite Confraternity, established in the Diocese of Salford. By the Very Rev. Provost Crosskell. Second Edition. (London, Richardson.) This is a comprehensive and beautiful book of devotions, and appears already to have attained a popularity which we think will last. If we must criticise, we think some of the translations of the hymns at the end the least excellent things in the book.

Read me a Story; or, Stories for reading aloud to Little Children. (London, Mozley.) This is, we suppose, a Protestant book; though, on a cursory examination, we have failed to discover any thing that we can blame. The stories seem to be both pretty and in their way interesting.

Correspondence.

“SACERDOS” AND “J. B. M.”

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—St. Thomas says, if I remember right, that a man is called *benignus, quia bono igne charitatis inflammatur*. I hope, as the day is a cold one, Sacerdos will not think me very flippant, irreverent, &c. &c. &c. if I poke this ‘good fire,’ and warm my fingers at it a bit before I take up my pen to answer him.

I have not the books at command which would be requisite in order to answer him fully; but I may as well tell him honestly at once, that he has not convinced me, and that I don’t expect that I shall convince him. It is quite plain that we look at certain things from points of view so extremely opposite, that I have not much chance of doing more than defending my own position in a manner to satisfy those who agree with me. However, as the object of his letter is to show that I am to that degree ignorant of the whole subject that I have no right to any opinion upon it, I might damage the good cause if I said nothing; so I shall venture to make such reply as I can to the charges either of ignorance or irreverence.

In the first place, I am not in the habit of writing things which I don’t mean; and at the close of my letter to you I expressed my opinion that you had better consult some etymologist to see if what I said was true. If Sacerdos is so full of diffidence as to salvo himself by saying he won’t be led into a controversy on the Sanscrit or other roots (and I most fully believe him), why should he not give me credit for a little diffidence too? Why represent me as so positive, when I said I was not? If he says to me, You are an irreverent ignoramus, why may I not say something just as saucy in reply?

In the next place, Sacerdos has evidently great faith in the Hebrew scholarship of St. Jerome, and some faith in that of the Septuagint. I have neither the one nor the other, and never had that I can remember. But then I think Almighty God can put before His Church that phase of revealed truth which He judges fit, without being obliged to lean upon grammatical accuracies and details of scholarship. Our Lord used probably the Chaldee Paraphrast in the synagogue; the Apos-

tles quote the Septuagint, and so did the ancient Church for three whole centuries; and we use St. Jerome's version. I don't believe that any one of them at all deserves the name of a literal version; but if the Church to my mind never has encouraged a literal version,—and I am under the impression that the Church, and not the Bible, is the pillar and ground of the truth,—why may not I think as meanly as I like of the Hebrew scholarship of Paraphrast, Septuagint, or St. Jerome? Sacerdos may have his Bible only if he likes, if he will be so good as to leave me entire faith in the Church.

Sacerdos must see, however, that with this radical difference of view between us, he has been shooting paste instead of shot at me; I am dirtied but not hurt,—no, not even frightened. Moreover he must be aware that it would be impossible in a Review to state and explain and defend so radical a difference as this. If *he* can say he believes St. Jerome was a great Hebrew scholar, let him do so; if he can show me that the Church requires me to believe it, I am perfectly ready at the shortest notice entirely to give up my private opinion on the matter; but till he does, I should belie my whole literary existence if I said I held an opinion which I believe to be utterly untenable. St. Jerome is in heaven, and sees what I am writing: he maintained the *Hebraica veritas* in his day *contra mundum*. I am not a bit afraid that he will quarrel with a man for announcing his belief in an unpopular truth, the result of years of study. If Sacerdos can swallow St. Jerome's etymologies (for instance in the Ep. de Alphabeto Hebraico) without a laugh, it is more than I can do. He thinks I am flippant and irreverent; I think him stiff and old-fashioned. He quotes the unbelieving Gesenius (for whose literary merits I have the highest respect) against me. I will quote M. Renan against him: “Ni Origène ni St. Jérôme ne dépassèrent les Rabbins leurs maîtres; et ce premier essai de philologie hébraïque chez les Chrétiens *ne fut qu'un reflet de celles des Juifs.*” *Histoire des Langues Sémitiques*, p. 159, Paris, 1855. This opinion I have held for years; and I think Gesenius, in his *Gesch. der Heb. Sprache*, was of the same mind. However, it is many years since I read him; but Renan, at all events, would think a quiz of a Jew might have taken in even St. Jerome. In fact, the accurate scholarship I am speaking of could not be gotten, without a miracle, by one man in one century, when he was the sole student of Hebrew in that century. A moment's reflection will show that such a thing has never been obtained except as the result of the lengthened labour of many and conflicting minds. It is better, therefore, to suppose St. Jerome overruled for God's purpose, than to suppose such a miracle as this. Surely one may believe the miracle of Pentecost, and yet be sceptical about St. Peter's Pamphilian scholarship; and, *mutatis mutandis*, one may believe the trustworthiness of the Vulgate, and yet entirely discredit the possibility of St. Jerome's being an accurate Hebrew scholar.

But, to grapple with one or two particulars: I don't give up my view of Lamech; but I cannot prove it, any more than Sacerdos can his. As for Samuel, I will say this much: If a woman called her son Axen, because she had *asked* him of the Lord, I don't think it would be of much use saying that there is no such participle as ‘Axen.’ Yet if the worthy Sacerdos will look at 1 Kings i. 20, he will find this is just what was done in Samuel's case. Samuel's mother knows he is *out* there, any way, bad taste as it may be to say so.

With the Cherubim argument I have dealt already by anticipation. Not having Gesenius at hand, and thinking he derived it from *carab*, ‘to plow,’ and supposed it originally meant an ox, I forgot that he had

mentioned the derivation which I invented. The word 'hrescoob' only occurs once, I believe, and that in Ps. civ. 3, Heb. (ciii. Vulgate), in a connection to favour my etymology.

As for the etymology of ὄφης, I got it from a Hebrew word, which word I said was connected with the idea of foaming. The etymology is that of the late Professor Lee, who was an excellent Arabic scholar. I did not say, I think, that the root as well as the word was Hebrew; and that in such a case I should have had no faith whatever in the Latin version of Osee x. 7, which never occurred to my mind, is, I trust, now unequivocally plain. But my object was to show that the root was a Semitic, not a Greek root,—whether Hebrew or Arabic was quite immaterial to that object; and in this Sacerdos has given me a helping hand, as I think many scholars now-a-days hold the opinion that Coptic (which I suppose Sacerdos means by Egyptian) was itself a Semitic language. I think this opinion is expressed by Professor Max Müller in his admirable book on the *Languages of the Seat of the War*, and can say positively that I have had a letter from a distinguished linguist stating that opinion a few weeks back. Renan, I am aware, is against this view.

Whether inflexion and inclination have more to do with wagging than with standing (ἔσσησε), Sacerdos may decide otherwise than I should. Welte, a Catholic commentator on the place (Job xl. 17, not xi. 10), and a well-known orientalist, says that "the crooking of his thick hard tail at will is regarded here as a sign of great power,"—*Das beliebige Krummen des dicken harten Schweifes wird als Zeichen grosser Kraft angesehen*. Tübingen, 1849. But I am one of those who think that all words in Semitic languages stick to a gross physical sense to the last, *i. e.* never thoroughly get rid of it, as other languages do. On which point I may refer to M. Renan as above, pp. 21-4; yet I think the crooking of a tail at will approaches pretty near to wagging it, after all,—nearer than the Vulgate "stringit," or the Septuagint ἔσσησε.

As for αἰών, I think my point quite proved if I have shown the existence of a similar Sanscrit word (whose termination, or crude form either, does not signify one atom to the question in point, by the way,) which means 'time.' The derivation from *i*, 'to go,' may be wrong; but I think it is the one Professor Wilson gives in his lexicon. Benfey (Gr. Wurzellexicon) puts it under another *i*. Sacerdos in one breath says it ought to mean *station*, and in the next suspects it comes from ἀω, 'spirare.' This is blowing hot and cold, methinks. Surely the glass I live in must be some of his own blowing! Can he be wroth with me for interfering with the stationariness of the stones?

I should not, then, be at all afraid of being tried by a jury of philologists as to the question, but not of course by one packed by Sacerdos. But he has failed as yet in convincing me that I am to *that extent* ignorant of the matter, that I have no right to an opinion upon it. And I have always found it answer to *own* my ignorance when I once can be got to see it; for I have learnt so much by never being ashamed of my ignorance, that I don't mind at all having it pointed out, if Sacerdos can do it. Perhaps, however, as he suggests, my knowledge puffeth me up. I will confess to him, that in writing to a learned friend the other day I was wicked enough to observe, that if St. Paul had only said ignorance puffeth up, I could have believed *that* without an act of faith. I am willing to be put on either horn of the sad dilemma into which it seems I have fallen.

And now for a word about my irreverence. I daresay Sacerdos has spent many, many more hours in laborious homage to the holy Fathers than ever I have done. My strength is not great; but I have devoted the

best, perhaps, of my days to them, and, so far as I can judge, love them ardently. If Sacerdos knew who I was, I think he would acknowledge my devotion to them. But I mention it only to show that I am not in the least daunted personally with the charge of irreverence, flippancy, bad taste, &c. &c. I am used to all that kind of thing, when people have little else to say. But, as the world goes, one cannot get it to attend to the existence even of cherished absurdities without good strong stirring epithets; so I forgive the epithets he bestows on me. Sacerdos may, for all I know, be more entitled to reprove *persons* than I am to jibe at *things*; which, as you have kindly pointed out, is all that I have done. I do not see how that which in the Fathers was only materially false is else than formally false now; and as Sacerdos has not convinced me that these are not falsities, I maintain that the saints in heaven are not to be worshipped by upholding them.

For St. Augustine I have as great a veneration as for any of the Fathers. Of St. Anastasius (*in arte suâ*) I have expressed my opinion already. Of Petavius, though personally much indebted to his great work, I must say he could give the Fathers harder cuffs than I ever did, when occasion offered. With Father Passaglia I quarrelled simply for perpetuating a now antiquated piece of nonsense; for so I still hold it to be. I will apologise for past irreverence, then, only by giving Sacerdos a little bit more. I will suppose him old enough to be my parent, and that some wicked boys had stuck on to his coat a great long ridiculous pigtail, wherewith he was marching with all the grace Lord Chesterfield could have taught him down some public street. Seeing my 'parent' made thus 'ridiculous' before the world, my flippant and irreverent spirit would prompt me to jerk the ornament out. The operation might unsettle his stateliness for a moment; but my filial intention would have been to enable him to proceed upon his way with greater decorum afterwards. But if, when he got home, he gave me a beating for my pains, Martin's Act against cruelty to animals would rise before my indignant soul. *Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.*

Rather, O beloved parent, let us poke once more the *bonus ignis charitatis*; and when it has blazed up, endeavour to see each other's faces in a more pleasant light. Then, as you say I fall foul of every thing, if Mr. Rambler came in and interrupted our inchoate friendship, I would turn snappishly round on him, and complain of him for clapping my *theologia* into irons. I, ungracious being, had represented her as *male feriata*, dancing and taking her ease like the Trojans in one of Horace's Odes while the fatal horse was being introduced into the city. Then, turning to you, my dear old Trojan, I would say, "*Equo ne credite Teucri*;" and I would resume our chat. Then begging your pardon, Mr. Rambler, for all the I's I have been guilty of, I would with a formal bow modestly profess myself, your obedient servant,

J. B. M.

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PART XL.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS OF RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

AT a time when the rights of the state to confiscate at will the goods of the religious orders is a recognised principle of half Europe; when the Catholics of Sardinia and Spain have to lament a nefarious spoliation, which has been defended not only by the organs of Socialism and of Revolution, but even by men who flatter themselves that they occupy the foremost rank in the army of order and conservatism; when among ourselves a profligate party would pauperise our seminaries, put our convents under inspection, and take into its own hands the management of our charitable funds,—it is surely opportune to consider somewhat at length the foundation of the natural and civil rights of religious orders.

In the first place, then, we claim for religious the rights of the citizen; and above and beyond these, the rights of the benefactor of citizens, the rights of genius, of devotion, and of love.

The rights of man are notoriously violated, when he is forbidden to live such a life as he judges most conducive to his well-being and reasonable happiness. "*An quisquam est alius liber,*" asks Persius, "*nisi ducere vitam cui licet, ut voluit?*" Any difficulty thrown by the government in the way of clerical and conventual life, is more or less such a violation of the rights of the citizen. How can the government forbid its subjects to feel the domination of caprice and chance, to desire their liberation from this tyranny, and to submit to any rule that promises them such a blessing? When a man longs to supply, by external authority, his own want of constancy and resolution, and to court the government of others, when long experience has convinced him of his inability to govern himself, what right has any person to interfere with his plans? If only in favour of these weak

souls, the right of religious association is a right of human nature. But there is another class for whose happiness, and whose perfect development, it is the best interest of mankind to provide; there are souls endued with power—call it genius, or inspiration, or vocation—to do incalculable good to their fellow-creatures; peculiar souls that require a peculiar life, and peculiar institutions for their proper and healthy development. Plunge them into the only life which our political quacks would recognise, and you make them miserable. There is, as an infidel writer confesses, a latent antagonism between genius and the humdrum domesticity of common life, which must often cause much misery. Affections are strong, but ideas are stronger. Through them Howard left his only child in a madhouse, while he carried out his benevolent reforms in the prisons of distant countries. They steeled Bernard Palissy to see unmoved his wife and children perishing, while he tore up the very boards of his cottage to feed the furnace for his experiments. They possessed the painter who stabbed his brother, that he might truly paint the throes of the death-agony. They made Rousseau, who could take such pains to give the rules for his idea of education in *Emile*, leave his own children to be brought up in a foundling hospital. They could lead Sterne to neglect a dying mother, while he indulged in pathos over a dead donkey. They make the domestic and conjugal life of the great poets the blots in their biography, the most painful portion of their history. Yes, ideas are stronger than affections, not only in individuals, whose intellect raises them above their fellows, but in whole populations; who have before now been driven into the wildest excesses, or exalted to the most heroic sacrifices, by an idea, as our modern philosophers call it, by their convictions and superstitions, or, in the language of the Church, by their faith, their hope, and their charity.

We do not pretend that ideas are as large a constituent of common life as affections: the affections are its substratum and groundwork, universal and continuous; ideas, on the contrary, are isolated and concentrated flashes of power, not always in action, but bearing all things before them when they do act. Now, no civil government does its duty to human nature, when it makes, or even permits, no provision for the ideal life. It is a suicidal policy in the statesman to refuse to make use of the power of ideas; but it is worse than this, it is a murderous policy, when their development is repressed either positively by penal enactment, or negatively, by depriving them of all means of existence. The same ideal genius that, in the midst of the most unfavourable

circumstances, pushes forward a Howard or a Nightingale (to take the popular, not the best, examples), is found in smaller quantity perhaps, or weaker concentration, but still is found in numerous men and women; these all have it strongly enough within them to render the usual life disgusting and miserable; but not strongly enough to enable them to break the trammels of custom, to defy public opinion, to leave house and family for the hospital or the prison, and to consummate that sacrifice which they yearn to make. Others, too, of a temperament analogous to that of poets, persons who, like Byron, or Shelley, or Keats, or Tennyson, are always raving like maniacs, or mourning like doves, over life and its miseries, over their isolation, and want of sympathy with the dry round of domestic existence, are more numerous than the mere statistician would ever suspect. Confine these persons to our recognised life, they become what may be truly called one of our dangerous classes; some may find vent for their ideality in the back-woods of America, in the dangers of African exploration, in the excitement of travel or of commerce; but most will pine in solitude, making themselves, and those who have the misfortune to be near them, wretched; or distilling the virus of their discontent into novels, or poems, or articles, with which they poison the very springs of social life.

The classes, then, in whom ideality predominates over affection, though scanty in comparison to the whole, are yet absolutely large enough to form a considerable element in the census of a population; and important enough, from the fund of power which they possess, to enter into the calculations of every prudent politician. Even in this view only, the Church has proved herself wiser than all the statesmen. They have been completely paralysed in the presence of the ideal element of humanity; they have mocked at it, have sought to repress it, or to divert it, and have been throttled in its grasp. But the Church understood it from the first. From this class of persons she has chosen her ministers; and her peculiar education and institutions have always sought to foster and to develop it. That same element which makes a rare manifestation of itself in our common civil life, in isolated cases of Howards or Nightingales, is in the Church of every-day occurrence. Not that human nature is different among us, but because the Church knows how to kindle the smouldering fire and to vivify the expiring spark which the foot of Protestantism so ruthlessly stamps out. The active orders are founded on the spirit of Howard; the contemplative develop the finer and more purely ideal spirit of the

poetical enthusiast. Persons of such organisation cannot be happy in common life; therefore it is mere tyranny to compel them to endure it: they can be both happy and useful in monastic life, and therefore they have a right to it by the very law of nature. A policy which represses, directly or indirectly, this right, is both murderous and suicidal: murderous, because it prevents a large class of persons from finding the end to which their peculiar nature is adapted; suicidal, because it converts this class into an element dangerous, often fatal, to the internal peace of a nation.

Yet this policy has been that of the "philosophers" who have more or less directed the destinies of Europe since the Reformation. The rights of the individual, which are both logically and naturally prior to those of society, have found no favour in their schemes; which, in exalting the state above the persons who compose it, have resuscitated the ancient absolutism of paganism, and in their maxim, that "every thing is permitted for the interests of the state," have in the name of liberty invented a maxim, whose object appears to be that of legitimatising all possible tyrannies and despotisms. The ultimate and primal right of every person to choose that state of life which, in itself innocuous, he judges to be most conducive to his own enjoyment, virtue, and usefulness, has been in modern times openly and solemnly violated by the forcible suppression of religious orders.

But, says the statesman, what is the use of them?

Now, in the first place, what right have you, MM. Kaunitz and Cavour, Henry VIII., and Joseph II., to ask any individual, who refuses to perform no contract to which he is obliged, who consents to bear his share of the burdens imposed on the state by the government; what business have you to ask him of what use he is? You did not create him; he was not created for you. He owes you, as Cæsar, certain dues; and these he renders, or is willing to render: what right have you to interfere further, and to ask him about the utility of the rest of his life to the state? If he chooses to spend all his time in playing dominoes, how does it concern you? You tolerate with the greatest indifference the "golden youth" who lounge away their lives in theatres, in taverns, in hells, and dens of vice; you bear with the genus of dandies, fellows who for whole hours employ all the thought withinside their noddles to becurl and bedeck the outside; the only persons you will not bear with are those whom you can reproach with no vice, no frivolity; are those who can only be said to be useless to society,—if it is useless for mankind that some among them should give them-

selves up entirely to the exercise of their highest faculties, to the pursuit of that end for which man was originally created. They are mystics, you will say. Well, but so are your poets, and so are their readers. Is the *Imitation of Christ* less a benefaction to humanity than *Childe Harold*? Are the enthusiastic disciples of the former more pernicious to society than the sentimental, sensuomental readers and admirers of the latter? Utility is *not* the measure or the principle of popular admiration. A singer, a fiddler, a dancer, can command an ovation which would be refused to the maker of steam-engines, or the builder of a hospital. The true nobility of our nature lies in its ideal element; and men feel instinctively that the artist, the philosopher, the contemplative sage, and the saint, all stand on higher platforms than the economist or the utilitarian. These things may in your eyes be useless to the state; but it is no concern of yours to interfere with them; nay, it is the most disgusting tyranny to put difficulties into the way of a vocation which human nature instinctively reverences as the fulfilment of her most noble ends.

But, you will say, these monastic bodies had managed to acquire, and to clutch in the cold grip of their "dead-hand,"* a great share of the property of the state, which thus became unproductive capital, tied up from other uses; and what was worse, an incentive that made persons with no vocation enter the order, not for the purpose of leading that mystical life, that ideal existence they are supposed to follow, but for the more practical purpose of eating the loaves and fishes annexed to the foundation. Hence have arisen scandals which have brought the religious life into contempt; and the state has suffered not only from the injury done to the religious sentiment, but from the undue multiplication of a set of drones, *fruges consumere nati*, whose interest it has always been to obstruct all progress in the material prosperity of the commonwealth. Vested interests indeed are sacred things; what a man has legally acquired, the state has no right to deprive him of; but it has a right to regulate the laws of succession, and the rights of tenure, in such a way as to prevent any considerable portion of its wealth being locked up for ever in hands which are precluded from making any commercial use of the property they hold.

But it is exactly these "vested interests," which in the case of religious, the state does not respect: it respects neither the right of the present possessors, nor the contingent rights of all those persons whose nature, or temperament, or

* Mort-main.

organisation, or vocation,—call it what you will,—will not allow them to be happy in common life, but urges them to forsake the world, and to retire into these religious foundations. Such a temperament is a common thing in nature; you may say that it is a weakness; but so is sickness, so is poverty, so is ignorance: and if munificent persons choose to found princely establishments for the sick, or the poor, or the ignorant, will any theory of right be a justification for your confiscating these foundations for your own benefit? Will any orator be found to defend the plunderer and leveller of hospitals and almshouses, of schools and colleges? Reckon, if you please, the mystical element of our nature to be allied to insanity,—there is a sense in which we may allow it; genius, whether in the natural or the supernatural order, looks very like folly—

“Great wits are, sure, to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.”

Saints have prayed to become fools for the love of God, as He became, as it were, a fool for love of man. For all that takes us out of the dead level of ordinary life, that which raises us above, as well as that which sinks us below it, unfits us for living as ordinary people, and makes us appear eccentric and insane. Reckon, therefore, the convent to be a species of lunatic asylum; even then we claim for it the rights of the weak, the rights of the miserable and the poor.

Yes, you will say, we do reckon them to be lunatic asylums, but asylums, not for the cure, but for the propagation of lunacy. Take them away, and there is no temptation to your moonstruck youths and damsels to indulge their mystical fancies, and to render themselves useless to society. Destroy convents, and that peculiar form of madness which urges persons to become monks and nuns disappears. No, it does not disappear; it simply changes its form; it becomes the dangerous ideal element of society; that element of exaltation and exaggeration, which plunges nations into the most fantastic absurdities, fierce fanaticism, cynical immorality, cold-blooded cruelty, and wild revolution. The Church is the only power which has ever arisen in the world which has showed itself equal to the task of satisfying the aspirations and disciplining the minds of this kind of persons; she alone has used them for edification instead of destruction; has applied their energies, instead of allowing them to run to waste. Of one class of such minds she makes her sisters of charity and mercy, her brothers of the hospitals, and her attendants on the infirm in body or mind; to this class belong her religious of both sexes, who occupy themselves in

superintending the education of the young, the reformation of criminals, or the instruction of the deaf and dumb and blind; others occupy themselves in manual labour, and might still be found, as in the middle ages, to be the pioneers of civilisation in a savage country. Then we come to that other great order of minds whose attributes are more purely ideal, who are more analogous to poets and philosophers than to active philanthropists and benevolent reformers. These all choose a life of retirement and contemplation; and in their cloister do they inflict any more damage on society than if they were left to moon and mope at home, unable to enjoy themselves, and spoiling the enjoyment and happiness of their whole families by the eccentricities of their character and conduct? There is now a universal demand that the right man should be put into the right place; that the round man should no longer be fitted into the square hole, nor the square man into the round hole. We defend our convents on this very principle: there are triangular persons, male and female, in the world; but, except in convents, there are no triangular holes in which they can find a berth. You will never have the right persons in the right places, if you refuse to allow us to provide right places for a whole division of humanity, or if you claim your right to destroy or modify our foundations at your own pleasure. We do not deny that these pigeon-holes may become too luxurious, and may attract a cuckoo-brood to usurp the place of the doves. But let your remedies be proportioned to the disease: do not destroy the organ to cure a superficial injury; do not cut off the foot to cure the corns, or the head to cure the toothache; do not uproot the whole conventual system to remedy isolated cases of abuse. Such conduct is the murderous quackery of the cheating charlatan, not the wholesome, even if severe, practice of the wise physician.

We maintain, then, the rights of convents, even on the impertinent assumption of the unsoundness of mind of their inmates;—we need not say that, except for argument's sake, we heartily repudiate any such insinuation;—the voluntary resignation of family ties we take to be one of the greatest signs of true nobility of nature. The great intellectual and practical benefactors of our race have all been childless men. The memory of heroes who have left children to represent them has almost always suffered in consequence. *Ἀνδρῶν ἡρώων τέκνα πῆματα*. What an anomalous appendage to the ideal Socrates is Xanthippe with her babies! Lord Bacon, who lived just long enough after the change of religion to be able to compare the results of the two systems, observes: “A

man shall see the noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men, who have sought to express the images of their minds where those of their bodies have failed; so the care of posterity is most in them who have no posterity." Yes, those who are "according to the order of Melchisedech," without father, mother, or descent, are the great public benefactors of our race; and any institution which can organise and develop the powers of those persons who feel within them the call to this great legion of honour, confers a benefit on humanity which the statesman is a fool to ignore.

But, after all, it is useless to insist on the utility of the conventual life; utility and expediency ought scarcely to be named where the question is one of right. Yet it is not amiss to remind persons that the untaught enthusiasm of the lady-volunteers for our Eastern hospitals was obliged to seek instruction from the organised and scientific benevolence of the Sisters of Charity, and that the fruits of the expensive establishments of English missionaries among the heathen are but as nothing compared to the harvest gathered by the half-starving priest. But this is not the question: what we maintain is, that we have a right to live in convents if we please; that our mode of life there is not one of robbery, leads to no violation of the rights of others, and is one with which the state has absolutely no right to interfere. And yet these persons, in spite of their unquestionable right, in spite of the claims to your gratitude which many of their body had established, are the only ones whom you would systematically exclude from the protection of the law, whom you consider as aliens to society, whom you despoil not only of their civil rights, but also of the rights which belong to them as men; for every man has the right of being left at liberty to choose and to carry out the mode of life he thinks best, and of not being robbed of the property he legally holds.

Public utility is not the ultimate rule of government. The expression is one of the vaguest, unfitted to commit the governing authority to any definite aim and course of conduct. If you understand it as meaning the utility of the majority, then the minority is always sacrificed, society is gradually split up into mutually exterminating factions, and must finish with the catastrophe of the cats of Kilkenny. If you understand it as the utility of each individual, then it is but an inexact phrase for public right: in this case you re-establish the equality of every one in the sight of the law, the rights of the individual are re-asserted, rights anterior to those of the majority, and which it is the primary duty of government

to respect. These rights are the real and inviolable elements of public utility, so that the government which injures the private man essentially injures the public; not a party, not a majority, but the public, the whole complex body of citizens.

The rights of government over individuals are excessively limited: it can exact a fair share of contribution to its expenses; it can require that the citizens abstain from all personal violence, from all robbery, from all fraud, and invasion of the sphere of other persons' rights. But who pretends that the inmates of convents are more liable to break these broad laws than other persons? But perhaps the government can require of them a greater amount of charity and active benevolence towards their fellow-creatures? Absurd! Who would maintain that the government has the right of fixing for each citizen the measure of charity which he ought to practise? and if not for each, how for any? God commands us to be charitable and merciful; but so does He also command us to say our prayers, and to abstain from coveting other men's goods. But how can the state take cognisance of the performance or the breach of these commands? Neither individuals nor the government can exact a mere bounty as a right; a mere bounty is that which each individual has perfect right to give or to withhold; and the duty of the state is to protect these individual rights; the principal object of its institution was to defend and maintain them. You do any one an injury when you try to compel him to do you a kindness; and the government is bound to punish you for violating his right. If the government sides with the aggressor, it only puts itself at the head of the unjust and violent party, in forcing a man to do that which he has full right to do or not to do as he chooses. The obligations of charity are altogether distinct from those of justice; nor can all society together exact from one individual on the title of justice that which he is only obliged to give them by the dictates of charity.

Government, then, can impose an obligation of mutual abstinence from wrong, but cannot bind its subjects to confer mutual kindnesses without disturbing the order, and violating the intention of society. For how could such a law be sanctioned, or its limits defined? How much kindness should it force each man to do his neighbour, and how could it find out whether these duties were fulfilled? With what penalties could such a law be sanctioned? Could it force a man to provide for others before he had made ample provision for himself? or could it define the exact time, labour, diligence;

and substance which each may expend on himself before he turns his attention to his neighbour? No; the duty of beneficence is vague, till determined by the individual conscience for each separate case; it reveals itself only to the heart, and submits only to the interior tribunal of the reason.

The final end of society is not the progress of the race, not the sacrifice of all persons now alive to the material interests of posterity, but the material and mental interest and satisfaction of each person who is a constituent part of the association. When, therefore, the statesman wishes to compute the amount of public happiness, he ought not to pass over a single item of individual enjoyment, the sum of which makes up the amount of happiness among the persons whom he governs. And in making this calculation is he only to look to merchants and bankers, farmers and labourers, manufacturers and mechanics, peers, gentry, and men of pleasure, and keep no column for these men, who live for themselves certainly, but whose study is not to increase the store of material riches, but the store of moral goodness in their own hearts? They are contented and happy; is it no gain to the government to have such subjects? Is not the sum of public happiness increased by this amount? Perhaps the statisticians do not consider themselves bound to take this kind of happiness into consideration because it grows in secret, it is not noisy and obtrusive, and is easily overlooked. But is secret happiness impossible? When will men cease going about with their dark lantern in search of happiness through the parliament and the theatre, on change, over barracks and battle-fields, rather than seek it where only it is to be found,—in the secret recesses of the heart? What is the public but a collection of individuals? And if each individual was conscious of perfect happiness in his own heart, though no one knew any thing of his neighbour's state of mind, would not the result be a body of happy men? In that case, the individual happiness would not be multiplied by reflection and sympathy; but still the amount of public happiness would be increased; there would be fresh centres from which the radiance of felicity emanated, however confined the radius to which it extended. It is absurd to take no account of happiness and contentment in itself, except so far as it can be seen and admired by others.

To object to persons leading the conventual life, that they have no influence on the public happiness, is, in the first place, impertinent, because you have no right to demand that they should contribute any thing to that stock: in the second place it is false, for they not only influence the total

of public enjoyment, but they contribute the items which compose it. It is more to be a constituent part of a thing than simply to exert an influence over it. But the religious were too happy for the world to bear with; society did not thank these men for proving that all misery might be driven from the world by each person taking as great pains to make himself happy as they did. They made an inconvenient revelation to society. They showed that the end which society relinquished as unattainable could really be reached; they revealed both the end and the way. And society pulled its hat over its eyes, and declared it to be the height of impertinence that a parcel of ignorant monks should presume to prove that to be attainable which it had decreed to be unattainable, and forthwith renewed the old law of the Ephesians, "*Nemo de nobis unus excellat: sin quis extiterit, alio in loco et apud alios sit.*"* "Let no one man of us be better than the rest; if any becomes so, let him go elsewhere, and live among other people."

We do not wish to be insulting; but we are afraid that envy, jealousy, and cupidity are the motive causes that induce you to be so hostile to religious orders. Else how is it that, while professing the utmost solicitude for public happiness, you regard with stern eyes those who really labour at their own moral improvement and the salvation of their own souls; while you patronise and caress the persons who profess no moral aims, and are often too corrupted and too distracted by passion to be capable of any real enjoyment? Even respectable men seem determined to prove the truth of La Rochefoucault's maxim, that it is safer to be a rascal than to be a saint. We once knew a head of a house at Oxford who patronised all the fast men of his college, and only pried suspiciously into the conduct of the steady students, who thought it a better preparation for a clerical life to attend morning prayers, than to spend the night in emptying champagne-bottles, and throwing them through quiet men's windows. So it is with society. It would be thought the most grievous injustice to interfere with the licentiousness of the rake, so long as he kept within the law; but let the rake reform and turn Trappist, and then he will find that the world has changed too, and has learnt to pry into his failings with the eyes of an Epidaurian serpent. It is true the government never thinks of requiring the idle and dissolute classes to show charity, and make themselves useful to society; much less does it make their vice a pretext for confiscating the property which they abuse; provided they do not violate the law, they

* Cicero, Tusc. Disp. v. 36.

are left in peace. It would be tyranny to try to put a stop to their vices; to pry within the threshold of their house would be a violation of the domestic sanctuary. And we do not complain of this; only let the government apply the same measure to our monks and nuns. Why is its power to be unlimited only against them? Why are they alone to be excluded from the rights of the rest? Why are they to be subject, not to law, but to caprice? Why can these only be driven from their homes, robbed of their property, deprived of the right that all men have by nature of associating themselves for their own good, for the purpose of rendering themselves happy? Why, too, add insult to injury, and tell these monks and nuns, whose "vested rights" you thus violate, that they are a pack of lazy drones, and useless to society? Unless you mean that you are society, as Louis XIV. was the state, and that those whom you wish to rob are excluded from society, thrust out of the pale of humanity, and numbered with the dead, simply because they hold property which would be very useful to you.

But you will say that the religious orders are part of the clergy, and the clergy are only public functionaries, and as such under the rule of the state. In the first place, the religious orders are not clergy, except accidentally. The functions which they have undertaken—whether clerical, educational, or simply benevolent—are so many accidental additions to the original idea of the religious life, the one object of which is the attainment of the person's own perfection; is simply an affair of the private conscience, more inviolable than the privacy of the domestic hearth.

Next, though they were necessarily clerics,—which monks are not always, and nuns never,—they would not therefore come under your supervision; you do not inspect them and abolish them as clerics, but as religious orders; you do not pretend to prevent John Smith or Adam Noakes from becoming a clergyman, if he wishes to do so; but you question his right to live in community, to seek in association a state of private life which he judges most conducive to virtue and the good of his soul.

Thirdly, even if they were clergy, they would not necessarily be public functionaries in such a sense as to be functionaries of the government, and liable to its regulation. They are public functionaries because they perform functions in behalf of the public; they are not public functionaries, if you understand by that title that they are elected and called by the public, and that from the public they receive the charge and commission to exercise their functions. They are

sent to minister to the public, not by the government, not by the state, not by any civil authority, but by the supreme spiritual authority, and ultimately by God Himself. Even if the state proscribed them, and interdicted their ministry, as they have received their commission from a higher than Cæsar, they would have to proceed on their course, in spite of his edicts, as till lately has been the case in this kingdom. They are functionaries, but not of the state. The state may and ought to recognise their utility, and might provide for their support, as it grants pensions to public benefactors in the civil order; but still in the presence of the state they are not officers of its own, but simple citizens, with the full rights of simple citizens to do that which they consider best for their souls.

But, you will say, the government for its own security must have the right of taking cognisance of all associations, whether for civil or religious purposes. They cannot have a legal existence without the recognition of the government; and the legality of their existence ceases *ipso facto* with the withdrawal of the license of the state.

As if man had no rights till the state had recognised them! As if there were not natural rights of the individual, of the family, of the association, prior to those of the government! That which the law does not sanction is not therefore illegal. A man needs the support of no human law to give him the right to eat and drink, to marry and bring up his children, to associate himself with other men for acts of worship to God, or for mutual improvement. The pretence that nothing can exist in human society but what is legalised, is a principle which sets the pettifogging of the lawyer above the wisdom of God, and which establishes the most universal and the most absolute despotism: it elevates a busy barrister or a prying policeman into a providence, and brings mankind under a yoke that can only be borne by the dullest drudges and most supple slaves.

But, you will say, whatever the religious orders are in the abstract, yet as the occupiers of their establishments, as possessors and stewards of funds left for certain objects, they are to all intents and purposes public functionaries, bound to carry out the intentions of the persons who gave them their property. Moreover, if we are to look at them as private citizens, how can you expect that we should change our whole law of the succession of property in their favour? A man cannot tie up an estate for ever in his own family; why should he be allowed to do so for a religious association?

To the first part of this objection we observe, that in

order to carry out the intentions of the original donors of conventual property, you first divide the orders into two classes—the active and the contemplative; the latter you assume to be utterly useless to the public, and you conclude that no sane person could ever have intended to have given his property for the maintenance of so absurd a system. This property, derived perhaps from persons of fortune, who joined the order, increased by the manual or intellectual labour of the religious, given at all events by persons who were intimately acquainted with the life of those to whom they made their benefactions, has, you assume, been put to uses never contemplated by the original donors, and ought therefore to be confiscated to the use of the state. The property of the active orders you place under the supervision of the state, partly for its own use, partly to carry out some remnant of its original destination.

But are you so sure of the infallible truth of your assumption that no one could have intended to endow contemplative orders? that the only utility which the donors of property contemplated was that, not of the religious themselves, but of the sick, or poor, or ignorant, whom they undertook to tend? For, after all, the intention of the donors should be inferred from the then existing spirit of the associations to which they left their goods. Some of these existed only for contemplation, others superadded the exercise of charity. These aims were perfectly known to the benefactors; when they left their property to contemplative bodies, their intention evidently was to maintain them in this contemplative life; and you, to carry out this intention, abolish them! Persons who endowed active orders evidently intended them to exercise charity freely, as all true charity must be exercised; and you, to carry out these intentions, make these men mere relieving officers, simple mercenaries in the pay of the state, in whose name you sometimes confiscate their goods, in order the better to enable them to fulfil their office! You who are placed by God and by society at the head of the state, for the express purpose of defending the right, and maintaining the laws, and the legal status of individuals!

But, after all, your true motive, which some of you have been open enough to own, has been your desire of helping yourselves to other men's property. Their land and houses was the "*damnosa hereditas*" which undid them. To appropriate this you have invented all your legal quibbles about mortmain, and the dead hands of living religious. You made the law sing its *De profundis* over the monk, and then you thought it no robbery to steal his property. We do not

deny the right of the state to frame its own laws to regulate the manner of transmitting property; it may of course, if it pleases, abolish all the present law of trusts and successions; but it has no right to apply one measure to one class of citizens, and another to another class; it has no right to neglect the vested rights of the interested parties. It is one thing to prevent Smith or Jones from leaving his property to convents, another to let him make his will and die, and then confiscate his property to yourself, with as little regard for the civil heirs as for the religious legatees. And, moreover, it is one thing to confiscate the property of a religious order, and another to destroy the order, by taking care that it shall have no means of acquiring fresh property, or of otherwise supporting its existence. The highway-robber takes the traveller's money, perhaps strips him of his clothes, but usually spares his life. So let your guilt stop at confiscation; do not add to your crimes that of interfering with our natural right of forming associations for the practice of virtue, and for the good of our own souls.

It would require a separate article to show, as we intended, that the natural course of things punishes this iniquity with a slow but inevitable retribution:—to trace how the English Reformation was punished by the Revolution, the North German by the excesses of the peasants, and by the Thirty Years' War: to show how Joseph's liberalism—the liberality of the man in the proverb, who stole the hog, and gave the feet for alms—ended in the destruction of his own feudal order, which he sought to enrich: to record how the dying emperor, pining with the diseases that he had contracted by his profligacy, and embittered in his last moments by the rebellion of Belgium, honestly confessed, that the revolutionary movements in Europe were in a great measure owing to that philosophy of philanthropism (as misomonachism was then and now facetiously nicknamed) of which he himself was a disciple: to show how in France and Spain the fundamental ideas of property have been overturned; and how the very classes which enriched themselves half-a-century ago with the spoils of the Church, are now in their despair ready to submit to any dictator who will ensure them at any price the tenure of their holdings. It was said at the commencement of the French Revolution, "In robbing the Church, you throw the first stone at the rights of property: this attack will not stop of itself; in half-a-century it will be a general assault." And though Thiers made himself merry over this oracle, and over the "queer reasonings and forced deductions by which the imperturbable spouter tried to alarm the landed

classes with the dread of an invasion," yet the scoffing statesman lived to see events which forced him to recant, and to write a book in defence of property, in the very commencement of which he declares, that now we must—unless we wish society to perish—prove those rights which the conscience of mankind has ever hitherto admitted without proof. "Gentlemen," said Chateaubriand before the Chamber of Peers, in 1817, when a measure was proposed for selling the forests of the Church,—“gentlemen, I venture to prophesy to you, that if, under a government which represents the principles of order, you do not put a stop to the sale of these goods, not one of you will be able to reckon on his children peaceably succeeding to his estate. I know that in this century men are very little moved by reasons drawn from things beyond the term of our lives; our daily difficulties have taught us to live from hand to mouth. We sell the forests of the Church; we see the immediate consequence in the replenishing of the coffers of the state; as for the distant consequence, as it will not touch us, we care nothing about it. Gentlemen, let us not have such confidence in the grave. Time flies rapidly in this country; in France the future is always close; it often comes sooner than death.” Two revolutions—the last more social than political, and the terror of the wealthy classes at the progress of socialism—have justified the wisdom of the orator.

Man is a reasonable being. If your great-grandfather gave an annuity to a convent, and your grandfather lent a sum of money to the state, he will be with difficulty persuaded that it is a greater crime to rob you of the interest of the loan than to rob the present inmates of the convent of their annuity. Your grandfather's intentions can be scarcely made out to be more sacred and inviolable than those of his father. Mankind does not see why the Spanish Government is more bound to pay the British bondholder than the monk or the nun or the priest, whose property it was cheered on by its British creditor to confiscate. We do not pretend to the gift of prophecy, nor to the interpretation thereof; but we should neither be surprised nor sorry if those spendthrift politicians of Sardinia who have been obliged to eke out their unhallowed and slippery pelf, which they have “conveyed” from the Church to the uses of the state, with money borrowed from capitalists of this country, were to treat their English creditors with the same measure which they have used with the clergy.

Our people have approved of this robbery; the *Journal des Debats* has defended it. Henceforward the latter should never complain of the confiscation of the property of the Or-

leans family, nor the former of the non-payment of their bonds. If you *will* enforce the constitutional heresy which submits the Church and her property to the civil magistrate, you must not be surprised if men carry out the principle, and submit all other property to the party which happens at the time to be strongest in the state.*

THE SCANDAL OF GOODNESS.

PROTESTANTISM is a fact, not a theology. It is to be mastered by the Baconian induction, and not by any Aristotelian or scholastic logic. We cannot comprehend it by first ascertaining its fundamental axioms and granting its postulates, and then arguing to its conclusions, as if they followed consistently on its premises. It is bootless to say to a Protestant, If you believe this, you must believe that. He replies, That he does not see the necessary connexion of the two opinions. We get nothing by telling him he *must* think or act in a certain manner. His answer is short, and to the point; he declares that he *does not* think or act as we protest that he must. And the more we argue and reason and deduce, the more he is convinced that we are unfair and uncharitable and bigoted; the more confidently he hugs himself in the conviction, that we Papists are as malicious as we are stupid, to be blind to the merits and claims of persons like himself.

No one, in truth, can have any thing to do with Protestants, especially English Protestants, without admitting that they are no more to be understood by any means but personal study, than the magnitude of antediluvian saurians is to be estimated by the antics of the pretty little green lizards that haunt the old walls of Italy. It is not, perhaps, pleasant to our own logical self-complacency to allow that such is the case; but we fear that our polemical vanity must put up with the slight. To a Catholic controversialist, rejoicing in the scientific completeness of Catholic dogmatics, and the careful casuistry of Catholic morals, and issuing forth to the fight armed to the teeth with logic, Scripture, and history, it is not a little mortifying to find himself at fault the moment the battle has fairly begun, and he finds himself face to face with an antagonist talking a new language, disputing nine-tenths of his facts, and smiling complacently when he ought to be prostrate with a mortal wound.

* Much of the argument of the above article has been taken from a masterly chapter in the admirable *Filosofia della Politica* of the late Abbate Rosmini.

And this sort of surprise and vexation is felt alike both by "old Catholic" theologians and by fresh converts. It is felt by nearly all who are new to the work of actual or private controversy with individuals, whether they have spent the best hours of their life in a conventual cloister or an Oxford-college library. We are all of us apt to overrate the love for a logical consistency of the average run of mankind. The digestion of the ostrich is a fair type of the intellectual capacities of the majority of the world, so far as reasoning goes. Doctors talk much about what they call the "assimilating" powers of the human frame and stomach when healthy and vigorous. What a man can eat and drink at one good dinner, considering not only the variety of dishes put upon the table, but the multiplicity of ingredients of which those dishes have been compounded by the cook, is perfectly astonishing. But an ordinary man's brain leaves his stomach far behind in the defiance of dyspepsia. A thorough, stout, bold English Protestant will imbibe and digest contradictory opinions, inconsistent facts, metaphysical and dogmatical impossibilities, without a pang or a twinge. If any thing, he thinks it rather beneath him than otherwise to be a slave to exact syllogisms. That may do, he fancies, for Frenchmen who go wild on scientific form, just as profound thought may suit a dreaming mystical German. But for himself, he adds, he is a practical man; he values things, facts, realities; he wants to see, touch, taste every thing; he judges things by their practical results; and if syllogisms and logic and systems, and all that, are against him, he can't help it; he is content with common sense, and so ends the matter.

Even in the school which aims most definitely at a sort of dogmatic completeness of opinion, these anomalies are abundantly rife. Considering how high are the pretensions of Puseyism, and how learnedly and ably it labours to establish itself on a scriptural and historical basis, it is often surprising to see how impervious its disciples appear to all demonstrations of their inconsistencies. With so much undeniable sincerity and self-sacrifice as they make, one is puzzled to account for an extent of intellectual obtuseness, or of apparent moral perversity, hardly reconcilable either with their acquirements or their personal character. When a man has once grasped the doctrine, that our blessed Lord established one visible Church, it is startling to observe him maintaining that *one* church means two churches, or half-a-dozen churches, all independent of and in practical antagonism to each other. When a man of average capacity has mastered the fundamental idea of a governing authority, it is hard to believe

that he literally cannot see that the idea of jurisdiction is necessarily implied therein. What, we ask, can be that person's conceptions of the duty of faith in a distinct revelation of doctrine, when he maintains that no practical means is left existing upon earth for ascertaining what is, and what is not, a portion of that revelation?

A ready solution of the problem is sometimes offered by those who have not studied the actual religious phenomena of the day, which is, however, no solution at all. The well-known and undoubted maxim is repeated, that conviction is a very different thing from conversion; and it is assumed, that it supplies a perfect explanation of the strange anomalies presented by the followers of Dr. Pusey. They must be convinced,—so runs the rationale of their case,—they are not converted; therefore the deduction is clear, they are held back by selfish and worldly motives; and their conduct is only a fresh illustration of the ridiculous affectations and shameless pretensions of all who are not Catholics. No good can come of such men; pride, pride alone, holds them where they are; they will not follow up their convictions. Argument and rhetoric is wasted upon them; the *only* thing to be done is, to pray for them, to beg of God the grace of their conversion, along with that of the common herd of the 'ungodly world.

Such would be a natural deduction from the singularities of the Puseyite phase of religious opinion, were we to decide on their merits solely from formal scholastic treatises on controversial or dogmatic theology. It is clear, however, that such would be a view of their case as erroneous as it is superficial. Many a man, we cannot help seeing, is not convinced in reality, when *we* see as clearly as the day that he *must* be. We mistake the distinctness of our own perceptions for the distinctness of his. The course of argument, which is as plain and irrefragable in our eyes as a geometrical demonstration in Euclid's *Elements*, is to his mind a mazy, cloudy, half-invisible series of statements, half deduction, half mere baseless assertion. The proceedings in a recent and still-continued controversy about the moon are an exact type of the Catholico-Puseyite controversy. We beg our Puseyite friends' pardon for comparing them in any way to such a personage as Mr. Jelinger Symons; but we cannot help noting the differences between mathematicians and the disciples of that singular gentleman, as an exact parallel to the different modes in which certain lines of argument strike Catholics and the High-Church school of Anglicans. It is really difficult to conceive by what species of mental distur-

tion a man of sense and common powers of perception can fail to comprehend the simple proofs which establish the impossibility of Mr. Symons's theory. We expect next to hear people maintain that a zigzag is a shorter way from one point to another than a straight line. And just such is the difference between the clearness of our perceptions of certain theological arguments, as compared with the distorted images which they present to the understandings of those who are not Catholics; objects which stand out to our eyes clear in outline and brilliant in colour are to them like the floating visions of the mirage. They see there is something in them; but what it is, and what it means,—whether it is intended as a guide or a warning,—with all the straining of their anxious eyes they fail to determine. Separate and distinct propositions in morals or dogmatics they can comprehend and admit; but the connecting links between premises and conclusion are often to them so fine as to escape their detection; or so apparently subtle and wire-drawn, as to create distrust and suspicion when they ought only to engender confidence.

Still further, they are in practice weighed by positive reasons, which, on the contrary, to us appear simply fictitious, or even nonsensical. Either they assert and believe in the existence of facts on which we are profoundly sceptical, or they attribute to them an argumentative weight, when in our judgment they have nothing on earth to do with the matter in hand; nay perhaps, they even tell against their conclusions, and not for them. Of this special kind of difficulty, which prevents the Puseyite school from carrying out their principles to a consistent completeness, we believe by far the most generally influential is that which we have indicated by the heading of this present article. Of all the stumbling-blocks which prevent good and sincere Anglicans from seeing their way into the Catholic Church, we suspect there is none like their conviction of the personal qualifications and piety of their friends and acquaintances, and of the recognised leaders of their own school or party. Many of the phrases introduced from time to time, and passed from mouth to mouth, as "reasons" for adhering to the Church of England, exercise little real influence. They are more or less cant, if not in the beginning, yet after a very little wear and tear. They are convenient polemical cries; sham answers to positive difficulties; forms of speech for silencing people who will persist in making themselves troublesome. Such unmeaning cries as we have heard for the last ten years about the "church of our baptism," duty to "our mother,

the Church of England," and such like party technicalities, have small power on a man's conscience when really pricked or agitated. They offer no refuge for the troubled soul, longing for satisfaction and peace, but harassed by the conflicting statements of opposing writers. The conscience wants something that may seem to come directly from Almighty God; some beacon-light, which, however feeble and distant, may appear to burn with that steady brilliancy which proves that it was lighted at a heavenly flame. Those who from their infancy have reposed in the certainty of an undoubting faith in a self-consistent creed have little idea of what the conscientious soul *suffers* when driven hither and thither by the storms of modern theological controversy. Even to those who have escaped from the atmosphere of tempest into a higher region, where the sun shines in all his brightness, but where the winds are lulled, and into which the clouds never rise,—even to those it is sometimes difficult to sympathise fully with the agitations produced by the controversies of parties, all of them apparently in earnest. So hard is it to throw oneself into a state of mind unlike one's present mood, even though at no distant period our own condition was identically the same.

There can, however, be no question that the pains of religious doubt are felt in their acutest keenness by a large number of our fellow-countrymen at this present period. And we may rest assured that, whatever be the multiplicity and foolishness of the various excuses which may be put forward by sensible persons in justification of conduct apparently inconsistent with their principles, their decisions are actually determined by grounds which they regard as possessing *some* tokens of Divine origin. An honest heart finds it almost impossible to persuade itself that a God of mercy and justice has left it without some practical guidance which may be recognised as proceeding from Him. When it finds such a guidance, or, what is the same thing, believes that it has found it, all reasonings which do not include this supposed guidance, which do not render it ample justice, which do not account for it and explain it, fall unheeded on the ear. The listener intentionally sets them aside as deceptive. He treats them as the words of man, of man's subtlety and man's learning, and prefers to follow what he regards as the finger of God pointing out to him his own personal line of duty.

Now this guidance, in the present condition of the religious portion of English society, is usually supposed to be found in the personal piety and devotedness of individual Protes-

tants. Torn, distracted, bewildered, by contradictory assertions, and by reasonings which, though all seemingly unanswerable, lead to directly opposite conclusions, the ordinary thinker falls back on the domain of simple morality. Here, he thinks, if any where, he will be able to discern the marks of the work of the Spirit of God. Here, at any rate, is a foundation on which all are agreed. Catholic and Protestant, High Church and Low Church, every one holds to a certain extent the same opinions as to what constitutes the essence of a Christian's life. Love to God and love to man; self-sacrifice, labour for the poor, generosity with one's money, steady perseverance in private and public devotion, determined control of the lower appetites, honesty, truth-telling, the humble study of the Holy Scriptures,—who doubts that these things are the marks of the Christian; and, moreover, who supposes that they can be attained without the help of Divine grace?

Looking round on personal friends, and on such public personages as are in high repute for virtue, the observer discerns, or considers that he discerns, all these graces flourishing undeniably, and sometimes in striking beauty, in very many people who are perfectly satisfied with their religious creed; or—to use a modern term, rapidly degenerating into a cant phrase—their religious “position.” Are not these men and women living the lives of good Christians? he asks himself. And if they are, how can they be what they are, except by the grace of God? And if they thus enjoy His strengthening and illuminating grace, how can they be otherwise than in His favour? How, then, can they be wrong? And if they cannot be wrong, how can I be wrong when I follow in their footsteps, and am content with their views? The course of argument seems faultless; not a step in its deductions can be denied. Its conclusions can only be negatived by denying the reality of the moral goodness of the persons in question; a thing simply ridiculous, and not to be thought of by those who know them intimately, and have seen their virtues tried by the most searching of tests. If you Catholics, continues the observer, insist upon denying this sincerity, and imputing to base motives conduct so evidently springing from love to God and love to man, you only confirm me in my previous ill opinion of you and your creed. I see that you are influenced and blinded by party-spirit; I can place no confidence in your statements and interpretations. How can I trust what you say about the sanctity in your own communion, when I remark your inability to understand sanctity where I myself know that it exists? How can you expect me to believe that all *your* religion is not formalism, when

you so cruelly and obstinately maintain that the holy lives of the adherents of *my* religion are no better than pharisaism and self-deception?

What, then, do we reply to reasoning such as this? Do we deny the virtues of the individuals in question, on whose reality the whole argument rests? Not for a moment. But we dissent from the conclusion, notwithstanding the correctness of the syllogisms which lead to it, on the ground that they do not include the whole truth of the case.

First of all, the conclusion cannot be sound, because it proves too much. If it proves any thing in the way of practical guidance in the choice of a religion, it proves that Christianity is a fable. It no more establishes the abstract lawfulness of a man's remaining a Protestant than the moral goodness of some of the old Jews proved that it was not their duty to become Christians. The entire question is this: Has Almighty God made a distinct revelation of His will, called Christianity, or has He not done so? If He has done this, can it possibly be imagined that it is a thing left for the private choice of individuals, whether they will submit to that revelation unreservedly under any conceivable pretence or any conceivable hypothesis whatever? And is it possible that it is immaterial whether we comprehend and believe the exact nature of that revelation in the precise sense in which it was given by God? Has Christianity a meaning, or has it not? Is a revelation of truth to the soul the same thing as so many pages of printed or written matter called a book? Can a man be said to accept the Christian revelation who is indifferent as to the nature of the things revealed; or who considers that, because it is difficult to ascertain what they are, or because his friends and neighbours are pious people, it is lawful for him to sit down contentedly ignorant?

Again, the Christian religion, we are all agreed, is the only true religion. Nevertheless, of all the false religions existing among men, there is hardly one which is absolutely in all things false. There are moral and doctrinal truths contained in almost every philosophy or superstition which ever attracted human allegiance. Brahminism abounds with shadows of the Incarnation and Atonement; Mahometanism is a sort of orientalised Judaism; the paganism of Greece and Rome retained vestiges of patriarchal traditions, and elementary ideas of worship and morals, in the midst of all its baseness. Yet can it be maintained, that it is a matter left for a man's private choice, whether he will be a Christian, or a pagan, or a Mahometan, or a worshipper of Brahma, or even a Jew? The idea is purely extravagant; its condemnation is contained in

the proposition, that the Gospel is a revelation from God, and that it is professedly sent to every human being.

As, then, the fragments—nay, if we will, the large portions—of truth which are found imbedded in the huge masses of error in pagan and unchristian creeds are no proof that it is not the bounden duty of *every* man who has the means of studying the question to embrace Christianity; so no existence of moral virtues, or overflowings of Divine grace, in the hearts and lives of those who are not Catholics, is a proof that it is not the bounden duty of *every* man who has the means of studying the question to embrace Catholicism. There is, indeed, a school of Protestants,—if men to whom thinking is a thing almost unknown can be called a “school,”—who systematically describe all pagan and nonchristian religions as simply and homogeneously diabolical; imagining that they thus add to the unapproachable lustre of Christianity, and increase men’s sense of the obligation under which they lie to accept it and it alone. Every real theologian, however, as well as historian, is aware that this Calvinistic style of settling the subject is below criticism. As a matter of fact, false religions abound with the relics of patriarchal truths; and it is every way probable that these minglings of truth with error were providentially designed definitely to *lead* to the acceptance of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. As, however, we do not pay our Anglican friends the ill compliment of supposing them to be influenced by these foolish theories, we say no more on this point; merely calling their attention to its bearings on our general argument.

Whatever, then, be the amount of moral and spiritual worth among individual Protestants, we absolutely deny that it is any proof that it is lawful for any person to remain a Protestant when he has once been made acquainted with the logical untenableness of the Protestant, that is, the anti-Roman, theory in any one of its modifications. As we have said, we do not for one instant deny the claims of many Protestants to our love, our respect, our honour; nay, we will go even the length of saying, that they may sometimes be well worthy of imitation by inconsistent or lukewarm Catholics. No doubt we might very decidedly demur to the exalted praise which is bestowed upon this or that person. Moreover we cannot forget that on two or three points Protestantism, including High-Church Anglicanism, is ill informed on the extent of the demands of Christian morals and the spiritual life. But granting, for argument’s sake, nearly every thing; granting it too most cordially, we maintain that, so far from the possession of these graces being meant to prove

Protestantism lawful, they are meant to serve the special purpose of proving Catholicism only to be true. Instead of lulling the inquiring soul into slumbers in the Church of England, they are designed to be its guiding-star to the feet of the Successor of Peter. If a man bestows a gift on a stranger or a wanderer outside his own house, is that a proof that he has no better gifts for the children of his own flesh and blood, who cluster round his own hearth and sit at his table with him?

There is a singular expression current among many Anglicans, which puts into shape the error against which we are arguing. They ask, How can I become a Roman Catholic, and so *deny my past life*? meaning that they must thus cast a slur upon the Divine goodness which they are confident is now watching over and blessing them. The phrase, and the idea it embodies, are based on a total misconception of the facts of the case. A man in becoming a Catholic never denies his past life in any such sense as is implied by the expression we speak of. He gives up his old opinion, that the Anglican Establishment is a branch of the true Church of Christ; but he never admits that he personally committed a sin in remaining in her boundaries, unless he is conscious that he did so against his convictions. He may be as much amazed as he pleases at his own past simplicity in accepting such prodigious claims as Anglicanism puts forward with scarcely a pretence at proof of their validity; but in all this he never doubts that the hand of Almighty God was with him, or that the Divine voice reached his ears, or Divine grace affected his mind and controlled his life, or that he received and delighted in a large amount of the true doctrines of the Gospel, that is, of the one Church. What he has to do when he makes his general confession is, to confess his own sins against the lights he possessed, not to assert that he had no lights and no grace, or that he was living always in mortal sin, and knew it too. His profession of faith, again, what is it? It is an act of submission to the Roman Pontiff as the head of the whole Church, and an acceptance of all the doctrines taught by that Church. But it is no expression of opinion as to the degrees of truth and error mixed up in the various religions, nominally Christian and otherwise, all through the world; nor yet as to the measure of grace which may be bestowed on those who are not yet Catholics, or who have never had the means of knowing the exclusive claims of Rome to their obedience.

With respect to the positive feelings of individual persons who do become Catholics, undoubtedly the case varies extremely, in some respects at least. The antecedents of

converts are so very dissimilar, that it is but natural that one man should look back on his past history with feelings perhaps the very reverse of those which are cherished by another. In some there is to be found a sort of indignation against Protestantism or Anglicanism, as against a sort of incarnation of the spirit of deception, which colours the retrospect of the past with a hue peculiarly its own. Others, again, possess that happy faculty of ever dwelling on the better elements which are rarely to be found altogether wanting in any of the varieties of human life. With such the memories of the past are little else but sweet; and if they have regrets, it is chiefly because where so much was pleasant and satisfying, the one crowning charm of a clear knowledge of the faith, and a full possession of sacramental graces, was still wanting. These varying moods of feeling and habits of thought are, however, but the results of variations in temperament and experience. They have nothing to do with a man's profession of the Catholic faith, nor with any dogma or principle of Catholicism.

For our own opinion, we think it a better and more profitable habit, so far as a man's personal condition is concerned, to dwell in memory on what was good in the past, rather than on what was fictitious or pernicious. As a matter of study or controversy or amusement, it is often as useful as it is entertaining to look back on the strange phantasmagoria which the mind passes through ere it reaches the land where there is neither *ignis fatuus* nor mirage, where a man not only sees real objects in their actual shapes, but sees real objects only. And considering the "excellent sport" which one school of Anglicanism continually finds in another, it would be hard to deny *us* a share in the fun, or to claim for Protestantism a monopoly of all the good stories against itself. But all this is perfectly consistent with a healthy, cheerful, grateful, and humble habit of conning over the innumerable indications which memory can supply to so many minds of the constant presence of that Hand whose beckoning was at last discerned pointing the way to a "better country." Such a practice we believe to be singularly conducive, not only to an increase in charitable and considerate feelings towards those who are not Catholics, but to a keener sense of the magnitude and the excellence of the blessings to be found only in communion with the See of Peter. Ingratitude towards the past is not a thing to produce gratitude towards the present. On the contrary, those who are most successful in tracing the goodness of God to them from their earliest years are the most profoundly sensible of its unspeakable greatness and its untiring patience in their maturity and in their age.

THE MARTYRS OF CHICHESTER.

AMONG the martyrs whom Bishop Challoner enumerates in his *Missionary Priests*, there are several of whom he knows nothing more than their birthplace, the seminary where they were educated, and the date of their deaths. Of these he remarks in his preface :

“ We cannot but lament our being left so much in the dark with regard to several ; but shall not pretend to determine whether this has happened by the iniquity of the times, or the negligence of our forefathers, in not committing to writing the particulars of those gentlemen’s lives and deaths ; or perhaps the memoirs then written have since been lost, as we know some have, at least so far as not to have come as yet to our hands. Where we think it proper to advertise our reader, that if he knows of any such memoirs, and will be so good as to furnish us with them, or with any other materials relating to the sufferings of Catholics, we shall thankfully acknowledge the favour, and insert them by way of a supplement to our second volume.”

Doubtless the iniquity of the times has destroyed much ; the carelessness and the apostasies of later ages, and the dangers of the earlier days ; the vexatious searches and perusals of papers by pursuivants and magistrates ; the carrying off of all “ seditious ” books, letters, and manuscripts to the Lords of the Council ; and the wanton destruction by them of much that was felt to be damaging ; the carelessness with which these records have been thrown about after they thus came into the possession of Government,—all these causes have contributed to make these papers as rare and as valuable as the leaves of the Sibyl.

As to the “ negligence of our forefathers,” we do not think that the imputation is just ; when, in the quaint language of a Catholic of those days, they knew “ how avidous men’s affections were to see other men’s letters,” they very naturally took good care not to be in possession of writings “ containing a three-halfpenny matter ;” for if they were not kept or conveyed “ as privy as the cranes over Mount Taurus, they were taken to one of the council like a treasure (yea, though they were not worth a blue-point), as young Hancock’s letters were, when he wrote to his father that the pound of cherries was sold for two liards in Paris.” Doubtless the grave councillors were often disappointed in this manner ; but sometimes they found matter much more serious. Any writings in which Campion, or any other of the

murdered priests, were said to have been martyrs, put to death for religion, and not for treason, seriously compromised both those who had written and those who read them. Any thing like a memoir, such as that which Dr. Challoner desires, was considered a seditious book, and subjected its owner to grievous fine and imprisonment. It was not negligence, then, but a just instinct of self-preservation, which prevented such books being published. The relics of the martyrs were honoured, and eagerly sought after by Catholics. In later times books were published relating the miracles wrought by them; and doubtless their lives were long remembered, while it was unsafe to commit to writing what was known of them.

Challoner's third supposition, "perhaps the memoirs that were written have since been lost," might have come to be true, if it had not been for this anxiety of the Privy Council to pry into all the secrets of the Catholic families, and to possess themselves of all their papers. Whatever was brought was either placed in the Privy Council chests and lost, or preserved in the Secretary of State's office, whence it has come to the State-Paper Office; or was taken home by one of the lords, and put up among his private papers. In this way many a letter and memoir, or other interesting fragment, may be found among the series of Mss. in our great public libraries; as, for instance, in the papers of Lord Burghley among the Lansdown Mss. in the British Museum, in those of Sir Julius Cæsar in the same place, in those of Puckering among the Harleian Mss., among the fragments of the Cecil papers at Lambeth, and probably wherever any considerable collection of official documents of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. has been preserved.

The access to these and other sources of information introduces us to that which the venerable Challoner so ardently desired, to a mass of materials relating to the sufferings of Catholics which it will take years to copy and arrange; but which, after such arrangement, must be the foundation of any connected history of the change of religion in this country, and of the persecutions of the professors of the old faith almost ever since that event. The contributions from family-archives will then find their proper place and value; and we shall have a perfect series of documents which will once for all demolish the impudent lies and forgeries of the historians who have hitherto instructed the people of England on these matters.

As a specimen of the important information which is furnished by the records in the State-Paper Office and elsewhere, we present our readers this month with a pretty full account

of two martyrs, concerning whom Challoner knew almost nothing, and who are very good types of a whole class of these noble men,—of that considerable number who were never able to do any missionary work in this country, beyond confessing their faith in bonds and imprisonments, and sealing it with their blood. The most critical moment in the life of an English missionary was his landing in England; though he was never safe, yet he was less likely to be taken after he had once got into the interior of the country, and had been able to establish himself in some regularity of life. But in all ports, in all creeks, and usual landing-places, there was a continual watch kept; the crews of all vessels were overhauled before they were allowed to land; the authorities arrested all persons whom they suspected, and subjected them to a searching examination. Many priests were thus captured before they had set their foot on shore. They found that they had only come over either to rot in prison, or to die on the gallows; an event unsatisfactory enough to the statistician, who wishes to enumerate their gains, as it was to the ecclesiastical superior, who had to lament the untimely overthrow of the tree from which he promised himself a goodly harvest of fruit, and the destruction of a valuable instrument which had cost him much time and labour to form; but an event which perhaps encircles the martyr with a greater halo of celestial glory, for the very reason that he is stripped of all earthly success. It is no slight aggravation to die with the thought that all one's preparation has been in vain; that his studies, his learning, his arguments have been useless; that he has done nothing, and is an unprofitable servant. How different to the satisfaction of another, who might have been captured after years of successful labour in his Lord's vineyard, with the proud consciousness of having dealt many a shrewd blow at the religion of his tormentors, and dying almost in the excitement of actual battle! The fame of these latter persons has been great; their lives are known, and their names are yet familiar amongst us. We think of them as our generals in the great struggle of the sixteenth century, who died gloriously on the battle-field in the midst of victory. But the others have been forgotten, like the private soldier, whose nameless death may, after all, have cost him braver struggles than that of his more renowned leader. In our eyes, there is the same difference between the end of these two classes as between the death of the mature man, whose work is done, and that of the boy, whose beautiful promise is yet in the bud. This we pity, that we congratulate; but, in the eyes of faith, the case is altered—*Visitat eum diluculo,*

we may say, *et subito probas eum*. His trial is short, and soon ended; and his uselessness on earth only enhances the value of the sacrifice he offers. The harvest is ripe before his eyes, the banquet is laid in his presence; hungry and thirsty for justice, he would fain begin his work; but at God's call he turns his back on all, and marches bravely to death; while the other has a goodly stock of deeds to show, is one

“—qui se vixisse beatum
Dicat, et exacto contentus tempore vitæ
Cedat, uti conviva satur,”—

who can feel that he has done his work, that he has lived to some purpose, that he has eaten of the banquet, and is satisfied.

Ralph Crockett, one of the martyrs of whom we intend to give an account, was born at Barton-on-the-Hill, in Cheshire; and brought up in Christ's College, Cambridge, where a Mr. Nicholson was his tutor. Here he continued for three years, and then established himself as a schoolmaster in Tibnam Longrow, in Norfolk, where he remained upwards of a year. From thence he went to Gloucester Hall, in Oxford; where he remained a year to study under Mr. Reade, of St. John's College. After finishing his studies, probably without taking any degree, he went as a schoolmaster to Ipswich, in Suffolk, and remained there about five years. He left that part of the country about the year 1581, when the persecution was great on account of the pretended conspiracy of Campion; and when all Catholics or suspected Romanisers were doubtless hunted out from the scholastic profession, which they were forbidden by law (under great penalties) to exercise. From Ipswich he retired to his native county (Cheshire), and continued there about two years. What he did the next year he does not tell us; but, in 1584, he found means to leave England in a French ship, which put him on shore at La Rochelle; whence he at once proceeded through Paris to Rheims, and introduced himself as a neighbour and countryman to Dr. Allen, and was received by him “without any other means made:” for afterwards, when Burghley and Walsingham had organised their horrible system of spies, and had instructed their agents to feign themselves Catholics in order to gain admission into the seminaries, and report the names of all the students and priests, to forward descriptions of their persons, and information as to when they might be expected in England, and at what port they would land, the superiors of the colleges had to be more careful, and to refuse admission to any one who did not bring very satisfactory testimo-

nials. Ralph Crockett, however, either because Dr. Allen remembered him, or because he bore all the marks and lineaments of honesty on his big body and north-country face, was received into the college at Rheims without any of these precautions, about Midsummer 1584. There is no evidence to show us the *status* of Crockett's family, and whether he had means of his own, or was supported by the charity of Catholics. "The manner at Rheims," says John Hambley (himself a martyr), "is, that when any person comes thither to be instructed, he bring sufficient with him to relieve him; then is he relieved with his own goods; if not, then they are relieved by contribution and benevolence of the Pope and the King of Spain, and divers others of France."

At this time there were about two hundred English men and boys in the college. Dr. Allen was president; Mr. Bayley, vice-president; Dr. Webb instructed the students in cases of conscience; Dr. Barrett, in controversial theology; Dr. Stephens, Dr. Elye, Dr. Gifford, and Dr. Stillington, lectured on St. Thomas; Mr. Parkins read and expounded the New Testament every day after dinner; and Mr. Morris, the Old Testament after supper; Lewkner and Gerrard were over the boys; and two young men, Gifford and Hudson, were professors of logic and philosophy. These details (taken from Hambley's confession) will give some idea of the comprehensive character of the course of studies at Rheims; a course which those who had experience in both always loudly preferred to that of the English Universities as at that time in use.

The students in the foreign seminaries, after Burghley's spy-system had come into full operation, found it necessary to adopt a fictitious name, and to conceal diligently their real name from all their companions, any one of whom might be, for all they knew, a spy; or, if not a spy, might be captured in England, and forced by the rack, or induced by promises, to confess all he knew about his companions. Hence the priests in those days appeared under as many aliases as an old offender at Bow Street does now. Either this practice was not so absolutely necessary in 1586 as it became shortly afterwards, or the bluff John-Bullism of our north-country hero despised such shifts; for "neither before his going into France, nor at his being there, nor since his coming over, was he called by any other name than Ralph Crockett."

About Christmas 1584, Crockett was ordained sub-deacon, deacon in Lent 1585, and in the same Lent was made priest at Rheims, by the Cardinal de Guise. To the question which was put to him, how many were ordained with him, and what were their names, he firmly refused to give any answer

whatever, for fear of being instrumental to their capture and condemnation.

Soon after the beginning of Lent 1586, the fare and the mode of life of a foreign seminary began to take their usual effect on the body of the burly Englishman, and he found his health failing. On this, he begged the vice-president, Mr. Bayley, to allow him to leave France. Permission was given him, and a sum of money (the amount of which, for some reason, he refused to tell) was allowed him for the expenses of his journey. He set out from Rheims with another priest, named Potter (long confined afterwards in Wisbeach), and with him stayed a few days at Paris and Rouen, and then proceeded to Dieppe.

At Dieppe they met with two other priests, James and Bramston, who had left Rheims a little before Crockett, and proceeded singly to Dieppe. As this man Edward James is the other martyr of whom we are to speak, we will here give some account of his former life.

Edward James, or Jeames, was born at Beston, Derbyshire (Dr. Challoner calls it Braiston); and was brought up in the grammar-school at Derby, of which Mr. Garnett was then master. From thence he went for four years to St. John's College, Oxford (at that time a nursery of future converts and martyrs), and studied under Mr. Keble White. He left the university without taking any degree; for though he conformed himself outwardly to the state religion so far as to go to the church, he could not make up his mind to take the oath of supremacy. He left Oxford about the year 1578 or 1579, and came to London; where he fell in with a Catholic named Bradley, who persuaded him to conduct himself more consistently, and no longer to halt between two rival systems. This man's words had such an effect on James, that he determined to become a priest; whereupon Bradley introduced him to Mr. Filbie (probably John Filbie, alias Byforest, a priest who laboured much in Oxfordshire and Berkshire, where he was very active in 1589),* with whom he went down to Dover, and, in October 1579, embarked in an English ship, and landed at Calais. From Calais the two went to Douay, whence the college had been removed the year before, and from thence to Rheims, its then locality. James does not appear to have entered the college here, but to have lived for three-quarters of a year with an English resident named Transome, to whom he had been introduced by Bradley. After this, he was sent to Rome, still by the same friend and benefactor, Mr. Bradley, who gave him sixteen crowns to

* State-Paper Office, Domestic, undated, 1589, no. 640.

defray the expenses of his journey. He does not seem to have spent much of his own money. He landed at Calais with the respectable sum of 6*l.* in his pocket; and, on his arrival in Rome, he handed over about 4*l.* to Father Alphonsus, the superior of the English college there. At Rome he received the minor orders in the early part of 1581, at the hands of Dr. Goldwell, the exiled bishop of St. Asaph; and within two years afterwards was ordained priest by the same prelate, when he took the usual oath "to come into England to help his countrymen in his function and calling of priesthood." This oath, he says, was the one only inducement that made him come into England. He was a man evidently far inferior to Crockett in his physical capacity; a little person; naturally somewhat timorous, and disposed to reflect with some impatience on those who, he thought, had brought him into such a scrape,—namely Bradley, who converted him and sent him to Rome, and the authorities who administered the oath; yet, after all, his noble will overcame the infirmities of his organisation, and he firmly refused to purchase his life by the sacrifice of his faith. But he was not so brave nor so circumspect as Crockett, who would not mention a single name, nor compromise any Catholic by his confession; for he divulged the name of a Mr. Fortescue, living about Holborn, to whom he had been directed as a "comforter of priests." But to return to his life: he was known in Rome by the name of Mason, and remained there two years after his ordination. He left that city in September 1585, in company with Mr. Coverley, now (April 1586) in prison in the Marshalsea, and three others, Basterd, Harte, and Bellamy, none of whom had yet arrived in England. In December, he arrived at Rheims, where he remained till a little before Lent; and then proceeded, in company with one Stephen, an English priest, who concealed his surname, to Dieppe. Here he met with Bramston, Crockett, and Potter, and three other priests, Hudson, Dobson, and Askew, who advised our four missionaries how to get over into England. Hudson happened to know an English shipowner of Newhaven, named Daniell, who was then with his vessel at Dieppe; after much deliberation, this man undertook to put the four priests on shore, each paying to him the sum of five crowns, due as soon as land was in sight. Through stupidity, or treachery, or mischance, the harbour at which he arrived was Arundel, or rather Little Hampton, near Shoreham in Sussex, a place which was especially watched. From these parts the well-known Philip Earl of Arundel had attempted to escape to France; to this place Charles Paget, the exile, who was equally hateful and an ob-

ject of fear to the English government, had come for a week's visit to the countess; and the spies of Burghley and Walsingham had been unable to find out the purport of his coming. Arundel, therefore, had become a suspected place, filled with spies, and with the whole population kept on the alert by the absurd terror of priests and Jesuits with which the government sought to inspire it with its proclamations, and by the rewards promised to those who would assist in the capture of such parties. They were told that "these priests and Jesuits come into the realm by secret creeks and landing-places, disguised both in names and persons; pretending that they have heretofore been taken prisoners, and put into galleys, and delivered"—(they often came into England in the character of returned galley-slaves);—"some come in as gentlemen, with contrary names, in comely apparel, as though they had travelled into foreign countries for knowledge. And generally all, for the most part, as soon as they are crept in, are clothed like gentlemen, and many as gallants, yea, in all colours, and with feathers, and such-like, disguising themselves; and many of them in their behaviour as ruffians, far off to be thought or suspected to be friars, priests, Jesuits, or Popish scholars." With such instructions, we can imagine how suspiciously the Puritan mayors and justices examined all the crews of vessels arriving from abroad, and how difficult it must have been to land in safety.

At the mouth of the harbour Daniell managed to run his ship aground; he then went to his four passengers, and told them to lie quiet, for it would be very difficult for them to escape, as the country was so watched. They therefore remained on board for two days, during which time Daniell went on shore; and on his return told them that the country was watched much more strictly than it had been before, so that it was not possible for them to escape; so he "kept them aboard whiles the justices came and took them," who sent them to London, where they were lodged in the Marshalsea, and examined.

As their conduct scarcely brought them within the law, which made it treason for a priest to *land* in England, whereas they had been taken out of the ship by Mr. Shelley the justice, and brought on shore by force, they were examined as to their intentions in coming over. They all confessed that they meant to land. Bramston said "that he came over to execute the office of a priest;" and "being taken in the boat before he took land, he saith he came with intent to have landed in England." Crockett said that "he came into England for want of health; but yet he meant to use his function, if occa-

sion should serve, after the manner of the Catholic Church of Rome." Potter declared that "he came over to see his country and to live here, intending to live in the calling of a priest;" while James confessed that he came to fulfil his oath. They arrived in the roads of Hampton on Saturday the 16th April 1586, and were taken prisoners on the Tuesday following; on Saturday, the 30th of the same month, they were examined in London. By the lists of prisoners, we find that from this time till September 1588, they were kept in confinement—Bramston, Potter, and Crockett in the Marshalsea, and James in the Clink. They were committed by Walsingham, who, having the satisfaction of being in possession of matter against them sufficient "to touch their lives," kept them in stock, with between forty and fifty more priests, as Polyphemus kept Ulysses and his men, to be brought to the gallows as occasion demanded. From time to time his agents reported to him the characters of the prisoners, and the punishment which they judged suitable to each. Thus Bramston and Crockett are "meet to be banished," or "to be sent to Wisbeach" (which, by the by, proves that they had some means of support; those who had nothing were sent out of the country, or hanged to avoid expense); Potter is reported to be "a shrewd fellow and obstinate," "thought meet for the gallows;" whereas James is a poor fellow "of no account," and therefore "to be banished."

Doubtless, during the time of this long imprisonment, they had some few opportunities of speaking to persons about religion, and of saying Mass in their chambers. The only evidence we have found about it is the confession of one Edward Dixon, a scholar, that he spoke to James in the Clink about an introduction to some person at Rheims; but he asserted that he had no conference with him on religious topics.

In the mean time, the eventful year 1588 arrived. During the spring and summer the English court was in a delirium of terror at the threatened invasion of the Spaniards; but after the Armada had been dispersed by the storms, and by the superior seamanship of our hardy sailors, it began to recover its self-possession. At Tilbury the queen was paraded by Leicester to the army; which, luckily for his reputation, he had not to lead against the enemy, or probably even British courage would have failed to compensate for the conceit and folly of the general. This was in August; and in the mean time the home department was engaged in plans of revenge on all those who might be supposed to have wished success to the Spaniard. Burghley and Walsingham had lists prepared of all the prisoners who were mewed up in their preserves;

and they sat in anxious consultation how they might offer the greatest number to the rope and knife of the executioner. Numerous were the lists sent in to them: these are still extant in various collections, with Burghley's notes appended, giving in few words why each individual is not to be spared, and where he is to be condemned and hanged. As to trial, it was a mere mockery. They were known to be priests, and they were in England,—that was all the law required to make them traitors; but some had been taken out of the ship by force, and brought to land by the officers of justice. No matter, they intended to come, as they confessed, and they must be hanged for their intention! There was a priest named John Oven, or Owen, who was ordained in 1585; he had come over to England, and had been captured and banished about Michaelmas 1587. Some short time after he entered a French coasting vessel to sail between Dieppe and Boulogne, and was driven by storms to the coast of Sussex; terror of the sea, or the prostration of sea-sickness, overcame his fear of the laws; and he landed, and was apprehended. We find this note to his name: "because he was not violently put out of the ship, but might have returned with the rest—excepted from pardon." Another, named Francis Edwardes, had come into England in July 1586; he landed in Sussex, but was apprehended and committed to the Marshalsea by Walsingham; he also was "excepted from pardon."

Next came the question, where these men should be hanged, in order to strike most terror, and to inflict most pain on the minds of the Catholics. No less than thirty-two priests and laymen were brought to the gallows in various places; but this number did not represent the thirst of the government for blood; more would have been hanged, if they had not been frightened into compromising themselves and their religion by the threats of a horrible death. The coast of Sussex was judged to be a disaffected district; and accordingly four priests—Crockett, James, Oven, and Edwardes—were sent to be tried at Chichester. The person who was commissioned to conduct this trial was one Thomas Bowyer, a fussy individual, with a boundless idea of his own importance, who was in no small degree proud of the honour conferred upon him, and of the success with which he conducted so intricate a case. He wrote out fairly with his own hand a full report of the trial and execution; preserving (like snakes in bottles) the names of the miserable creatures of the grand jury who found the true bill, and of the petty jury who condemned the martyrs. This he sent up to the Lords of the Council; and it found its way into one of their chests, and so into the bundles

of "Domestic papers," whence we now extract it to fill up a *hiatus* that was *valde deflendus* in Challoner's memoirs.

"The whole order of the arraignment, judgment, and execution of Raffe Crockett and Edward James, at the Sessions of Oyer and Determiner, holden at Chichester, in Sussex, on the last day of September, anno 30^o Dominæ Elizabethæ Reg. And of the like condemnation of John Oven and Francis Edwardes at the same time, whose execution notwithstanding respited.

The Right Hon. the Lord Buckhurst having received direction from the other the right hon. the lords of her majesty's privy council, with the commission of oyer and determiner, and their examinations and forms of indictment of a priest, for his being within the realm after the statute made anno 27th of the queen's reign, and of indictment for the receiving of such a priest for the proceeding in their arraignments, sent carefully with all speed for Thomas Bowyer, to be with him at Lewes on Monday the 23^d of September at night, signifying that he had to impart unto him matter of importance touching her majesty's service. At which time the said Thomas Bowyer attending on his lordship; and finding Mr. Richard Lewknor there also about the same cause, he was willed by them to provide to give evidence against the persons aforementioned, and appointed the Monday last of September for the indictment, and Tuesday 1st of October for the arraignment of them. The said Thomas Bowyer, although before that time he had received great discouragement for the executing of his duty in some cases against recusants, yet, in respect of his special duty to her majesty, he willingly took on him the charge, and on Monday the last of September, before Sir Thomas Palmer, Knight, Richard Lewknor, Esq., Walter Covert, Esq., Henry Goring, Esq., George Goring, Esq., and John Shyrley, Esq., in commission of oyer and determiner, a special jury of substantial freeholders being charged for the inquiry, viz. Henry Hodgeson, Thomas Murford, William Magewyke, John Pytt, William Westbrooke, Richard Bettesworth, Edward Grene, John Scarvill, William Aylesse, Thomas Gunwyn, John Blackman, Thomas Bennett, John Slater, John Lancaster, Thomas Mychell, George Grene, John Osburne, William Rumbridger, Nicholas Osburne, John Clarke, John Sawnder, John Watson, and Robert Farneden, the said Thomas Bowyer preferred four several bills of indictment: (1) Against Edward James, that he, being born at Beston in the county of Derby, and since the feast of St. John Baptist, in the first year of the queen, and before the 28th of April in the 28th year, was made priest at Rome beyond sea, by authority derived from the see of Rome, the same 28th of April was and remained at Little Hampton in Sussex, traitorously and as a traitor to our sovereign lady the queen, and contrary to the form of the statute in that case provided.

(2) Against Raffe Crockett, born at Barton-on-the-Hill, in the county of Chester, before the 28th day of April anno 28^o; made

priest at Rheims ; was the said 28th of April at Little Hampton in Sussex, &c.

(3) Against John Oven, born at Oxford, in the county of Oxford, before the 1st of April anno 39° ; made priest at Rheims ; was the said 1st of April at Battle in Sussex.

(4) Against Francis Edwardes, born within the realm of England, viz. at Ryxham, in the county of Denbigh, in Wales, before the last of July in the 27th year ; made priest at Rheims ; was the same last of July at Chichester in Sussex. (Here is to be noted, that the words of the statute are, ‘ born within the realm of England, or any other her highness’s dominions ;’ and that the statute 27th Henry VIII. c. 26, uniteth Wales to England. So the indictment well, *infra regnum Angliæ*.)

The long forenoon being spent about the appearance and charge of the jury, the quarter-sessions being also then kept too, in the short afternoon the said Thomas Bowyer attended on the inquest to inform them on the evidence ; and having each of the said prisoners’ several examinations taken at the prisons where they were, upon the effect of the statute and common law opened to the inquest, and the perusing of the examinations, the inquest, after a little conference, found the bills, and presented them to the justices ; and then forthwith were the said four prisoners brought to the bar, and severally arraigned ; each of them pleaded not guilty, and put themselves to trial of the country ; and although the day were very far spent, and the time of trial, by the Lord Buckhurst’s order, appointed to be the Tuesday, to the intent that greater resort from the further parts of the shire might be present at it, yet the justices forthwith that evening proceeded to trial ; the jury charged for the trial were these, —John Mutton, Thomas Betsworth, John Stradlinge, John Bonner, John Duppa, Richard Hobson, Richard Cooke, Thomas East, William Ruffyn, John Turner, Thomas Grene, and Richard Haler.

The order of the evidence was first the opening ; the effect of the statute of 22°, which was, that if any born within the queen’s realm of England or her dominions, and made priest since the Nativity of St. John Baptist, in the first year of her reign, should after forty days after the end of the parliament of 27° be and remain within the realm, that the same should be adjudged treason, and they to be condemned as traitors. Then was opened to the jury that the treasons whereof they were to be convicted were indeed treasons by the common laws of the realm, and that the very same treasons were mentioned in the statute of 25° Edward III., as the adhering to her majesty’s enemies, compassing and imagining the deprivation of the queen from her regal authority and life was not to be doubted to be their intent and purpose, which intent in treasons were sufficient to prove the party guilty, though the act were not executed, because it would be too late to punish the offence after the act executed. This intent of theirs by the common law is to be proved by the overt fact, and only for the ease and satisfaction of the country at trial to prove the overt fact this statute was made ;

for no man will doubt but that the Pope is the queen's capital enemy, as one that hath gone about by his sentence to deprive the queen of her estate, and to absolve her subjects of their fidelity and allegiance ; the authority whereof he hath claimed and established by the Council of Lateran, holden A.D. 1213, wherein he sheweth himself to be very Antichrist at Rome ; and therefore each of them being natural born subjects to her majesty, and going out of the realm, and there adhering to the Pope, and by or under his authority taking an order of priesthood, and returning to win the queen's subjects to their faction, were without any question even by the common law to be adjudged traitors. All which by their own several examinations appeared to be true ; each of which examinations were to each of them and the jury upon each of their trials read, and could not be denied by them ; which proved sufficiently the matters contained in their several indictments, concurring with the effect of the statute. The examiners under whose hands the examinations were showed were John Puckering, sergeant-at-law, Peter Osburne, James Dalton, William Danyell, Nicholas Fuller, Richard Branthwayt, Richard Topclyff, and Richard Young, some to the one, some to the other : their answer was, that they came only to do their function, which was to win people to the Catholic faith ; and that it was a cruel law to make their religion and the taking of priesthood to be treason, and that the time hath been that priesthood had been revered in England. To which it was said, they were far deceived to think that they were in question of any matter of religion ; but their offence was apparent treason, to go about to draw the queen's subjects from their obedience, and thereby to deprive the queen of her estate, with adhering also to the Pope, known to be the queen's mortal enemy. And the statute did no more but make certain the overt fact, for the ease of the jury that should try the treason by their overt fact. And that they had even at the making of the act some of their own faction that defended their cause and spake against the bill, even Apharry, that came purposely over to take the queen's life away ; and therefore they had no cause to find fault with the law, or to allege any cruelty therein. And Mr. Lewknor showed them that in the late time of Queen Mary it was made treason to pray for the queen, as by the statute is set down, which could not be any overt fact to declare any intent of treason. The Bishop of Chichester, then also present by reason of the quarter-sessions, did both show how they were deceived and abused in such points of religion as they professed, and that their religion was made but a cloak to cover their treasons ; and dealt most with John Oven, who in his youth was known to the bishop, and had received exhibition of him. The jury thereupon departed ; and after a while, returned and gave their verdict, finding each of them severally guilty : first, John Oven ; second, Raffe Crockett ; third, Francis Edwardes ; and Edward James last. At the giving of the verdict, Guilty, only Raffe Crockett said, *Non timebo quid mihi faciat homo* ; the rest said little or nothing ; whereupon they had, after their judgment, pronounced by Mr. Richard Lewknor

according to their deserts, to be drawn, hanged, and quartered. After that, divers ministers offered to confer with them; but of all other Crockett was most obstinate, both himself in refusing of conference and in persuading the others to continue in their obstinacy and lewdness. But yet Oven first yielded to acknowledge the queen to be their and our sovereign, and to take the oath appointed by the statute of anno primo. Whereupon the justices and under-sheriff, knowing the queen's majesty's mercy to surpass all her other virtues, did re-prieve him upon hope to obtain his pardon; notwithstanding Thomas Bowyer moved the justices that he should take the oath publicly in the open sessions, and also freely and from his heart declare openly these articles following, devised then by him for that purpose, and subscribe the same; which was done at the quarter-sessions the Tuesday morning:

I, John Oven, do utterly renounce and forsake that point of doctrine holden by the Pope and his adherents, as a doctrine traitorous;* whereby he claimeth, as by the Council of Lateran is expressed, to absolve the subjects of that prince that he shall denounce to be a heretic of their fidelity to that prince, and to give the realm or lands of that prince to Catholics (as he calleth them), who should without controversy possess the same.

I do also utterly detest and abhor all such (if any such be) as do imagine themselves dispensed withal for feignedly submitting themselves to the obedience of our sovereign lady Queen Elizabeth, until such time as the Pope shall otherwise appoint, or time serve their turn.

I do also promise to be aiding and assisting to all doings whatsoever that shall tend to the safety of her most royal person; and shall, to the uttermost of my power, during my life, make known all such parties and practices as shall any way tend to the endangering of her most royal person; whom I pray God long and long to preserve to reign over us. And so was John Oven reprieved, and is with my Lord of Chichester.

On the same Tuesday, about noon, the other three, Edward James, Raffe Crockett, and Francis Edwardes, were drawn all on one hurdle towards the place of execution, at Broyle Heath, little more than a quarter of a mile without the north gate of Chichester, divers ministers attending on them. But both James and Crockett, but especially Crockett, refused all conference; and so Crockett was first taken to execution. And before his going up the ladder, he kneeled down to James to have absolution; and as a minister standing by reported to me, required it in these words, *Pater, absolve mihi*; and so had absolution; and so had James the like of Crockett. At his first coming up and turning himself on the ladder, he blessed the people with this term, 'As many as were capable of his blessing;' then all, for the most part, crying aloud, that they refused his blessing, and would not be capable of it. Then he spake some-

* It was devised antichristian and traitorous; but that was put out by one of the justices present.

what in excuse of himself; and that he died for religion, and coming to execute his function of priesthood. But Mr. Walter Covert and Mr. Richard Lewknor, justices present, caused him to stay his proceeding in that speech, saying that it was treason, and not a matter of religion, that he was condemned for. Then he offered to pray in Latin; the people crying out to him, 'Pray in English, and they would pray with him.' And so, after a few prayers in Latin to himself, he was executed according to his desert; Edward James all that while kneeling alone in his prayers. And then taking to execution, at his first coming and turning himself on the ladder, he said in English, lifting up his eyes, 'Into Thy hands I commit my soul, O Lord; Thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth:' which prayer the people liked well, and commended. But suddenly he turned to his Latin speeches, the people crying out him to pray in English; and was very shortly executed, also according to his deserts.

All this while of their execution, the ministers there were very busy in conference with Francis Edwardes, who, until Edward James was off from the ladder, would never relent; but then forthwith he began to yield, to be conformable, and to acknowledge the queen's authority; and so was by the sheriff, with the allowance of Mr. Lewknor and Mr. Covert, stayed from execution: and so now remaineth in the house of Mr. Henry Blackstone, one of the residentiaries of the church of Chichester, and, as I understand, did in the afternoon take the oath of *anno primo* publicly at the sessions, and declare and subscribe the same articles that John Owen did."*

Reader, be not too hard on the poor men whose hearts failed them when they were called to wade up to the neck in blood through that terrible red sea of martyrdom. Such falls were not rare in those dreadful days; and we have met with some instances of men, after a similar lapse, having a second trial, and gaining the victory. We have not been able to trace the subsequent career of Owen and Edwardes. Probably they were kept in prison for some years (for the government knew too well the effect of its sanguinary policy, to trust the sincerity of its terrified converts); and after regaining their liberty, escaped over the seas, and there abjured the lie which they had professed. We may hope that this was their case; at any rate, whether it was so or not, Providence seems to have defended the Church then as now against the scandals which might have arisen from the apostasy of priests: either the Protestants found their converts to be men of the Achilli stamp, affording no great grounds of triumph; or their sincerity was suspected; or the jealousy of the ministers dreaded their rivalry, and prevented their rise;—at any rate, they never made much mark; in losing their faith, they lost also their power, and were soon cast aside as salt that had lost its savour.

* State-Paper Office, 1588, September 30, no. 701.

The argumentative use that the government made of such cases is interesting, as illustrative of the well-known rule in rhetoric, that you can always draw contradictory conclusions from one and the same fact. The early apologists of Christianity, who had to defend themselves from the charge of treason to the state, urged on their persecutors, that even they by their acts confessed their victims to be no traitors; because, if they would but burn a little incense to the statue of the emperor, they were at once received into favour. Emperors, they said, are not wont to pardon real treason on such easy conditions. Burghley, however, and the council, determined as far as they could to forestall this argument. They were extravagant in their adulation of that boundless clemency of the queen, which spared even known and notorious traitors, on their conformity to her religion, and their promise of future obedience to her laws. Her savage hanging and embowelling of men whose only crime was avowedly that, being priests, they were found in England, was called justice; and that far more abominable torture of the racked conscience, forced by its weakness and by its fears to deny that which was its inmost conviction, to worship that which it loathed as diabolical, and to fawn beneath the tyrant's shoe, was called mercy! Mercy indeed! Well might an author of that age say, "It is a gross flattering of tired cruelty, to honest it with the title of clemency." Yet this was the task which the counsellors of Elizabeth set themselves to perform; and they succeeded so well, that they originated a traditional belief which is only now beginning to be weakened.

Bishop Challoner supplies a piece of information about these martyrs not found in the records which we have been examining. "These quarters," he tells us, "were set upon poles over the gates of the city; through one of which a Catholic man passing early in the morning, found one of these quarters, which had fallen down, which by the size was judged to be Mr. Crockett's (he having been a tall man, whereas Mr. James was of low stature). This quarter was carried off and sent to Douay, where I have seen it."

It would be interesting to know whether this relic has survived the storms of the French Revolution; and also whether any authentic portraits of the martyrs have been preserved. In default of any other memorial, it is to be hoped that when the Catholics of Chichester want another chapel, they will not forget the claims of "the place of execution at Broyle Heath, little more than a quarter of a mile without the north gate" of their city.

Review.

GUIZOT'S MEMOIRS OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel. By M. Guizot. Bentley.

IN one of the opening paragraphs of these memoirs, M. Guizot speaks of Sir Robert Peel as a man on whom Providence bestowed such favours as are rarely accorded to any single person. Warmed, possibly, by the consciousness of the singular contrast presented by his own destiny, he speaks of the life of Peel, of his gifts, and his almost premature death, as giving him a place among those who are specially honoured by their Maker. He has himself added another element to the combination of the goods of fortune which crowned the subject of his eulogy. It is a rare, indeed, if not an unparalleled thing, that the first minister of one great country should find his biographer in the first minister of another great country; a biographer, too, who—if he must be keenly sensitive to the difference of his own career—permits himself to be swayed by no feelings of envy or mortification; and who abstains for a time from writing the life of his brother-minister, not in order to attain a freedom from jealousy, but in order to allow the warmth of personal friendship to subside into the less blinding temperature of cordial historical approbation.

“At the period of the death of Sir Robert Peel,” says M. Guizot, “now more than six years ago, I felt an earnest desire to pay him my public homage, and to indicate what, in my opinion, would be his characteristic physiognomy and position among men who have governed their country. But it is difficult to speak of the dead, even of the best, in presence of the feelings which burst forth around their grave, and when it seems that they themselves are still present, and hear the words which are spoken about them. A sincere homage can be fittingly paid only at some distance from the tomb, when friendly and hostile passions have alike grown calm, but indifference has not yet commenced. I had, moreover, a personal motive for reserve. On the last occasion on which he addressed the House of Commons, on the 28th of June 1850, the day before the accident occurred which caused his death, Sir Robert Peel, alluding to the miserable quarrel which had arisen, seven years before, between France and England in reference to the affairs of Tahiti, did me the honour to speak of me in terms by which I could not but be, and was, too much affected for my sympathy to appear altogether disinterested. I therefore postponed the accomplishment of my desire. I revert to it now without scruple.”

The result of M. Guizot's labours is one of the most interesting pieces of political biography with which we are acquainted. It is not, indeed, exactly profound; it is scarcely brilliant; it is not stored with telling sarcasms or gossiping anecdotes. Nor—though the work of a Frenchman—is it a repertory of scientific truths, sometimes important, sometimes eminently trivial, yet ever stated with that epigrammatic and antithetical point which enables the veritable Gaul to be as philosophic on the folds of a lady's dress as he is on the metaphysical analysis of her heart within. On the contrary, in many respects these memoirs are remarkably unpretending and straightforward, and might almost have been written by an Englishman. They do not even present us with any elaborate portrait of their subject by way of eloquent conclusion. They are literally the political memoirs of the statesman, and nothing else. Their merit lies in their clear perception of English affairs; in their calm and historic treatment of events yet recent; in the tokens they display of literary skill and practised power; and in their author's cordial admiration for the subject of his biography, as distinguished from that rampant style of puffery with which political heroes are too often lauded by their admirers.

The chief deficiency in the book lies in its earlier portions. It begins almost as a sketch, and gradually expands to a biography; consequently one or two of the most important events in Sir Robert Peel's career are hurried over far too cursorily. On his part in the reform of the criminal code, M. Guizot tells his readers little more than nothing; and on the whole history of the Catholic emancipation he is particularly meagre and unsatisfactory. Yet the share of Sir Robert Peel in the latter work was as important, and was accompanied with as full a measure of struggle and courage on his own part, and of vehement and bitter partisanship on that of his opponents, as his conduct on the Reform Bill, or his abolition of the Corn Laws.

The fact is, that, with all the pains he has taken in these memoirs, M. Guizot has not thoroughly studied his *whole* subject. He writes at length and fully on the events in Sir Robert's life with which he became familiar as they passed in succession year after year before his eyes; but he has not bestowed on the early parts of his career such attention as it deserves. Consequently the volume bears marks of its origin, which is in reality twofold. Parts of it were read by M. Guizot before the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques; and, as a whole, it first appeared in a French periodical. A harsh judgment might accordingly describe it as being M.

Guizot's personal reminiscences of the times of Sir Robert Peel, rather than a complete memoir of his life. The title of the volume is further defective; for the book is concerned almost exclusively with the life of the politician, and only slightly glances at the life and character of the man. Such as it is, however, it is a valuable and interesting performance; and will be welcome to every reader who wishes to refresh his memory of the events of the last half-century under the guidance of one of its most accomplished and thoughtful statesmen.

That the world in general will soon be agreed in their estimate of the motives and personal character of Sir Robert Peel, is extremely improbable. Perhaps no statesman of mark has ever furnished such ample materials for the formation of contradictory opinions as to the rank he is entitled to hold among honest and great politicians. To this day he is held to have been a rogue by not a few, and a still larger number are indisposed to allow him the title of a great statesman. While success is in most cases accounted a sufficient proof of the eminent capacity of politicians and soldiers, in Peel's case it is remarkable that the very fact that he so rarely failed in what he attempted is used as a sort of argument to prove that he was no better than a time-server and a politician of the second class. It would have added, therefore, materially to the interest of M. Guizot's book, if he had embodied, even briefly, his own ideas on both these insinuations against his fellow-statesman. That he holds Peel in the highest esteem in both points, is clear enough; but we miss some distinct statements of his views, and some exposition of his reasons for the veneration with which he regards his friend. We cannot pretend to supply in a few pages the omissions of M. Guizot's volume, even were we in other respects fitted for the task of following in the steps of so accomplished a writer; but we think that a slight sketch of Sir Robert's character under these two chief aspects may not be an inappropriate addition to our remarks on the essay before us.

Before attempting this, however, the reader may be glad to see a few specimens of the incidental subjects which M. Guizot has introduced into his biography. It is not a book rich in passages fit for extraction; but there are a few, from which we select the following. We give them as specimens of M. Guizot's powers, without expressing any opinion as to the correctness of his views. Even if we dissent decidedly from his conclusions, it is well worth while to notice how English affairs strike the mind of a person like the ex-premier of France.

Here is Lord Eldon, in a more lively character than he was wont to assume :

“Lord Eldon had presented to the House of Lords a petition from the tailors of Glasgow against emancipation. ‘What!’ said Lord Lyndhurst, ‘do the tailors trouble themselves about such measures?’ ‘No wonder,’ answered Lord Eldon; ‘you can’t suppose that tailors like turncoats.’”

And here is the English nation, presented in colours sufficiently flattering to her self-love :

“It is a commonplace, which was long repeated, and is probably still believed by many persons, that in her zeal for the introduction and extension of the right of search, for the repression of the slave-trade, England attached much more importance to the right of search than to the repression of the slave-trade, and had it in view much rather to secure her own maritime preponderance than to exhaust the supplies of the slave-market. Such an opinion betrays a strange ignorance of the history, and a very superficial appreciation of the character, of the English people. National egotism, it is true, occupies a large place in their character; they are more often swayed by interest than carried away by enthusiasm; they discern and pursue with a cold and unbending sagacity any thing that can be of service to their prosperity or their power; but when a general idea, a moral conviction, has once taken possession of their soul, they unhesitatingly accept its consequences, however onerous, seek its success with persevering passionateness, and are capable of the greatest sacrifices in order to obtain it. This characteristic trait of England is strikingly exhibited in the history of her religious belief, of her political institutions, and even of her philosophical speculations. There is no people more attached to its interests, when its interests are at stake; no people more devoted to its faith, when it has a faith.”

And here an instance of the sort of replies which are brought upon us Catholics by our own writers, when we think that the best way to describe our affairs is to lay on the brightest rose-colour, and never spare :

“It is an assertion, admitted as a fact, and constantly repeated by most Catholic journals, that Protestantism is altogether on the decline; that it no longer numbers among its professors any but persons who are either utterly indifferent to religious matters, or eager to return into the bosom of the Catholic Church; and that, in a word, it is every where growing cold and decomposed like a dead body. A curious instance of the frivolous ignorance into which men may be led by passion! I might invite those who take pleasure in this idea to go into England, and to see with their own eyes how living, how widely-spread, and how constant are the faith and practice of Protestant Christianity in that country; I might take them into Holland, into Germany, into Sweden, into the United States of

America, into France even, and show them how every where among Protestants religious faith and fervour are reviving and spreading by the side of the learned or vulgar, the fanatical or apathetic, incredulity of the day,—a malady with which, assuredly, in the Christian world, Protestant States are not alone afflicted: but I pass by this controversy on religious statistics, and wish merely to direct attention to one fact, with which the affair of Tahiti is intimately connected, and which can alone explain the importance it assumed."

With these specimens of M. Guizot's acuteness we must content ourselves, and proceed to our proposed estimate of the character and abilities of the subject of his essay.

First, then, as to Sir Robert Peel's sincerity and general purity of motive in his political life. On this point, our own opinion is that, compared with politicians in general, he was the very model of single-mindedness and honour. Compared with men whose views are more distinctly religious, of course he takes a lower level. To call Peel a saint is simply ludicrous; to pretend that he himself, his reputation, and his position in life, were not perpetually before his thoughts, is out of the question; to imagine him carried away by a noble enthusiasm for a noble end, and forgetting self in his pursuit of a glorious work, though acted on solely by natural motives, is impossible. There are men to be found in all countries, both Protestants and Catholics, who, without being directly under the influence of a pure love of God in their public and private life, are yet entitled to a far higher place among the self-devoted benefactors of their kind than we can possibly concede to Sir Robert Peel. In this respect his own memoirs, now partly published in a maimed and not quite satisfactory shape by his literary executors, prove him to have been too painfully alive to what the world thought of him. A man morally greater would have been less careful to right himself with posterity by his own defence. He would have left his acts to speak for themselves; he would either have been content with the good he had done, and thought little of the world's censure; or he would have trusted to the calming influences of time, and the researches of future historians, to do him that justice which the passions and ignorance of his own day denied him. We cannot, therefore, think Sir Robert Peel a great man, speaking morally. But at the same time, comparing his conduct and motives with those of other statesmen, whether of our own or of other times, we believe that he stands immeasurably above the ordinary class of those who are commonly counted as men of honour and integrity; while few indeed can claim any really higher rank in the annals of patriots and philanthropic legislators.

The exact reverse of the well-known censure passed by Goldsmith upon Burke is, in fact, applicable to Peel to a most remarkable extent. The poet's condemnation of his brilliant and philosophic fellow-Irishman was, indeed, as foolish as a *bonâ-fide* criticism as it was neatly and pointedly expressed. Whatever Burke's defects, to charge him with "giving up to party" the gifts which were "meant for mankind," was an utterly undeserved accusation. But in the case of Peel, the well-known line exactly expresses the fault which, above almost all statesman, he did *not* commit. That the most powerful statesmen of his day should twice break from his party, for the purpose of carrying measures which they abhorred, without a chance or a wish of finding in a new set of supporters any consolatory healing of the wounds caused by the separation, is a thing, so far as we remember, without precedent in English history. No man in Peel's position ever gave up what he gave up to carry Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Corn-laws. These two acts, striking enough if taken one by one, but more than doubly striking when combined, prove him to have been guided by a sincerity of conviction little short of the absolutely intense. Every thing that men hold most dear in the way of political friendship and private position he either risked, or deliberately foresaw would be torn from him. Any thing more mortifying, more humiliating, more bitter, to a man of his character and his circumstances, it is difficult to conceive. The wounding and the cutting to which he laid himself open, extended far beyond the ordinary limits of political animosity. There were people of the highest rank and personal respectability, formerly his warm supporters, who actually for many years after the Emancipation Act would not speak to Peel in private society. Those who do not personally remember the times, have no conception of the pure ferocity of the partisanship of the party from which Peel then broke away. To judge of him aright, it is not sufficient to remember that he yielded most unwillingly to rightful claims, and that he occasionally wrote and talked something very like supreme nonsense. His honesty is to be estimated by his conduct towards his own friends, by the tremendous price he paid in order to be able to carry out Emancipation, even though his reasons for wishing to carry it out were neither the most logically consistent nor the most philosophically enlightened. A man may think very like a fool in deciding on what he ought to do, and yet act like a hero when it comes to carrying out his convictions. While, then, we smile at the rubbish which passed between the

various correspondents in Ireland and England about O'Connell's wickedness, and the upsetting of all that was best and most venerable in the land; and all the rest of the trash which passed for wisdom among the Tories of five-and-twenty years ago,—we can do justice to the courage and self-sacrificing purity of motive which ultimately led Peel to accomplish that which he thought right and necessary, however distasteful and odious to all his previous habits and feelings.

Moreover, he was exactly in that social position which usually renders a man peculiarly reluctant to break with those aristocratic supporters whom he thus made his deadliest enemies. Born of plebeian ancestry, and not yet allied by marriage to the patrician class, he was—by his vast fortune, his abilities, and his political power—already so placed in the midst of the aristocracy as to have the fairest prospects open to him, if his ambition should lie in the foundation of a noble family. Of those social splendours which have so fascinating an attraction for most men, it is difficult to point out any which were not within Sir Robert's grasp. Now it is just when a *novus homo* finds himself thus gradually recognised as one of that world which rules in England, that most persons are especially alive to the dangers of any conduct which may affront the haughty caste among whom they are beginning to take root. The men who, though sprung from the people, have lately left the people, are those to whose sympathies and self-denying patriotism the people usually appeal in vain. None so proud, none so despotic, none so slavish a worshipper of stars and garters, as your *parvenu*.

Judging Peel, accordingly, by the common test, he was exactly the man to have bound the English aristocracy to him for ever as one of themselves, if he had heart and soul adhered to his party, and proclaimed himself the willing—though the very safe—martyr to the cause of property and the peerage. Protestantism, property, and the peerage. Can there be a more alluring alliteration of party-cries wherewith a man of Peel's capacities and wealth might have established himself as the leader of the aristocracy of his country? Happily for his country, he had a soul above stars and garters; and however low his reasons may stand in the scale of those who forget that "expediency" is the "right" guide in ninety-nine out of a hundred political measures, he threw overboard all that man's selfish heart holds dear, and did his duty, if not with the motives of a saint, yet almost with the courage of a hero.

As illustrating both this social position and also the personal character of Sir Robert Peel, we may refer to one or

two paragraphs from M. Guizot's memoir. In the following he describes the statesman in his own home :

"I have lived twice in England, first as the ambassador of a powerful monarch, afterwards when proscribed by a terrible revolution ; I received on both occasions the same welcome, except that it was more earnest and friendly in the days of my adversity than in the days of my high fortune. It is a noble country ; full of men of upright minds and generous hearts, who know how to honour, even when they oppose, and who are always brought back by generosity to justice ! In Sir Robert Peel, both with regard to general politics, and to myself personally, I found the same sentiments as before ; mingled, however, with some reserve upon questions which we were both of us but little inclined to approach. He was particularly, and with reason, anxious regarding the position of England with respect to France, and desirous that the two countries might continue, not only at peace, but on good terms with one another. Our impressions, moreover, with regard to the Revolution of February, though very near akin, did not fully coincide ; he was more struck than offended by the event, and saw its proximate and apparent causes rather than those which lay deeper and further off. My feeling could not be, and was not, the same ; but these were diversities rather than disagreements between us, and did not interfere with the general conformity of our views. In the autumn of 1848, he invited me to spend some days at his residence, Drayton Manor ; and I retain the most pleasurable recollections of this visit, which I enjoyed with two of my friends, M. Dumon and the Duke de Montebello. I there saw Sir Robert Peel in the bosom of his family, and in the midst of the population of his estates ; Lady Peel, still beautiful, passionately and modestly devoted to her husband ; a charming daughter, since married to a son of Lord Camoys ; three sons, one a captain in the navy, already renowned for the most brilliant courage, the second, who had just made a successful *début* in the House of Commons, the third still engaged in his studies ; on the estate, numerous and prosperous farmers, among whom was one of Sir Robert's brothers, who had preferred an agricultural life to any other career ; great works of rural improvement, and more particularly of drainage, in progress, which Sir Robert Peel watched closely and explained to us with an accurate knowledge of details. Altogether, a beautiful domestic existence, grand and simple, and broadly active ; in the interior of the house, an affectionate gravity, less animated, less expansive, and less easy than our manners desire or permit ; political recollections perpetuated in a gallery of portraits, most of them of contemporaries, some Sir Robert Peel's colleagues in government, others distinguished men with whom he had been brought in contact. Out of doors, between the landlord and the surrounding population, a great distance, strongly marked in manners, but filled up by frequent relations, full of equity and benevolence on the part of the

superior, without any appearance of envy or servility on the part of the inferiors. I there beheld one of the happiest examples of the legitimate hierarchy of positions and persons, without any aristocratic recollections or pretensions, and amid a general and mutual feeling of right and respect."

Two other short extracts touch upon the sources of his political weakness and his political strength. They are full of suggestions to every man who is in a position to sway the opinions of his contemporaries. We see the truths they embody reproduced in every society, great and small; and they cannot be too closely laid to heart by those who are impelled by a sense of duty to attempt to act upon their age, especially in a time like the present, and in a country like England. The first of the two points out the injurious effects of that coldness and reserve of outward manner which was a well-known characteristic of Peel, and which made people give him little credit for that susceptibility and steady warmth which lay hid beneath an almost unimpassioned and haughty demeanour:

"This judicious politician, this skilful tactician, this consummate financier, this reasoner who had so marvellous a knowledge of facts, this orator who was often so eloquent and always so powerful, did not know how to live on intimate terms with his party, to imbue them beforehand with his ideas, to animate them with his spirit, to associate them with his designs as well as with his successes, with the workings of his mind as well as with the chances of his fortune. He was cold, taciturn, and solitary in the midst of his army, and almost equally so in the midst of his staff. It was his maxim, that it was better to make concessions to his adversaries than to his friends. The day came when he had to demand great concessions from his friends; not for himself, for he sought none, but for the public interest, which he had warmly at heart. He found them cold in their turn, not prepared to yield, and strangers to the transformations which he had himself undergone. He was not in a position to make them share his views, and to bring them to a necessary compromise. He had fought at the head of the Conservative party for ten years as leader of the Opposition, and for five years as leader of the Government. Out of three hundred and sixty members who had ranged themselves around him in 1841, at the opening of Parliament, he with great difficulty persuaded a hundred and twelve to vote with him in 1846, on the question with which he had bound up his fate."

The other records the Duke of Wellington's opinion of his virtues:

"Beneath a cold and stiff exterior, without brilliancy of imagination, and without expansive abundance of disposition, Sir Robert Peel possessed and had displayed the qualities, I should rather say

the virtues, which excite and justify the affectionate admiration of peoples. He was sincere and devoted, and invincibly courageous in his sincerity and devotedness. 'In all the course of my acquaintance with Sir Robert Peel,' said the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, 'I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had a more lively confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the whole course of my communication with him, I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth ; and I never saw in the whole course of my life the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated any thing which he did not firmly believe to be the fact. I could not, my lords, let this conversation come to a close, without stating that which I believe to have been the strongest characteristic feature of his character.'"

We may add, with reference to the Duke himself, that it was mainly to the reputation which he obtained for those very same virtues which he saw in his friend, that he owed his own powerful influence with his fellow-countrymen. As a statesman, so far as abilities and information were concerned, the Duke of Wellington cannot for a moment be compared with Sir Robert Peel ; nor were his patriotism and disinterestedness—whatever they really might have been—ever tested as Peel's were tested. His position as a statesman was very much a kind of corollary to his genius and success as a soldier. But all would have gone for little, but for the confidence with which he inspired his age in his indomitable courage and his unswerving honesty. Nobody suspects him of caring for the people—that is, for his fellow-creatures—with the same warmth which animated his friend and colleague ; though it would be most unjust to speak of him as a hard-hearted man. Nor have we any proof that he would have had the self-devotion to face the frowns of his friends with the same courage with which he faced the hatred of his enemies ; for the bitterness of exasperated Toryism wreaked its vengeance on the master Peel, and soon melted into sweetness towards the disciple Wellington. Yet the world discerned in him the heart of a lion, and a lion's openness too ; and it yielded to him that place in its affections which it never gives to the most skilful craft or the most obedient servility.

But we must pass on to the question as to whether Peel is entitled to rank among the greatest of statesmen from the merely intellectual point of view. With his enemies it is a favourite pastime to depreciate his capacities, and to compare him disadvantageously with men of the stamp of his sometime colleague, Canning. Even his admirers are at times at a loss in what niche to place his statue in the gallery of

distinguished politicians. A sort of suspicion haunts their judgment, that he was, after all, a second-rate lawgiver; a man of expedients, a creature of the hour. The speculation is an interesting one, not merely because it is always agreeable to analyse any specimen of that most intensely interesting of subjects for investigation, the mind of a man gifted above the common herd; but because of the interest which the present age must necessarily feel in the character of one who has left a mark behind him which generations will not efface.

There are, then, two classes of great minds, very unlike each other, and each possessing attributes rarely found united in the same individual; and any decision as to the intellectual rank of Sir Robert Peel will depend upon a critic's previous opinion as to the comparative claims to greatness of these two distinct varieties of the human mind. Of these two classes, the one consists of men who see the force or practical importance of certain truths or principles of action before the ordinary run of their contemporaries, and who are gifted with those powers of reasoning and exposition which enable them gradually to propagate their views. The other consists of those who, unable to detect the weight of ideas until they are more or less popular, yet possess a peculiar instinct for discerning the right moment for recognising them as unquestionably true and of immediate urgency, together with that tact and administrative skill which enables them to embody the truths they have thus recently grasped in some permanent form, whether of law, institution, or custom.

If, then, originality, genius, courage of thought, profoundness of speculation, and keenness of logical and metaphysical perception, be the marks of the highest order of intellect, those who silently begin the work of influencing their fellows are the greatest of men. If, on the other hand, an intellectual sympathy with one's age as a whole, rather than with a few isolated individuals; a capacity for commanding, moderating, and stimulating one's contemporaries in action; a ready perception of what is practicable, as distinguished from what is theoretically desirable; a facility of exposition neither too high nor too low for the class of minds one desires to influence; a steady, energetic, self-controlled industry of thought; a largeness of view over the world of facts; and a power of combining men of various dispositions and habits in united action;—if these qualifications denote the man of first-rate capacity, then it is among those who embody the originality of others that we must seek for the possessors of the truest greatness.

Almost every age and section of the civilised world supplies us with examples of both classes of intelligence. In the Catholic Church, indeed, there is not much scope for the action of the latter kind. It is rarely, indeed, that the principles of Catholicism allow any single person to come forward as the representative of ideas which have long been working in the minds of individual Catholics, and embody them in any thing that can be called a law, an institution, or a custom, at least on a grand scale. When ideas, long fermenting in theory, finally obtain a practical acquiescence in any large section of the Church, it is usually by the same silent and apparently natural process by which they have acquired their abstract power in private. Many people, and chiefly men in authority, without concert and with scarcely an effort, unite in acting on ideas which their forefathers would have viewed with amazement, and almost with suspicion and condemnation.

And this is one of the ways in which the Church adapts herself in action to the changing varieties in the world about her. Her doctrines do not change, her morals do not change, her discipline does not change; but, of two courses open to Catholics as equally lawful, at one time she instinctively adopts one, and at another time another. Opinions, always permissible, and to be found in the writings of her doctors and theologians,—stated more perhaps as barren propositions, interesting to the student, but scarcely important to the man of action,—by degrees acquire a living prominence, and are discovered to be of the most invaluable efficiency towards solving the problems which a restless and eager age presents for analysis and reply.

A striking instance of this practical embodiment of old ideas in new forms, is to be found in the attitude of the French Church towards the State during the past and present generation. It is a fundamental axiom of Catholicism, that the Church is a self-relying, independent body, whose office is distinct from that of secular government, though in no wise opposing it. She has nothing to do with dynasties or human laws; she knows nothing of monarchy, aristocracy, or republicanism. Yet, through the events of many centuries, as a matter of fact, a sort of family alliance had habitually arisen in Catholic countries between hereditary monarchy and the local branches of the Church, which led the world to imagine that the interests of Catholicism required the maintenance of the dominant European state-policy of the last three centuries. Suddenly the Church in France finds herself in totally unexpected circumstances. At first her children are as-

tounded; horror-struck, and bewildered. Almost a generation has to go by before they can fully comprehend the situation and embrace their true policy. Meanwhile ideas germinate and fructify in private. Questions are considered in their fundamental nature, apart from their accidental connections. And now, that very national Church which consented to do the bidding of Louis XIV., almost as if kings were the spiritual equals, if not the superiors, of Popes, is distinguished by its attitude of absolute independence of all forms of government and all dynastic prejudices.

And similar, no doubt, will be the progress, or rather re-vivification, of old ideas, in every part of the world, as the transition state in which we live gradually assumes its ultimate and permanent forms. In many countries there are minds at work, perhaps unconscious of their office, which have grasped the full significancy of the times, and laid their fingers on the precise truths which alone can solve the practical problems of the day, and are in their various places silently impressing these truths on their contemporaries. The mission of men of this stamp is often hardly recognised for many years; they even go to their grave regarded possibly as visionaries or daring speculatists. Yet their work bears fruit in its appointed time. After a while the men of another class take it up. Suddenly millions find themselves of one accord, and wonder that a past generation ever thought otherwise. An instinct, at once acute, confident, and Catholic, assures them that they are right; in their own generation at least; and in these new modes of action the thoughtful observer sees fresh proofs of the indestructibility of the Church, and of her power of adapting herself to the boundless variations of the social, political, and philosophic life of man.

Now, to return to our immediate subject, in the first of these two classes of intellect Sir Robert Peel can find no place. He was eminently a man to lead people to act rather than to teach people to think. He saw nothing till it was seen by a large number of persons. He could not look forward ten, fifteen, twenty years, and say, "The course of events is undoubtedly tending in such a direction; when they have reached such and such a point, something must be done of this or that special nature: for that I will provide; for that I will gradually prepare those whom I can influence; and when the practical moment has come, I will point out the inevitable results which follow from the conclusions in which they have already accompanied me." Nevertheless Sir Robert Peel was undeniably possessed of an instinct that warned him of the certain approach of events before they were thought pos-

sible by most men of his own party. His candour, good sense, calmness of judgment and extent of view, led him to forecast the advent of irresistible combinations of events when the ordinary observer perceived nothing. Hence, in recalling his speeches previous to the Emancipation Act and the repeal of the Corn-laws, one is struck with the caution with which he kept clear of any needless pledges against change. Wherever Peel seemed to change suddenly, and the world reproached him bitterly for tergiversation, it is clear that the blame lay with the world for its want of penetration, and not with him for his previous double-dealing. We do not remember an instance in which he voluntarily misled his friends or his opponents. If holding one's tongue, and expressing oneself vaguely, be misleading, no doubt he misled them. But every man who has to act with others, and yet sees further than they do, must mislead them in *this* way, if this is to be called misleading them. No man is bound to utter all his thoughts to the world, or to pledge himself to changes of opinion before they are finally formed in his own mind. We consider, therefore, that Peel was neither hasty nor rash in altering his views, nor was he dishonest in concealing from his party the modifications his views were undergoing.

That he was unwise in concealing them to the extent he did, is very probable; but it was his nature; and it was an infirmity from which few really wise and prudent men are free. The gradual and cordial communication of one's alterations of opinion to one's friends and partisans, is a thing most difficult to accomplish. It requires a combination of prudence and geniality, of enthusiasm and self-control, which is rarely met with even in the least imperfect of characters. Peel's was eminently a prudent and self-controlling nature, but he lacked geniality and enthusiasm. When it came to final positive action, his sincerity and his courage came in to his help, and partially supplied the place of the more attractive, if less enduring virtues. But if to his honesty and his boldness he could have added a cordial hearty manner, and an occasional display of that enthusiastic ardour which is of such great practical value, there can be little doubt that his victories would have been won at far less cost to himself, and probably with greater advantage to his fellow-countrymen at large.

In thus denying Sir Robert Peel all claim to the rank of those who form men's opinions, and thus lay the foundations of all human action, we are far from implying that he takes an inferior position to that occupied by those English statesmen who are placed highest in the temple of fame.

There is not one great and successful administrator of modern England who has been more than a statesman and lawgiver of the hour. None of them ever foresaw in their early manhood the great reforms or works which they were to accomplish in their maturity or old age. Many of those with whom it is the fashion to contrast Peel to his disadvantage, were not prophets, but talkers; they were not philosophers, but the rhetoricians of their party; their genius lay in brilliant eloquence, not in profound, original, and practical thought. The most brilliant, philosophical, and original of them all—Edmund Burke—was as unpractical a man as ever lived; not only unpractical as an official administrator and a professional law-maker, but as a permanent teacher of the mind of his generation. He left the world with scarcely an impress upon it of his own thoughts. As for the orators of the stamp of Canning, they are of a lower grade still. Canning *did* little or nothing in the way of moulding the institutions of his country; and as for being a prophet in his day, a master who taught his disciples to think, he has not the shadow of a claim to such an eminence.

Comparing him, then, with the most illustrious of our statesmen, we confess that we see no greater administrator, no wiser or more successful lawgiver, than Sir Robert Peel. Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Castlereagh, Canning,—what have they done more than he did; and save Pitt, who has accomplished works which can ever be compared with his, who reformed the criminal law, passed Emancipation, gave a police to a nation, abolished the Corn-laws, and established Free Trade? What are the works of Pitt himself in comparison?

Peel was an inferior orator, replies the critical reader. Certainly he was an inferior rhetorician; we grant it. But let the question be tried by the test, as to what speeches tended most practically to bring about the result at which they aimed, and none will appear superior to Peel's. No doubt Chatham's oratory accomplished its own special end, in a degree in which Peel's would have failed; but Chatham's would have failed where Peel's succeeded. No English debater but Pitt could have successfully attempted what Peel did in the way of exposition and rational sincere argument in the House of Commons. Recurring, indeed, to his speeches, after the lapse of years, we are struck with their clearness and force, their propriety of expression, their manly dignity, their practical skill, and the evident sincerity which so remarkably distinguishes them from the immense majority of Parliamentary orations. Add to them the elements of enthu-

siasm and epigrammatic point, and they would rank among the masterpieces of the oratory of the world. As it is, they are first-rate in the second class. They represent, not only the spirit of the age to which they were addressed, but also the man who spoke them. And taken in conjunction with his acts and his writings, as now given to the world, they justify us in the conclusion, that if not one of those far-seeing and enthusiastic men who in fact rule their species, Sir Robert Peel was one of the most upright, wise, and successful statesmen and lawgivers whom modern times have seen.

PROSPECTS OF CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY.

Fundamental Philosophy. By the Rev. James Balnez. Translated from the Spanish, by H. F. Brownson, M.A. Dolman.

WE often think that a Catholic professor of philosophy in these days must lead a perplexed and anxious existence, considering the confusion which presents itself on the surface of moral philosophy: unless he has got up his science, and expounds it to his pupils, from some miserable little compendium, which contains certain cut-and-dried formulæ most uninviting to the student; a handful of arguments so clear, decisive, and shallow; so cunning in answering objections, where the real difficulty is kept studiously out of sight; so dogmatic, and decided, and self-sufficient,—that they deceive both professor and pupils. Happy that professor who, wrapped up in his own blissful dreams, knows nothing about Locke or Reid, or Hume or Kant, or Rosmini and Gioberti, or Victor Cousin; or knows just enough to make up his mind for good and all that they are surely the most stupid, reckless, extravagant, and eccentric individuals in the universe, or the most wicked, malicious, and crafty men that ever conspired against truth or virtue. But suppose he aspires to teach philosophy after a higher standard, and to put before his hearers such a system as will command their admiration and rivet their attention by rich stores of metaphysical research, by the coherency of its parts, by the charm of system, and by the crowning grace of simplicity:—suppose he sets to work with the idea that it is impossible all the great writers of philosophy in all ages should have lived in vain; that he may expect his work to be already done for him in great measure; that even the very errors of such men as Kant, and Fichte, and Cousin must bear witness to the truth; and that his work is to read largely, to contrast the opposing systems,

sum up the grounds of evidence in favour of each, show, in doubtful cases, what each school respectively must yield in favour of the other; then, after all, beware lest, after having half-killed himself with his labours, he should in the end have built up, not a system of philosophy, but a mere amalgamation of opinions: his is, indeed, a herculean labour!

But some one will say: Why not confine himself to the Scholastics? There, at least, is Catholic philosophy. Granted; but even then his work is not at an end. He has to throw himself back amongst the dusty tomes of a past age, where every thing bursts upon him as utterly new, strange, and perplexing: first an uninviting terminology; then explanations and illustrations, which serve only to darken the subject, because they are based upon old theories which he is ignorant of, or simply because they are inspired by the *ethos* of an age which is wholly foreign to his modern education. We are not attempting any comparison between the Scholastics and the moderns as to superiority in matters of pure philosophy. In France a great revival of scholastic learning has been begun; and it has long been the opinion of the greatest thinkers, such as Leibnitz, that underneath that obscure terminology, those abstruse arguments, and those curious and almost forgotten theories, lie buried the deep veins of truth which will amply reward our labour. Yet all this does not lessen the difficulty. Again, our student finds himself amid the clamour of contention amongst the Scholastics as amongst the moderns. Even supposing that no false theory has been or ever will be originated, which will not find its sufficient answer in the *Summa* of St. Thomas, yet nothing is more common than to find the angelic doctor quoted most pertinaciously for opposite opinions by contending schools. Then, when, after long and persevering study, he has mastered, in some sort, the different positions of the contending parties, he must, after all, become acquainted with the modern systems, and know in what relation he stands to the writers of England, France, and Germany, that he may meet the living thought of the time, and make himself and his pupils not mere men of a bygone age, but men of the nineteenth century; for we cannot live in the past, and the Church must enable its instruments to live, struggle, and identify themselves with the present. These things considered, we think there is work enough for a Catholic professor of philosophy.

Now it will be urged, "What remedy do you propose? Have you any light or hope to offer for speculative science, when the very tone of its great masters is disappointing?" Did not Kant declare that metaphysics had yet to be created?

And now that many years have since elapsed, are we nearer the proposed goal? Has not Vincenzo Gioberti asserted in our own times, most truly, that philosophy is a ruin? And although he proposed a remedy for the disorder, yet has he scarcely a handful of disciples who believe in his *Ideal Formula*. Which of the systems, in short, would you recommend all Catholics to take up, expound, and stand by to the last breath? Some modification of Reid perhaps, or of Kant, or Rosmini? Your cause is hopeless. Leave metaphysics to its fate; and exchange for these dreamy phantoms of philosophers some solid practical work, which may substantially benefit the Church." We admit how grave is the difficulty. We will not attempt to evade the objection, or abate one *iota* of its natural force. Nevertheless we do not despair of speculative science; and we will show our reasons for a hopeful frame of mind on the subject.

First of all, let us say a few words about the condition of metaphysics in England at the present time. Since the writings of Victor Cousin have become famous in this country, eclecticism has become the reigning method amongst us. Reid is modified by comparison with Kant and Cousin, and even with the Scholastics; whilst Kant, in his turn, must receive a severe scrutiny from the hands of critics, who aim at nothing less than bringing the whole history of speculative science to bear upon the *Critique of Pure Reason*. No age has been so fertile in the critical history of philosophy as our own; and we are far from supposing that all this labour will eventually prove fruitless; and although it is impossible, from the very nature of the case, that eclecticism should ever become the basis of metaphysics, yet that it is a good way (rightly understood) towards building up the science, we can form no doubt. But it was the misfortune of eclecticism, that, being taken up originally by the enemies of the Church, and elevated to the rank of a system, whereas it can never be more than a method, and a treacherous one in unskilful hands, its adversaries combated it without discrimination, instead of appreciating its truthful side, appropriating its force, and fighting the adversary on his own ground. We freely admit that eclecticism is no system of philosophy, and that the axiom, *Error is partial truth*, is just as false, taken in a rigid sense, as that darkness is partial light; while, on the other hand, eclecticism, as a method, is as old almost as science itself. It was no invention of the French school; rather whosoever in any branch of science examines principles through their history, and tests them by their consequences; whosoever appeals to the harmony of many witnesses, and deems that

there is strength in a list of great names,—is by the very fact an eclectic. Finally, if error is not partial truth, yet it is equally true that error bears witness to the truth. Just as the very progress of heresy was an occasion of the Church's definitions, and had its share in the erection of Catholic truth into a system, so we anticipate that, in the long-run, in spite of ill-natured carping and sceptical misgivings, the struggles of conflicting systems will build up the greatness of metaphysics. Locke and his disciples gave the occasion and direction to the more sober efforts of Reid; while Rosmini and Gioberti received from the disciples of Kant, anti-Christian and anti-Catholic as they were, the direction of their efforts; which, as far as their general principle is concerned, whatsoever we may think of their doctrines in detail, have been crowned with success. Let the Catholic philosopher enrich himself with the spoils of the enemies of the Church. No man sits down to write absolute falsehoods. Bishop Berkeley establishes the subjectiveness of our sensations, notwithstanding the astounding error which he tacked on to this universally-admitted truth. He succeeds, too, in spite of the same error, in the main point he proposed, of establishing the existence of God and the human soul, and confounding sceptics and atheists, though a sceptic himself! Who will deny that Reid and Kant have benefited speculative science; or that many of their doctrines have received the stamp of approval even from men whose method and general view of philosophy is absolutely the reverse? We are not saying, of course, that all the infidel and sceptical books of the past and present should be put into the student's hands. God forbid! But we are speaking of the hopes of speculative science; and we believe that the materials for perfecting the system of Catholic philosophy are being prepared, even by the labours of men without the communion of the Church.

The consideration of the value of eclecticicism as a method leads us to mention the *Fundamental Philosophy of Balmez*, which has been so ably rendered into English by Mr. Brownson; for Balmez is an eclectic in the sober sense of the word. We do not mean that he has no system of his own, for the very scope of his work is to build up a system by establishing certain fundamental truths as the basis of the science; but his method is chiefly eclectic. He follows false principles through their history, and raises his signal of warning by exhibiting the miserable straits in which the excessive subjective tendencies of the disciples of Kant have involved them. He values speculative lore, and harmonises it, wheresoever he can, by seeking out the ground agreed upon by opposing schools,

He never fights without instinctively possessing himself of the truthful side of his adversary's position. He has a reverence for great names; and, where human reason is weak in its individual force, he is fond of arguments from authority. In short, the professor of philosophy will find done for him to hand the very work he wants, and which he could scarcely achieve himself without immense labour and anxiety. But let us give an instance of the Spanish author's eclecticism, where he points out the analogy between the Scholastics and Kant upon the relation of conceptions and sensations:

"Kant says: 'To enable us to acquire knowledge, the action of the senses, or sensible experience, is necessary.' The Scholastics said: 'There is nothing in the understanding which has not previously been in the senses: *Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu.*'"

Kant says: 'Sensible intuitions of themselves are blind.' The Scholastics said: 'Sensible species, or those of the imagination, also called *phantasmata*, are not intelligible.'

Kant says: 'It is necessary to make conceptions sensible by giving them an object in intuition.' The Scholastics said: 'It is impossible to understand, either by acquiring science, or by using that acquired, unless the understanding directs itself to sensible species—*sine conversione ad phantasmata.*'"

"Kant says: 'It is indispensable to render intuitions intelligible by subjecting them to conceptions.' The Scholastics: 'It is necessary to make sensible species intelligible, that they may be the object of the understanding.'"*

Our limited space forbids our quoting the analogy at greater length. In short, we find Kant in harmony with the Scholastics regarding the relations of sensation and knowledge; and the illustrious Rosmini perceived the same analogy. Sensation is not thought, nor the origin, strictly speaking, of any ideas whatsoever; whilst it is the condition, or the *matter*, in school phrase, of our knowledge; and the intelligence (the *intellectus agens* of the Scholastics) furnishes the *form*. The principles of our knowledge are *à priori*, they lie in germ within the womb of intelligence; whilst it is the province of sensation at once to solicit and furnish the materials for their application. This leads us to another question—whence the *form* of the idea by which the mind illumines the sensations is originally derived (for we wish to see whether philosophy, after all, be so hopeless and desperate a case as is frequently represented). This is the great field of discussion between the ontological and psychological schools; for the relation of sensation and knowledge is now agreed upon

amongst them as regards the general bearings of the question. What hopes have we of the existing controversy? We answer, Great hopes; for whatever we may think of the systems of ontology in detail, we feel no suspicion of the soundness of their general principle. Truth is not merely subjective, or a human creation. Whilst the sensations are mere feelings, utterly blind of their own nature, and inadequate to the production of knowledge, the human mind cannot create at the instant of perception what it was void of before the sensations were received. We say *create*; for nothing short of a creative act in the mind will explain the fact of intelligence, unless we recur to a higher source. Moreover, the mind is conscious that it does not create the idea; for even Kant perceived, that whilst the *matter* of our knowledge is *variable, contingent, and particular*, yet that the element, which, in common with the Scholastics, he designates the *form*, is *unchangeable, necessary, universal*.^{*} Consequently it is no human creation, but a light from heaven; which convinces whilst it illumines, and is the only solid answer we can give the sceptic that we shall not wake up at last and find all human knowledge a dream and a delusion, since absolute, universal, necessary truth can be no dream of the human mind. The idea, formally considered, is from God; nay, it is, as we shall see, a ray of the Divine intelligence itself: "The intellectual light which is within us (says St. Thomas) is nothing else than a certain participated likeness of the uncreated Light, in which are contained the eternal reasons of things."[†] Here the ontologists are in harmony with St. Augustine, St. Bonaventure, Malebranche, Fenelon, Bossuet, and a host of others, who regard the intellectual faculty, not as productive of truth, but as an organ receptive merely of the divine light; as Fenelon puts it, and as, indeed, the heathen Plato taught before him.

We believe that the recognition of the objective character of the idea, considered in its formal aspect, is what constitutes an ontologist; and, judged in accordance with this standard, Balmez should rank with that school. Witness, for instance, the chapters on "Ideas," and the "Universal Reason:"

"There is in our minds," he says, "something *à priori* and absolute; which cannot be altered, even although all the impressions

* Kant regarded our time-and-space notions as the form of our knowledge, and considered them as purely *subjective*. Hence he paved the way for the scepticism of Fichte. We do not forget this. We are dealing with the features of resemblance in our authors, not with their differences.

† St. Thomas (ap. Balmez), q. I. p. 1, q. lxxxiv. a. 5.

we receive from objects be totally varied, nor if all the relations we have with them were to undergo a radical change."

Again :

"The word 'reason' has a profound meaning, for it refers to the infinite intelligence. What is true for the reason of one man, cannot be false for the reason of another; there are, independently of all communication among human minds, and of all intuitions,* truths necessary for all. We must, if we would explain this unity, rise above ourselves, must elevate ourselves to that great unity in which every thing originates, and to which every thing tends. Sublime and consoling thought! Although man disputes about God, and perhaps denies Him, he has God in his intellect, in his ideas, in all that he is, in all that he thinks: the power of perception communicates God to him: objective truth is founded upon God; he cannot affirm a single truth without affirming something in God."

Such is the doctrine of Balmez; and not only of the mass of Catholic writers, but of the greatest thinkers which the world has produced.

"Truth," says Cousin, "may indeed assume a subjective character, from its relation with the soul, or the subject, which perceives it; but, in itself, *it is what it is*, that is to say, objective and absolute. The truths which reason attains by the aid of the universal and necessary principles with which it is provided are absolute truths; reason does not create, but discovers them. *A fortiori* consciousness does not create them; it has no other value than of serving in some sort as a mirror to reason."

The French eclectic departs from the philosophy of Kant upon this very point, and with good reason; for we do not hesitate to affirm, that conceptualism, which regards all grand truths as mere modifications of self, must, consistently pursued, find its ultimate development in the absolute *egoism* of Fichte.†

We must remark here also, that it is sometimes imagined that the whole question in debate between the psychological and ontological schools is, after all, merely a question of method; but this is a very superficial view of the case. The question is one of principle, not of method. Who will regard Fenelon as a psychologist, for instance? yet in his admirable proofs of the existence of God, deduced from our intellectual ideas, he starts with the famous Cartesian doubt; he puts himself in the position of a sceptic, who will accept of no reality save *self* and *ideas*, and who only rests here

* He means sensible intuitions.

† We must caution the reader, however, that although Cousin avoids the subjective view of Kant and Fichte, yet the ontological side of his eclecticism approximates to the pantheism of Schelling.

because there is an intrinsic repugnance to pushing the doubt further. Yet he attains objective reality; he raises himself to God, not merely in spite of his method, and by an inconsequence, as it were, but by a severe logical process, which will bear the test of scrutiny. He sees in his ideas, in the principles of reason, an element of which no contingent fact can render an adequate account. They are in the mind, and the mind contemplates them; but they are not *of* the mind, for they are independent of its action, and beyond its control. Neither are they in the objects which the sceptic imagines to surround him: these are transient, finite, mutable; and therefore can never give what they have not got to give. In short, God is revealed to him as the proper subject of truth, which is *universal, necessary, eternal, and immutable*. However, when we assert that the question at issue between the psychological and ontological schools is not a mere question of method, we are simply speaking of the method pursued in the *investigation of truth*, not of that used in its systematic exposition; since, in this latter case, we are forced to acknowledge, that philosophy, considered as the science of "the ultimate reason of things," can never repose upon a finite, contingent basis. But the principle we have laid down is important, as it will enable the student to rank in his harmony of authorities for the ontological view several names which pass nominally as psychologists, and will convince him that the witnesses in favour of his doctrine are the many against the few.

Plato was the great father of the ontological school; and he regarded God as the subject of universal necessary truths, and the source of all light in the intellectual order, as the sun is the fountain of light in the visible order of things. Aristotle had objected that Plato's ideas were so many independent substances; and this charge has been repeated against him by his opponents of every age, but without foundation, as is sufficiently proved by Cousin. "Intelligible beings," he says, in his *Republic*, "do not only hold from *the Good* (God) that which renders them intelligible, but also their being and essence."* The same is the teaching of St. Augustine and St. Bonaventure, and other holy writers, and of Bossuet and Leibnitz, who concur with Plato and Fenelon in regarding God as the immediate Author and Upholder of the intellectual order. "If I seek," says Bossuet, "where and in what subject these (truths) subsist, eternal and immutable as they are, I am forced to acknowledge a Being in whom truth eternally subsists, in whom

* Ap. Cousin, *Du Vrai*, &c. leçon vii.

it is eternally heard; and this Being must be truth itself, must be all truth, and from Him truth proceeds, in whatsoever exists or is heard outside of Him."* "The idea of the absolute," says Leibnitz, "is within us, and from within us, like that of being. *These absolutes* are nothing else than the attributes of God; and we may say, that they are no less the source of our ideas than God is in Himself the principle of beings."† We give these passages as specimens; but let not the reader imagine that we have exhausted our stock of authorities; for, "from Plato to Leibnitz," says Cousin, "almost all the great metaphysicians, or, at least, all spiritualistic metaphysicians, have thought that absolute truth is an attribute of absolute being. Truth is incomprehensible without God, as God would be incomprehensible without truth. . . . God reveals Himself within us by His absolute truth."‡

But it may be objected, "Granting all this, why cannot we ascend by experience to these absolute truths, and then recognise God as their subject?" Because we are speaking of principles which are *formal, i. e.* constitutive of our knowledge, and which are the *à priori* condition of every act of intelligence. How can experience begin without them? In the very perception of a particular object, how do the sensations become intelligible, which, of their own nature, are mere blind subjective feelings? How does the mind make the first judgment, *I am*, or *It is*? How can we judge that an object is good, wise, and beautiful, in the first instance, if those ideas are the result of a generalisation? Besides, objects are not absolutely good, wise, and beautiful, but according to *goodness, wisdom, beauty*; and in every such-like predication of the relative, we presuppose and indirectly assert the absolute, as our able contemporary Dr. Brownson has so often proved. This is what Balmez means in the passage above cited, where he says that we cannot assert a single truth without asserting something in God, and that God is implied in every act of thought. God, then, manifests Himself in our understanding; and what we term *reason*, or the form of our knowledge, presents characteristics of which neither *self* nor any finite objects can give account. The reader who has followed us so far, will be enabled to appreciate another difficulty. Shall we say that we enjoy an intellectual vision of God? Perhaps the repugnance which has been manifested against this doctrine is due, in great measure, to its having been put in a startling manner, and, it may be, exaggerated:

* Bossuet, *Traité de la Connaissance de Dieu et de Soi-même*.

† Leibnitz, *New Essay*, &c. book iv. ch. xvii.

‡ Cousin, *Du Vrai, du Beau, et du Bien*, leçon vii.

indeed the very expression 'vision,' or 'intuition' (*intueri*), seems to smack of mysticism; yet it is only a figure of speech, drawn from the analogy of intelligence and corporeal vision. We cannot know God as He is in Himself; but He is revealed in His attributes, especially as in God His attributes are Himself. This knowledge, or vision, is inadequate and *per speculum*, not (as we are disposed to think) because God, as the Absolute, is not offered directly to the cognitive faculty, but because consciousness, which, in the words of Cousin, serves as *the mirror of reason*, inadequately reflects the idea which reason presents. A little child conceives eternity as a distinct idea; but the reflex act cannot repeat it with equal distinctness, and he goes on adding *for ever and ever*, without being able to approach the idea which reason presents, and which excludes all limits whatsoever. Balmez seems to regard our knowledge of the absolute as obtained through a representative *idea*,* but he regards mediate ideas as a source of error in another part of his work; and the very same difficulties tell against representative ideas, whether of the sensible or intellectual order. Perhaps he has St. Thomas on his side, who regards the Intelligible as a "participated likeness" of the Divine intelligibility; but, on the other hand, he has St. Augustine and St. Bonaventure against him.

But we willingly leave these differences, in which the greatest doctors disagree; and simply content ourselves with accepting the labours of the ontological school, in their general principle, as a brilliant protest against the sensationalism of Locke and Condillac, on the one hand, and the egoism of Fichte on the other. We have not written these pages in order to publish to the world original views; but to impart to our readers some share of our own hopefulness as to the prospects of Catholic science, and to show that, if there be individual differences and conflicting systems—how wonderful if it were not so!—yet that there is more harmony in the deep waters than appears on the surface. A *perfect* system of philosophy is perhaps a delusion; but let us be thankful for what we have got. We confess to a decided trust, not in the solitary reflections of an individual mind, but in the harmonious testimony of great thinkers; and this being the case, we hail with all cordiality a writer who is familiar with the history of science, and well-read in the works of the great masters; while he never loses his own individuality, or fails to stamp what he has

* "We discover in our soul an admirable representation; wherein we contemplate, as in a mirror, every thing that passes in that infinite sea, which cannot be known by immediate intuition, so long as we remain in this life." Translation, vol. ii. p. 91.

borrowed with the impress of his own mental character. The *Fundamental Philosophy* will supply a want long felt in our Catholic seminaries. We hear frequent complaints of the handbooks of metaphysics now in use. Even when solid in their principles, and otherwise unobjectionable, they too often present but the mere dry bones of the science, without the living form and graceful clothing which metaphysics is really capable of, and which made the lectures of Cousin so attractive to the minds of youth. Again, these books are often merely the representatives of a certain school; and the student is naturally dissatisfied with an *ex-parte* statement of a question: and then, to crown all, in after-life, when he falls in with some one of that numerous race of speculative unbelievers one may meet with almost any day in a railway-carriage or steam-packet, he soon learns, to his great dissatisfaction, that though good and sound in its general principles, his speculative training has failed to bring him in contact with the mind of the age. The professor wants some aid in supplying these deficiencies—some Catholic work, which may review the systems, and assist him in his criticisms upon them, and which he may safely put into the student's hand. The *Fundamental Philosophy* is such a work. Let us say one word in favour of the translator, whom we had almost forgotten in his author. We are unable to judge of his merits as far as the translation from the Spanish is concerned, for we are unacquainted with that tongue; but so far we can give our testimony, that he has given to the public a readable book, and worthy of the name which he bears; and we have no doubt but that his book will be appreciated, and soon find its way into our seminaries, where it is so much needed.

Short Notices.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Greek Syntax, with a Rationale of the Constructions. By James Clyde, M.A., Greek Tutor in the University of Edinburgh. It would be difficult to speak of this little work more highly than it deserves. It is the production of one who is evidently a master of syntax, and who has made himself thoroughly familiar with all that has been written up to the present time on Greek philology. Mr. Clyde is already favourably known as the author of a treatise on Romaic and Modern Greek compared with one another and with ancient Greek; of which Lord Broughton, in his *Travels in Albania*, vol. ii. p. 477, speaks in the fol-

ring terms: "It appears to me to contain, on the whole, more valuable information and sound criticism on the subject in question than any which has hitherto come under my notice."

The present work certainly soars far above every thing in the shape of Greek syntax for the use of boys at school which we have yet seen. It contains in a small compass the cream of many large works. It possesses those qualities which chiefly constitute the accidental excellence of a book: it is concise and clear, and at the same time most interesting; one really feels a difficulty in laying it down, which is more than you can say of most works on syntax. Not the least valuable and interesting part of it consists in those parallel constructions and phrases which the author instances from modern languages.

We sincerely trust it will find its way into our own colleges; for all who know what education is, know well that a careful study of the Greek language and literature is the surest and the best means of imparting a vigorous and accurate tone of thought: and it is really paying too great a respect to antiquity, if the old *Eton*, albeit with Moody's Notes appended, should still be in vogue, while such works as this, or as the Grammar by Professor O'Leary, which we noticed in our last Number, again, as that by Geddes of Aberdeen, are to be had.

We are tempted to give, as a specimen of the author's *modus operandi*, the opening sentences of his preface:

"In opposition to the German school of philosophisers upon Greek syntax founded by Hermann, and continued by Matthiæ, Buttmann, Ritsch, Krüger, and Kühner, has arisen of late years the Danish school of positive canonists, with Madvig at its head. With these the pendulum is now oscillating towards the opposite extreme; for, while the Germans, with boundless daring, undertook to explain every thing, the Danes, as if in scientific despair, explain almost nothing.

"In the following work I have endeavoured to steer a middle course, not only classifying, but, wherever it could be done with any probability, accounting for the facts of Greek syntax; the object being, to furnish the student not only with a *vade-mecum* of rules, but also with a guide to principles. As *cram* is to culture, so are rules to principles; and it is only when the rationale of phenomena, whether in language or in nature, is inquired into, that the study of either becomes an instrument of culture; for culture, in so far as it affects the relation of the mind to objects of thought, may be said to consist in the continual elimination of the accidental from the necessary, and to result in the reconciliation of all things by the discovery of a few first principles. Besides, the manifold character of Greek constructions, arising from the preservation of ancient synthesis by an extensive inflection of the declinable parts of each on the one hand, and from the admission of modern analysis on the other, by an extensive use of the article and of prepositions, renders investigation of principles peculiarly necessary, and peculiarly inductive, in Greek."

And to take, without any selection, one specimen from the work itself. The author is speaking of reflexive verbs: "Obs. 4. Emphatic Reflexive Form. a) In proportion to the convenience of a lingual form and the frequency of its use. Accordingly, the reflexive form, being in Greek the most convenient possible, inasmuch as it is expressed by one word, without any aid of pronoun or preposition, is used in very many instances where we content ourselves with the simple verb. Thus Luc. i. 2, 7) ἀδελφον ὃν ὅποτε τις ἐπέλθων . . . ἀφαιρήσεται—'it being certain when some one might come and carry off (their goods).' The English is perfectly clear; but the Greek is more precise, ἀφαιρήσεται—

'carry off for his own behoof.' " Here the author appends the following marginal note: "The reflexive form of the verb, in German, French, and Italian, being also convenient, is frequently used. In English, however, the reflexive form is awkward, requiring the use of an inharmonious dissyllabic pronoun (myself, &c.), and often a preposition (*from* or *for*) to boot; so that it is used only when it cannot be avoided, which is seldom. Latham says, that *I fear me*, used by Lord Campbell in his *Lives of the Chancellors*, is the fragment of an extensive system of reflexive verbs, developed in different degrees in the different Gothic languages, and in all more than in the English. (*English Language*, § 391.) To *bethink oneself*, to *betake oneself*, are examples of the very few English verbs which can be used only as reflexives." He then proceeds in the text: "b) Farther, in proportion to the frequency with which any lingual form is used, especially if it be also used in *various modifications* of its primary sense, are its emphasis and precision enfeebled; but this degeneracy of lingual forms into weakness and indistinctness is constantly met by an augmentative tendency in the forms themselves. Hence, instead of the simple middle form, the reflexive pronouns are sometimes employed with the active and even with the middle, as (Thucyd. i. 31, 7) οὐδὲ ἐσεγράψαντο ἑαυτούς—'nor had they inscribed themselves.' By this great law of compensation, which reigns throughout the whole transition of a language from the synthetic to the analytic state, are explained the redundancies of language, as logic calls them: *e. g.* (Hesiod. Op. 763) ἐκ Διόθεν for Διόθεν, like our own '*from whence*' for '*whence*.' So ταῦτόν and ὅταρον are used with the article, although they already contain it." pp. 57, 58.

The Legend of the Wandering Jew. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. (London, Addey and Co.) M. Gustave Doré has gone *per saltum* over the heads of all modern designers for engravings on wood. Since the time of Bewick, the English school has done much; but it has failed to comprehend the whole capabilities of the material; and the profusion with which books and periodicals are illustrated, and the speed with which engravings *must* be produced, has tended to advance executive ability at the expense of imagination and all the higher qualities of the artist. We are fairly surfeited with the facile conventionalities of Mr. Gilbert, the smooth commonplaces of Mr. Harvey, the dull domesticities of Mr. Duncan, and a host of others. Not that these gentlemen have not done well in their way, but the way is a narrow one, and we know it by heart. M. Doré casts conventionalities to the winds. The engraver who follows him must wield the burin with no timid or hesitating fingers, but with the firm grip of a Titan. He is a man who can see with a clear eye, and grasp with a true perception, what it is that gives life and character to light and shade, storm and sunshine; and he is an equal master in discerning those intricate muscular contractions and relaxations which write good and evil on the face and limbs of animate beings. The bent of his mind leads him to develop his genius and acquirements in the grotesque,—a style which in its highest form is the artistic commingling of the sublime and the ludicrous,—in illustration of the truth that fallen man is so imperfect a creature, that the ridiculous finds a very fitting place even in and during his highest flights. In dealing thus with things of grave import, there is danger, undoubtedly, of verging on, or falling into, the profane; and we must admit, that M. Doré is in some degree obnoxious to a charge of the kind; but we are unwilling to consider his fault as of *malice prepense*. Taking the most severe view, it is as nothing com-

pared with the absolute profanity of nine-tenths of the sickly, sentimental, unbelieving, disgusting puerilities which do duty as sacred prints in what miscalls itself the religious world,—the world that shudders at the sign of the Cross, and thinks to serve God by denying the Sacraments.

M. Doré, it is clear, has well studied the great Italians, and the Flemings great and little; though not perhaps quite in the academical spirit. His originality of conception and treatment have, notwithstanding, suffered no injury. The well-known, well-worn, and not very pleasing legend of the Wandering Jew supplies him with a subject admirably adapted to his taste. With the letter-press and music which accompany his performance, we could well have dispensed; they are an impertinence in presence of a master who can tell his story in such strong and forcible language, and should be left to tell it his own way. We subjoin a short notice of each plate.

1. Abasuerus, or Cartaphilus, the hero of the legend, stands, boots and hammer in hand, on the wooden steps leading to his shop—*à la botte judaïque*. He has just refused rest to the Saviour, groaning under the weight of His cross, and the doom is already upon him: he must never know rest until the judgment. At once he is stunned by the curse. The crowd struggle zigzag up the hill of shame; but the eyes of all within reach turn to the blighted man with leer, and sneer, and grin; for, infidel as they are, they have an instinctive feeling that Christ's word will not fall to the ground. Boys tumble, leap, and play, on and around the crosses prepared for the thieves on the mount, which swarms with a gibing multitude awaiting its bloody feast. We could have spared the yelping cur that snarls at our Lord.

2. A magnificent conception; the sublime and terrible with no admixture. Ages have rolled on, and the Jew in his weary travels leaves a town on the Rhine or Danube. It is evening; the wind howls, the black thunder-clouds pour down a cataract on the plashy road, as, staff and scrip in hand, and bare-headed, the worn old man turns a stealthy glance towards a way-side crucifix, not daring in his despair even to ask for mercy. The execution is perfect.

3. The grotesque in full force. Surely Doré must have made acquaintance with Hogarth, among others. The Jew enters ancient Brussels, and is received by peruked and pigtailed burgesses and the town-guard. A half-circle, made up of Flanderkin brats and cackling geese, complete a scene rich and oily in humour. A minute angel, however, with pointed weapon, goads the unhappy man to further travels.

4. He has been entertained at a Flemish pot-house, and landlady and guests strive to detain him. National character was never so juicily rendered by Teniers, Mieris, or Ostade. It is a great Flemish picture with a soul added. The Jew hears not, sees not, the boors whose rough caresses would hold him back; his eyes are glued to an awful shadowy form which fills the air, and onwards he must go.

5. He walks dry-footed across a flood, for his life is charmed; but in the ripple the terrible scene of Calvary dazzles his sight. Again the rabble strike the falling Christ, while each blow rends the heart-strings of the miserable wanderer. The background is a dreamy mysterious range of river, mountain-scenery, and ruined castles.

6. Perhaps the finest of the series. The Jew has wandered into a graveyard, and his soul yearns for death. He envies those who have attained their rest; but the very headstones mock at him. The sun rises, and the morning clouds drift into the dreaded semblance of the fatal procession; his own shadow, and the waving grass, each become

alive with the same fearful vision ; it is above, below, and around him. In conception and execution this print is a masterpiece.

7. He traverses a rugged, blasted, mountain-valley ; and the vision sweeps by, as a wild demoniacal train, distorting the shattered pines into spectral shapes. The angel of vengeance alone, white and shining, retains his heavenly aspect, and reminds us that the goblin spectacle is but the fabrication of the burning brain of a frenzied man. It is in this sense only that this design can be defended.

8. The Jew has climbed to the region of eternal snows. The sinking Saviour with the cross, and the mob of persecutors, are sculptured in giant figures of ice. There is no escape, and the wanderer prepares to descend.

9. A ghastly dream. He stands unhurt amid the din of a frightful combat. The fragments of dismembered bodies continue a diabolical fight, torn-out hearts smoke at his feet, and the ground is soaked in gore. We can only suppose that the artist means to shadow forth what battles would be, if the savage fury, the implacable hatred, the parching thirst for vengeance which occupy the souls of contending men, were not limited in action by the feebleness of a frame so easily pierced, smitten, and destroyed.

10. The Jew is wrecked. A supernatural hurricane tosses the ship like a cockle-shell on the rocks, and all must perish save one,—the only one who pants for death. Again he walks on the waves ; and drowning wretches cling in vain to his flowing beard, which snaps in their grasp. The kraken swallows a spar loaded with a freight of screaming victims. In the storm-clouds the old scene appears.

11. *A South-American Valley.* Caymans gape at him, gigantic boas, lizards, toads, and obscene reptiles glare at him, but dare not touch the forbidden prey. Palm-groves, with thick-set massive columns, curtain the precipitous banks of a sombre river, whose tepid waters swarm with hosts of alligators. The characteristics of this class of animal life are well understood, and well applied to the purposes of the artist.

12. We hardly know what to say about this last print, except that we do not like it. M. Doré, no doubt, felt the almost insuperable difficulty of ending his story in a manner at once sublime, and consistent with what had gone before ; so he gives the reins to his sense of the absurd, and satirises his own failure. The judgment is come, and with a sigh and grin of delight the Jew drags off his boots, which will be of no use to him in heaven, where his expiation is accepted. A band (*à la Mons. Jullien*) of singularly-conceived angelic forms is exploded with a burst of light from above ; below the flames of hell break forth, and devils ineffectually tug at the pardoned sinner. There are many striking things in the design ; but as a whole it is very objectionable.

There is, as was inevitable, some inequality in the rendering of these remarkable designs by the clever wood-engravers who have undertaken the task. It is no easy matter to translate such free and decisive strokes, and so pregnant with meaning, on to the surface of a block of wood, folio size. In some examples, notwithstanding, their success is triumphant. This is the first we have seen of M. Doré's works ; but we do not hesitate to affirm, that a dozen such designs as No. 2 and No. 6, the Wayside Cross and the Graveyard, should suffice to establish a lasting and well-earned reputation. We hope to praise some future work of the artist's, without any reticence on the score we have mentioned.

Adulterations detected. By Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D. When the Timminses gave their memorable little dinner, the guests who assisted

at that unfortunate banquet were in due course submitted to the incomparable prowess of Professor William Makepeace Thackeray, who subsequently disclosed to an admiring public the results of his scientific analysis. What Professor Thackeray did, with such exquisite humour, for the eaters, Dr. Hassall has done for the eaten without any humour at all; unless it be a touch of ill-humour, a kind of lovers' quarrel with Mr. "Lancet" Wakley, and a cat-and-dog (*i. e.* post-nuptial) wrangle with Dr. "Officer-of-Health" Letheby. And verily Dr. Hassall is to be commended for seeing no fun in the matter; nobody but our most facetious Premier could fit a joke with the point of an arrow seized from "Death in the Pot." The fact is, that where we looked for a little rivulet of roguery meandering through the broad fields of commerce, we find ourselves up to the elbows in a treacherous bog of knavery which underlies the whole surface. The poor victim of a nefarious commissariat rises in the morning with furred tongue and languid limbs, the consequences of previous sufferings; and seats himself at the breakfast-table, jocund in its snowy damask, and spread with ample fare. What mockery! he cannot eat the table-cloth, and that is the only pure thing before him. His fresh Epping butter is "Irish salt," manipulated in a back-room at Lambeth; his bread is eked out with "cones" flour; his milk was coaxed from a consumptive cow in a London cellar, and is half water besides; his tea is "faced" with Prussian blue and gypsum; his Scotch marmalade was grown in a turnip-field; and the stimulus with which he fillips his abused appetite is a humble sprat, which, painted in bole Armenian or Venetian red, blushes to find itself doing duty as anchovy! We skip lunch, supposing our friend, of course, to belong to good society; which confines its desires at two o'clock to a glass of sherry and a biscuit, both of which may, *by accident*, be unsophisticated. But the duties of the day performed, and the graces duly propitiated by soap, water, and a clean collar, he puts his legs under the domestic mahogany, and smiling at the wife of his bosom, applies himself to the serious performance of dining. He is fond, doubtless—all Londoners are—of the appetising assistants which add, as it were, perfume to the violet, flavour to the crude animal fibre, relish to the simple vegetable. Alas! the mustard is wedded, in Mormon polygamy, to turmeric, rice, and possibly plaster-of-Paris; the pepper is mixed with linseed-meal, the Cayenne with red-lead; the curry-powder, which renders yesterday's chicken so presentable and useful, is compounded with the same villanous oxide, potato-starch, and ground-rice; the salad is sown with free sulphuric acid, tart to the palate with corrosive sublimate; the pickles are verdant with copper in abundance, and the gages are green with a similar unnatural greenness. The very raspberry-jam, that peeps from its puffy coat, is a delusion and a snare; nothing but the cheaper *currant* article with a deceitful twang of orris-root. But why continue the horrible catalogue? Who expects porter to be free from treacle, cocculus-indicus, or grains miscalled of Paradise? "What is wine?" as Messrs. Foster and Ingle importunately demand of every omnibus traveller in the metropolis, and we dare say elsewhere. What indeed! But, in the name of Hygeia and Mercurius, must respectable fathers of families submit to have their stomachs ruddled like the backs of sheep,—must they consent to have them lined with copper, coated with lead, corrugated with corrosive acids,—while all the time their pockets are being picked by rascally cheats? Enough of jesting, however; for there is a very grave aspect of the case.

The evidence taken by Mr. Scholefield's Committee in the House of Commons, and the abundant facts supplied by the *Lancet* and the

works of Dr. Hassall and others, prove, beyond a shadow of doubt, that the baneful and immoral practice of adulteration is all but universal; that it extends from the highest to the lowest class of traders in food and medicine, wherever sophistication is possible. The offenders have been gibbeted by name and residence in hundreds and *in thousands*; but the sharp, decisive, and ready remedy the law offers them has in no case been sought; they have absolutely suffered judgment to go by default. It is high time that the legislature should endeavour to stay the moral rot at the root of commerce. We see scant justice in transporting Bill Sykes for hocussing his prey before he robs him, while Mr. Oily Smirk, the grocer, red-leads his Cayenne with impunity; it is hard to punish Alphonsus Delacour, the swell-mobsmen, for card-sharping, while Mac-Swindle, the great Italian warehouseman, sells gelatine, worth fourpence an ounce, as best isinglass at sixteen or eighteen pence. The reader may smile at what he considers exaggeration, but we have stated what is simple daily fact. Out of twenty-four samples of Cayenne analysed, four only were pure; thirteen contained red-lead, the rest other abominations. Of twenty-eight samples of so-called isinglass, ten were gelatine only. We cannot at present enter at more length into a subject in which the millions of consumers are so deeply interested; but repeat, that the time is come when the aid of the strong arm of the law is loudly called for to protect the fair dealer, and punish the wrong-doer. The cumbrous and expensive machinery of the Excise has proved utterly worthless and contemptible, even where nominally applicable; but, with the help of modern science, a very easy and summary mode of coping with the evil might readily be devised. We recommend Dr. Hassall's present and former works on the subject to all desultory readers; that is, to ninety-nine out of every hundred who open a book.

Poems. By F. W. Faber, D.D. (London, Richardson.) This handsome volume contains a selection from the various poems which were, we believe, the first-fruits of Father Faber's literary life. Though we cannot but think that sacred oratory is more especially suited to his genius than poetry, we must at the same time concede, that a torrent of eloquence like his could never have been attained without considerable practice in versification. We consider that the special defect of these poems is their fluency; a fatal gift, that enabled the writer, when he was struck by a beautiful thought or image which might occupy perhaps two lines, immediately, without any trouble, to add to them the dozen or so more which were wanted to complete the sonnet or ode; and which, though decent enough for the produce of a minor minstrel, are generally unworthy to be the complement of the thought or the picture which Father Faber employs them to frame. Take as instances the two sonnets at page 199,—one to the Mediterranean sea, beginning:

“O thou old heartless sea, without a tide
To bless thee with its changing!”

and the other:

“There are no shadows where there is no sun;
There is no beauty where there is no shade:
And all things in two lines of glory run,
Darkness and light, ebon and gold inlaid.”

If these pieces had been completed as they were commenced, they would have been worthy of our greatest sonnet-writers.

The Divine Education of the Church, and Modern Experiments.
By F. A. Nash, A.M., author of “The Scriptural Idea of Faith.” (Lon-

don, Richardson.) One cannot read a page of this book without feeling that the author is a man who thinks originally, decisively, sometimes profoundly, and sometimes also obscurely; but, on the whole, it is a work which ought to have its influence among the inquirers of the present day. It is in substance a book on developments; and shows that the changes of the external form of the Church are owing to its divine education, while the changes which have introduced other forms of Christianity have placed them in the position of human modifications of the divine institution. The plan (as far as we have read) is carried out in a very talented manner; and almost each page contains some proposition which sets the reader thinking,—an excellent quality in a book.

"The Catholic Church," he says, "invites all opponents to examine her claims, *but every man for himself*; she submits nothing to the tribunal of public opinion." Mr. Ambrose Philips should learn, that she cannot treat heretics as forming an organised whole, however true it may be, as Mr. Nash shows, that she is the only body that ever converted nations in their collective capacity.

"Not only are Protestants often protesting against what no one maintains, but also there is on the other side a disputatious way of propounding the most sacred truth, which shifts the blame of its rejection—in part, at least—from the hearer to the speaker. It is no wonder Protestants should think as they do, when and where trouble is not taken to meet their hereditary prejudices, or to make the truth attractive to any but those *who have* already felt its attraction."

Again:

"It has been said publicly that 'there ought to be free-trade in religion as in other things.' The worst thing about this assertion is its form. . . . To 'invest' zeal, learning, persuasion, and works of charity in the accumulation of the souls of men under a true system, is a department of lawful commerce; and all that is required is, that the transaction should be honest and the coin sterling. The article of produce in which it deals being spiritual, the payments must be spiritual also. To invest money in the capture of converts is altogether contraband; and is accordingly found, as an occupation, lucrative, exciting, attractive, and perilous. To attract or retain proselytes by fanatical or sentimental cant, is to make payment in forged bills. But the man who spends himself in winning men to the truth, . . . establishes the nature and advantage of a free-trade in religion."

We are sorry that Mr. Nash appears not to approve of our historical investigations. "Titus Oates may better be left to settle his religious differences with Guy Fawkes. . . . No good can now accrue from investigating the enlightened avidity with which one party seized on the spoils of the Church, or the pious cruelty which the other brought to revenge the sacrilege."

This clever essay is the work of a mind in a transition state, and contains many opinions which the author will doubtless see cause to modify when he has more experience as a Catholic. But as a contribution to our controversial literature it is of considerable value.

The Civiltà Cattolica, the Roman bi-monthly periodical, has now established itself as one of the leading Catholic organs of Europe. Its success may be attributed partly to the insight of the editors into the character and wants of the age,—an age that requires, more than most others which have preceded it, that philosophy, history, the moral sciences, and the whole system of intellect and thought, should be imbued and vivified by the Catholic spirit; and partly to the carefulness and completeness of the reviews which it gives of contemporary Catholic

literature. Its circulation in non-Italian countries has hitherto been impeded by the uncertainties and expense which attended its delivery to foreign subscribers. The editors have taken the opportunity of their having entered into arrangements with agents in these kingdoms for furnishing their paper with regularity, to invite all "dutiful children of the Catholic Church, who possess some knowledge of the Italian tongue, to take part in the advancement of a work whose only object it is to contribute, by all the agencies within its reach, to the re-establishment of the rational, social, and historical sciences on a Christian and Catholic foundation." We have great pleasure in recommending it to our readers.

We have received several works, especially some from America, which we are prevented by want of space from noticing in our present Number, but which shall receive our attention at an early period.

Correspondence.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW AND THE WORK OF THE CONVERTS.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

MY DEAR SIR,—Some three years ago you were so good as to notice, in a very kind manner, myself and my work here. I did not then, as perhaps I ought to have done, acknowledge immediately in the pages of the *Rambler* the result of your notice; and, as time went on, it grew to appear to me that it would be an impertinence to trouble yourself and your readers with my affairs.* An occasion has, however, arisen, which seems to justify me in appearing in your pages without deservedly incurring the reproach of an importunate egotism. In what I have to say, I trust that there will be found something to interest those who take any interest in the progress of religion in England; and this must be my excuse for writing this letter. The occasion to which I allude is in this wise. The *Dublin Review*, in its article on the "Present Catholic Dangers," gives a list of new missions in England and Scotland which owe their origin entirely to converts. I had supposed, and indeed do still suppose, that Wednesbury ought to have had a place in that list. Yet it would not trouble me that it was not noticed, nor myself in connection with it, were it not that the absence of my name from the muster-roll of converts who have founded missions exposes me to the imputation of falsehood or folly. I have sought aid from friends and Catholics generally, on the ground that I was engaged in founding a new mission; and now it would appear that I did not represent a fact, or that I failed to accomplish what I undertook. Now, however it might conduce to my highest and true interests to remain quiescent under this imputation, I do not, because I believe that a different course may benefit the flock I serve, may draw attention to a certain mischievous inequality existing in England in the demand and supply of the aids and consolations of religion, and may help to disclose one

* What you said about Wednesbury procured me contributions which amounted in the aggregate to fifty pounds.

of the chief causes of the little progress that the Church has made, of late years, amongst the masses of the English people. No worse result can come of my present act than that I may be thought a vain person, who utters unchristian and unmanly complaints at not having been noticed; and that opinion will not injure any one. As to my being a convert, I am not proud of it; but I could not conceal the fact if I would. My name is known in Ireland as Protestant of the Protestant; and in Dublin my family was for more than a century foremost amongst those citizens who there upheld English and Protestant interests. If report speaks truly, the reviewer is that illustrious person who received you, my dear Mr. Capes, and myself, at the same hour, into the communion of holy Church. If this be so, I must suppose that he who has recorded the grave-diggers of the catacombs does not forget the priests who are striving to build up the waste places of the Church, of which he is himself the crown and glory; and that, having an excellent memory, his Eminence has a particular recollection of those places which interest him most; and amongst those places must be the parts of the diocese which he once ruled where the most forlorn of the Catholic poor are crowded. I conclude, then, that Wednesbury and Wednesbury's priest were not forgotten, but omitted by the reviewer when he drew up his list, "as complete as he was able to make it." Now, it is not exactly and physically true that those missions set down in the *Dublin Review* owe their origin entirely to the persons whose names are placed after them; hence the statement of the text is qualified by the heading of the list, which is, of "Churches, Missions, &c. erected by Converts." Neither is it the fact, that the persons named in the list did, in all cases, what they are said to have done at their own sole cost. Erdington, for example, was a mission, and possessed a decent building, which served for chapel and school, before Mr. Haigh became a Catholic. But the glory of the beautiful church which he has erected at his sole cost, has naturally eclipsed the memory of all former things done for Erdington. Drs. Newman and Faber did not build the "Oratories" at their own expense, entirely or principally. It is worthy of note, too, that the location of the missions mentioned in the *Review* was not in every case determined by the needs of a poor flock of the faithful perishing in the English wilderness. This is not said in order to insinuate odious comparisons; but for a good purpose, which will appear in the sequel. I did not indeed project, so to speak, the mission here: every Catholic who had any thing to do with the district long ago desired to have a mission in Wednesbury. The Cardinal, when Vicar-Apostolic of the central district, desired it; and the priests who had care of the district desired it; and the faithful in the place desired it: but it still lay in the region of the possible. Beautiful churches were erected in different parts of Staffordshire, and other places in the central district. Large churches, which cost many thousands of pounds, and whole communities of priests, were established in parishes where the people, Protestant and Catholic together, are counted only by hundreds; but the thousands of the poor famine-stricken Irish, who had come to the "black country" to look for work, were left without priest or altar. Indeed, from what I have witnessed in this part of England during the twelve years of my Catholic life, I must say, that the care of English Catholics for the glory of the material temple of God, and their zeal to make converts, have greatly exceeded their concern for the living temple, and for the poor outcasts that have come to trust under the shadow of England's Church. I have seen, for instance, at Cheddle, in the north of this county, a magnificent church, built at an

enormous cost. At the opening of that church, in 1846, nearly, if not quite, all the English Bishops were assembled, and the heads of the religious orders, and I know not how many priests and lords and ladies. And I saw, soon after Cheadle Church was opened, at a place about five miles from Cheadle, Cotton Hall, now St. Wilfred's, a large and beautiful church, built by one of the Oratorians, then one of the "Brothers of the will of God," as Father Faber called his companions; and at this same St. Wilfred's, a large manor-house was enlarged and altered and made a house for religious, and there a community of Passionists was placed after the "Brothers of the will of God" had become Oratorians and migrated to London. And Cheadle has but a scant population of any kind, and St. Wilfred's is in a glen in the moor-country. Round about it there are, or were, a few so-called converts, who went to Mass, and of whom one might hope that they had received the gift of faith. And in many other agricultural and thinly-peopled parts of the central district beautiful and large churches were built, and in several places communities of religious men were placed. All the while, poor Irish Catholics were gathering by hundreds yearly in and about Wednesbury, forlorn, forgotten, despised; so that when the Bishop of Birmingham sent me to organise a mission here, he wrote: "You have in hand one of the most urgent and necessitous works that the English Church can point out. A large congregation, and that a fast increasing one, has grown up and come together without having church or school or resident pastor." Ah, some of our church-builders have been little in accord with their Bishops; their work and their planting was not the planting of God. What is now the condition of some of the places I have spoken of? The spirit of desolation has come and settled in them, and sorrow and gloom have overshadowed them. St. Wilfred's is shut up; and from Cheadle the nuns have fled in disgust and despair, to find a home and a welcome in Black Bilston. "Where the body is, there will the eagles be gathered." Gone are the Passionists from St. Wilfred's and from Aston, gone the Redemptorists from Hanley, gone the Oblates of the Immaculate Conception from Old Oscott. Some have gone to the home of religion in these western isles, and some to the busy haunts of men in England's crowded cities. They and their prelates and bishops and pastors planted and watered; but God gave no increase to their labours, they could reap no harvest, gather no fruit. Hungry and thirsty their souls fainted in them, and they said one to another, Let us go hence; and they are gone. When I became a Catholic, what provision did I not see made in these parts for the spiritual wants of the Catholics to come, when England's hopeful peasantry, the descendants of St. Gregory's angels, should be converted! Priests of a strange tongue were gathered from foreign lands, and religious men of divers orders—Italians and Frenchmen and Germans, Passionists and Redemptorists and Brothers of Charity and Oblates of Mary. And I could not but marvel how the poor Catholics that *had* come were neglected the while. The poor Church was made to seem like a mother that has many children indeed, but lean ill-favoured things, whom she values little in comparison of the beautiful one she is about to produce. Alas, poor religious that settled in the rural districts, have you not now to say with the prophet, "Concepimus, et quasi parturivimus, et peperimus spiritum: salutes non fecimus in terra, ideo non ceciderunt habitatores terræ!" I could not but marvel to see what abundant spiritual care was secured for certain places of woods and fields; whilst four large towns in this mining district,—Bilston, Wednesbury, Willenhall, and Darlaston,—that have now a population of some seventy thousand, of whom at least seven thousand are Ca-

tholics, were committed to the sole charge of one priest, and he falling into a consumption : I speak of the late Rev. Michael Crewe of Bilston, —peace to his soul ! He it was who started the Wednesbury mission ; he collected two hundred pounds, and his worthy brother lent him two hundred more, and he bought land in Wednesbury whereon to build a church and schools. Had Mr. Crewe lived a little longer, he would, I believe, have done more than I have done, and done better. What he did do, though overburdened with work and tottering on the brink of the grave, is an earnest of what he might have done. But God took him, three years and a half after he had been ordained priest ; and great part of that time he was incapacitated by illness for all active work. At the time of Mr. Crewe's decease, Wednesbury was without priest or altar ; and the land which had been bought was not given into the possession of Catholics, and two hundred pounds was due upon it. So things were when the Bishop of Birmingham sent me to the "black country," "to work up the mission of Wednesbury." I was to have had the post of whipper-in to the Oratorians of Birmingham, to be a curate to look after "the Irish," and answer their importunate calls ; but this arrangement fell through, and his lordship sent me where the flock are many and rude and poor, and, in the world's view, mean and vile.

Could his lordship have honoured me more than by sending me,—a neophyte, a Catholic of five years, a priest of one,—to take charge of those who are of all his flock the dearest to his apostolic heart ? Let those who ask, Have I the confidence of the Bishop ? ponder these words of the Apostle : "*. . . quæ videntur membra corporis infirmiora esse (the poor and ignorant) necessaria sunt ; et quæ putamus ignobiliora membra corporis (the spalpeen Irish), his honorem abundantiorum circumdamus.*" He who has no title but the glorious one of his office,—missioner apostolic,—is honoured in the rudeness and meanness of his numerous flock. Ancient and most quiet priests are honoured in their titles of canon and rector ; and so there is an equality. Well, Wednesbury has now a priest and a chapel and schools, and a Catholic cemetery. Surely it is of some account that one is careful to bury the dead. I did not give all the money that has been contributed for Wednesbury ; but I have given nearly as much as all the other benefactors together ; and I have laboriously collected most of the other donations. What I did give, was all the living that I had when I came here ; not much, to be sure, but yet enough to have enabled me to live according to my tastes ; not much, yet what was dear to my natural pride for reasons that I need not mention ; not much, for love of the poor whose "faith and patience" had led me into the way of life. I have done no more than became a converted Irish parson ; no more than became one who has solemnly spoken these words : "*Dominus pars hereditatis meæ et calicis mei, tu es qui restitues hereditatem meam mihi ;*" no more than became a missioner apostolic, placed amongst a people who have neither home nor country ; no more than became a client of St. Thomas, who reads every year these words of St. Gregory : "*Qui non dat pro ovibus substantiam suam : quando pro his daturus est animam suam ?*" Perhaps I have done no more than give way to a natural impatience to accomplish what I undertook. Who can tell ? God knows. But in the mind of the charitable, I have deserved well of the English Church ; though, thank God ! my reward here has been that my existence is forgotten and my work ignored. And forgotten I were content to be till that day which shall declare all things, when "every one shall bear his own burden, and every man shall have praise from God ;" but there are many things which I wish to do, and to do speedily ; and I cannot do them.

without assistance. Amongst your readers, sir, there are, I am sure, some of an heroic spirit; possibly I may by this move some of them to give me help, and not to me only, but also to my brother-missioners in this "black country." I am not one who would join in the cry to any earthly patron, "*Oculi omnium in te sperant, domine,*" as we seemed lately to cry to Lord Shrewsbury; but I do not despise the aid of the worldly great, and would do what I could without flunkeyism to secure it. Let me say, then,—and have I not some right to speak to English Catholics?—that a few thousands of pounds, say five or six, would serve to set up, not only this mission, but also Bilston and West Bromwich. In this district, in which Mr. Crewe laboured alone some nine years ago, there are now three priests,—two at Bilston, and myself here; yet we are broken down with labour. We have immense flocks of rude poor people, who require constant looking after, whom we must "warn night and day, both publicly and in visits from house to house." Bilston wants another priest to serve the town of Willenhall, and about a thousand pounds to pay off the debt upon the chapel which Mr. Davies has built there. Wednesbury requires two priests more—one of them for Darlaston, and a convent of nuns, and about two thousand pounds to pay off debts and build a chapel in Darlaston. And West Bromwich needs another priest for Oldbury, and about a thousand pounds. In these missions we do not want annual stipends; but we want a fair start, a few more churches and schools, and some apostolic men. The chapels and schools men may give us if they will; the labourers the Lord of the harvest can alone supply. Let some of our Catholic young gentlemen form themselves into a confraternity for the purpose of supplying the poor and populous missions with churches and schoolhouses, and all that is needful in the way of buildings will soon be done.

If there be no more any work for templars or hospitallers, surely there is much that our Catholic gentry might do without the vows of religion being taken. But, sir, you have no more space, and I have no more time or patience, left for these matters. Let any one who wishes to discuss it further come and see me. I will add only, Catholics of England, if the vile rude poor be forsaken and forgotten, instead of being cherished with the tenderest care, your Church and your country will both go to ruin; whereas a care of the poor will make your Church, which God has restored through the poor, to flourish and increase. Remember that it was the Irish poor who brought back the Bishops;* remember how, as I have shown, efforts made where the Irish poor are not, have failed; and think whether it is not the Irish poor who will bring back the people to the Church in this land.

Before I have done, sir, let me pay a tribute of respect to my friend Mr. Grenside, of Rugeley in this county. He is not in the reviewer's list, yet he is a church-builder and a convert. To his persevering unostentatious exertions it is mainly owing, that Rugeley now possesses one of the handsomest churches, schoolhouses, and presbyteries, in Staffordshire. A Catholic gentleman of the neighbourhood gave a munificent donation; but Mr. Grenside collected most of the money which those buildings cost. His spirit may be judged of from the fact, that he lives himself in the mission which his labours have enriched, in abject poverty. If I have been forgotten, the other benefactors of this mission are not by me forgotten; they are faithfully remembered, and every week I offer the holy sacrifice for their welfare. Special gratitude is due to you, sir; and it is indeed rendered by your obliged and faithful friend,

GEORGE MONTGOMERY.

* See Letter of Bishop of Birmingham to the *Times*.

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PART XLI.

THE POLITICAL FUTURE.

Who does not feel at times how pleasant it would be to be seized with a fit of violent, self-complacent, comfortable, political partisanship? How easy it would be to write on political matters at any juncture, if one could indulge for a time in the brilliant stupidity and profound emptiness of the *Morning Herald*! How delightful, like the philosophic *Spectator*, to sit in one's arm-chair, looking down on all things, divine and human, and utter sentences of solemn instruction to a small knot of readers willing to pay a high price for one's weekly wisdom! Above all, how deliciously easy to conduct a periodical on the system, and with the purse, of the *Times*! How gently must the world go with people to whom principle is a thing unknown; who are as oblivious of their own past words as of their cast-off clothing, and who "survey mankind from China to Peru" with the one sole object of discovering subjects for a daily "article"!

What a curious state of feeling, indeed, must be that of a man who enters society, reads books, and hears of actions, with the never-ceasing hope of finding something or somebody to show-up in the next day's newspaper! Imagine a man's mind whose one idea is, "Whom shall we smash next?" Only conceive our own Catholic affairs handled in the style in which the affairs of the nation, political, civil, and ecclesiastical, are handled by the *Times* newspaper! No wonder, then, that a journal conducted on this system of smashing every body, and every thing that is smashable, has attained a sale far more than commensurate with its actual influence. How many thousands of people read the *Times* solely for the sake of its skill in scarifying! What if it is our turn to-day? to-morrow it will be our neighbour's. If this morning's

journal mauls a Catholic prelate or layman, ten to one that in a day or two some Anglican bishop, or some fierce Orangeman, will be scourged with an equally merciless good-will. No wonder, then, that every body reads this wicked and clever newspaper; and while he congratulates himself that his own conscience would not suffer him to perpetrate such libels, chuckles over the whippings which he sees administered so cordially, whenever it is some one not on his own side who is fastened to the flogging-block.

Just now, with a new Parliament assembling, and with such alterations continually going on in the position of Catholics in their own country, we cannot help indulging in these thoughts, when we reflect that our own readers are like readers in general, and are grievously dissatisfied if we put them off with any thing bearing the remotest likeness to a milk-and-water diet. It is, indeed, one of the various oddities of us English Catholics, that while we expect our public writers to observe all the laws of decency towards individuals, and to pay a rigorous respect to constituted authorities, lest they compromise things sacred and out of their province, we at the same time cry out lustily against any thing like dullness or flatness in our own periodicals. We ourselves plead guilty to a full share in these exacting demands. We do not find Catholic dullness, or Catholic platitudes, one whit more entertaining than Protestant dullness or Protestant platitudes. We like to come across writers who have something to say that is distinct, original, vigorous, and entertaining. We are bored to death at meeting over and over again with the same old story, half earnest, half sham. We are prodigiously offended at what we consider personalities or scurrility; and have, like most people, small consideration for any want of judgment in handling Catholic matters (unless we ourselves happen to be the blunderers); but still we feel it an unpardonable offence in a speaker or writer if he merely utters in public, or puts in print, remarks not a jot more lively or informing than the daily talk of the breakfast-table or drawing-room.

Moreover, there is a certain peculiarity in the condition of Catholics in this country which tends to make us especially exacting as regards spirit and decision in our periodical writers. Every body who knows any thing of English Catholic society is aware that it is extraordinarily free-spoken in its expression, both of general sentiments and of its opinions as to individuals. We are not finding any fault with the peculiarity. Indeed, taken altogether, and judged fairly and with a due allowance for circumstances, we think that this very

free-speaking displays certain characteristics which indicate a respect for the law of God as regards charity towards our neighbour, which could not be found to the same extent in any Protestant society whatsoever. The fact is, however, that being a small body, and consequently thrown very much together, so that almost every body more or less knows something of every body, and being further bound together by a community of religious interests, even when we have no other common ties, we are naturally led to discuss each other's conduct, character, and opinions with considerable warmth, and at times with no little severity. We cannot help this. We feel an interest in the proceedings of our fellow-Catholics which forbids us to treat their conduct with the same disregard as that which the adherents of one political or one Protestant sect feel for the proceedings of other sects, political or religious. The very nature of the age, too, strengthens these tendencies to searching criticism. All now is changing. Nothing goes on by the mere force of routine. Every body is looking at us; every body is expecting something from us. We know, too, that the world identifies the conduct of the whole Catholic body with that of individuals in a most perverse and absurd degree; and consequently, when a brother Catholic does an unwise thing, we feel as if we ourselves should have to pay a portion of the penalty.

Accordingly, the extent to which the conduct of every Catholic, of any note whatsoever, is canvassed in private circles, and the entire freedom with which he is judged, would be scarcely believed by persons who know nothing of us by actual experience. And one result is, that the Catholic palate is spoiled for any thing that has not a very decided flavour. It is so stimulated with the pepper and mustard of daily talk, that an ordinary dish of mere judicious and sensible remarks produces about the same expressions of dissatisfaction that would burst from the lips of a hungry man set down to solace himself with a basin of water-gruel. We repeat, that we are finding no fault with these habits of Catholic society; on the contrary, we believe, that whatever our faults, we show to any but the superficial observer the most unmistakable signs of being under the control of a dominant practical conscience. We are only calling attention to the fact, as suggested to us by the inability which we ourselves feel to enter with any very vehement interest into the proceedings of any of the political parties now gathering for fresh trials of strength in the new Parliament.

After all, however, probably most of our readers share this want of interest with us. Few Catholics find themselves

able to get up any very tremendous enthusiasm about any of our political leaders, or any probable political measures. Here and there we see certain spasmodic attempts at galvanising Catholics into a tremendous state of excitement on some point or other; perhaps of no real interest at all to them as Catholics. People whose trade is politics, whether written or spoken, are under a fatal necessity of keeping up the steam by some means or other, which at times drives them to sore straits. Accordingly, were we to believe men of this class, the destinies of Catholicism, and especially of Catholic Ireland, are undergoing a sort of chronic crisis. Traitors are always going to do something horribly wicked; and patriots to commit something as horribly virtuous and self-sacrificing. Nevertheless the world wags on, people buy and sell, eat their dinners and marry, hear Mass and go to Confession,—or do not,—as hitherto, just as calmly as if the universe was not on the verge of a final crash. We won't be excited; we can't be excited. We have lost faith in the professions of patriots and politicians; we cannot perceive that all but a certain class are scoundrels or dupes. We find that men are of a much more mixed character than we had been wont to think them. The bad are better, and the good are worse, than we have supposed. On the whole, we sigh for a little quiet, and find it a great bore to be worked up to a perpetual frenzy. We look on at the coming squabbles of the ins and outs in Parliament with a benevolent indifference; and if we have any deep regrets, it is that as a body we Catholics present so very "shady" an appearance (to use an expressive piece of slang) in the assemblies of our legislators.

And this sensation of comparative indifference is not altered when we look at the matters of detail which are likely to come before Parliament in the present session. Never was there a general election when the votes turned so decidedly on personal feelings, and on a point of only temporary interest, to the utter exclusion of questions of larger political import. There has been a certain amount of talk about triennial parliaments, the ballot, an extension of the suffrage, administrative reform, Maynooth, Sunday bands, and sundry smaller matters; but it is plain that nobody cared much for any of these things; nobody felt that there could be any thing like party-fighting about them, or that there was either the smallest chance of the Liberals advancing in the democratic line, or of the Tories retrograding in the aristocratic line. We are come to a stand-still, and very glad we all are of it. We are dead tired with politics, war, and tax-paying.

We want to be quiet, and get rid of the income-tax, and see how things will turn up abroad; to let by-gones be by-gones; and allow that prince of impudent successful charlatans, Palmerston, to have his own way, and keep things quiet while we enjoy ourselves. Mr. Disraeli says that Lord Palmerston is the Tory head of a Radical cabinet, with no domestic policy, and on this account would have people distrust him. Why this is precisely why the nation prefers him either to Lord John Russell, Lord Derby, or Mr. Gladstone. Such a premier is the very man the nation wants. The Tories don't hate him, because they know he is a Tory; the Whigs and Radicals uphold him, because he says he is a Liberal; and as for a domestic policy, we want none of it. The only domestic policy we want just now is, we take it, improved sewerage, cheap guano, no income-tax, and no more boring about Maynooth.

As to China, every body feels that the late violent outburst of indignation against Sir John Bowring, and of pity of the miserable Chinese, is all a sham. If any of the Opposition were in earnest about the matter, the secret of their earnestness was simply this, that it is a terrible nuisance to have to pay for another war, even a smallish one. If we could have bombarded Canton and taken the consequences at the cost of a few hundred pounds, our British sympathy would all have been with that old piece of stage-property, the flag that braves the battle and the breeze, without which British oratory would be often so painfully at a non-plus. Sir John Bowring may be a most unfit man to deal with such people as the Chinamen. Why so? Because men who know thirty languages are not generally fit for much else? Or because he is what they call a particularly amiable and benevolent person, and *therefore* just the man to do the most outrageous and cruel things when tempted to it? On the whole, we suppose, a man who speaks thirty languages, and is famed for his benevolence, is precisely the person to get people into terrible difficulties. We all know the old proverb about a beggar on horseback. Men have a great faith in proverbs; they are pretty nearly the only things worth trusting in this shallow, tricky, changing world. And there are few proverbs more true than that which implies that a person taken out of his own proper line, and intrusted with power, will play pranks such as make the hair of ordinary people's heads stand on end. And, moreover, when a man does take to a course of action not in harmony with his usual temperament of feeling, he almost invariably out-herods Herod in running to the opposite extreme. There is

no rashness like that of your deliberately cautious man. No people say such rude things as the ostentatiously polite. The violence of the calm and moderate throws that of the energetic and determined wholly into the shade. No tortures are so horrible as those inflicted by women, when they violate the natural tenderness of their hearts. We could believe any thing in the way of cruelty from an amiable linguist, only we should like to see the proof. The humbug of the proceedings against him in the late Parliament lay in this, that if his censurers had been in office, they would have done just what Lord Palmerston did; and that undoubtedly Lord Palmerston's indignation would have been just as loud and just as virtuous as was Lord Derby's and Mr. Cobden's. As to any practical differences between Whigs and Tories in carrying on the war when once begun, it was out of the question; such a thing was hardly hinted at on the hustings at the election. We understand that the Chinese are rogues to the backbone; we know that we want to trade with them; and the conclusion follows, that they must be *taught* civility and the principles of political economy in the same way that naughty boys are taught Latin and good behaviour, namely, by being well whipped.

The mention of Sir John Bowring recalls one of the new topics of political talk now lately become fashionable, that of "Administrative Reform." Of all the absurd abstractions ever got up as a convenient cry, this about "Administrative Reform" is one of the most hopelessly unmeaning. Here we have societies got up, speeches made, pamphlets circulated, and the newspaper-press at one time on the very point of throwing itself into the "movement;" and all for a phrase, an abstraction, an idea. It is the most indefinite of visions that ever deluded a sensible nation. Or if it is something definite, it is also something far worse. If it means any thing, it means that the general management of the affairs of the country should be taken out of the hands of the present aristocratic and gentlemanly holders, and put into the hands of the mercantile and trading classes.

Now we have no taste for any thing in the shape of an oligarchy, nor for any thing like the exclusive tyranny of caste; but we do say, Defend us from having our national affairs managed exclusively by the trading and middle classes of England. This would indeed be jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. The fallacy on which the demand is based is, indeed, so transparent, that we wonder that any man of sense could be deceived by it. Because a man manages a bank, or a counting-house, or a shop well, *therefore* he will

make a good statesman ; nay, more than that, a better statesman than a man who has had leisure for political studies all his life, if he has liked them. What simplicity is this ! Look, too, at the brilliant specimens we have lately seen of the wisdom, the probity, and the knowledge of these same banking and speculating classes in their own special affairs. With rascality after rascality staring us in the face, in banking-houses, trading companies, railway management, and mercantile concerns, what a charming innocence is that which would intrust a nation's destinies to any forward, pushing, showy orator who might gain a reputation among a knot of London citizens by the mere force of success in money-getting ! Besides, it is a grievous mistake to conclude that because a man manages his own affairs well, he will therefore manage those of others equally to their advantage. Experience shows that success in home-management is no guarantee for equal success in public affairs ; and on the other hand, that many a man can play, not only a distinguished, but a useful part as a statesman or a local magnate, whose private concerns are in lamentable disorder, from sheer want of capacity on his part for conducting them.

As to the relative qualifications of different classes of society for administering the affairs of a nation, we take it that the gentry and aristocracy will do the work better, on the whole, than any other class, though it would be *most* unwise to permit them to have a monopoly of these duties. We had much rather be governed by a duke than by a tailor. In the first place, a duke is generally a gentleman ; while tailors, though highly-respectable persons, and doubtless sometimes gentlemen, are not always so. In the second place, men of high rank and independent fortune possess the means for acquainting themselves with the work of legislature and statesmanship, which is usually out of the question with men who, whatever their other qualifications, have to work for their bread. Nor, taking them as a class, can it be denied that the aristocracy and gentry of this country are as ready to avail themselves of the advantages which their circumstances place within their reach as any other class in the community. As a body, they are undoubtedly the most accomplished set of men in the kingdom, taken numerically. We are not now praising them for this ; or forgetting that they *ought* to be the first, taking number for number. We are only calling attention to the fact, that since the passing of the Reform Bill the British aristocracy has thrown itself into its new situation with singular energy and straightforwardness, and with equal success ; so that they are now undoubtedly the finest peerage and gen-

try in the world. In the third place, there is no honesty like that which is possessed of ten thousand a-year. A needy patriot is a synonym for a humbug. The temptations which place presents to the spirit of jobbery and tergiversation are such that it is much the safest plan to trust our affairs to persons who are not pressed by poverty or small means, and who, moreover, are under the influence of that sense of honour which is certainly a more powerful sentiment with a gentleman than with those of a lower grade. We hold that it is a great gain to a nation when her richest and noblest citizens are willing, for whatever cause, to take an active part in her government. An earl with twenty or thirty thousand a-year is less likely to be influenced by the dirty and low infirmities to which human nature is so subject, than an adventurer who must live on his country's wages. Depend upon it, too, there is something in the old saying, *Noblesse oblige*; especially in a free country like England. It is otherwise in a pure democracy, or in a despotism: in both of these the sentiment of personal honour stands at a low point. In this country, on the contrary, especially with a free and bitterly disposed press ready to criticise every body's words and actions, every thing tends to keep up the standard of personal character as high as can be attained from mere secular motives. It may be said, that is low enough. Perhaps it may be; nevertheless it goes for a good deal in the conduct of human affairs; and there is no class in the community on whom it tells with so much practical force as upon those who are entitled, either by birth or personal merit, to rank as gentlemen. On the whole, then, while we rejoice to see the highest places in the government of the country open to men of every rank, and recognise in the absence of strongly marked barriers between class and class the best guarantee for the personal eminence of the highest caste, we look upon these new schemes for patenting processes by which the right man may always get into the right place as mere visionary speculations, which have either no practical character at all, or else a very bad one.

While we are on this topic, however, we cannot altogether pass over another of the phenomena of the political hemisphere which rests upon an ignorance of human nature, much akin to that which lies at the root of the "administrative-reform" speculators. We allude to that whimsical theory which is advocated, either seriously or as a make-believe, by a section of Irish politicians calling themselves an "independent opposition." To those who remember of what stuff the representatives of Irish constituencies are usually made, there is something amusing in the very idea of seriously dis-

cussing the professions of these gentlemen. So far as their theory is an intelligible one, however, it seems to amount to this, that they will vote against any government which will not grant two or three measures, one of which refers to a theoretical Catholic grievance, while another is a purely local and economical question. Of course, they add that they will not take office under any administration which will not grant these measures. How this knot of politicians intend that the affairs of the nation are to be carried on upon their system of tactics, they do not vouchsafe to specify in detail. At present they profess to oppose Lord Palmerston's government, and voted against him with the simple view of putting him into a minority; and, to be consistent, they must vote against Lord Derby, were he in office, solely to turn him out; for they have no more chance of extracting their programme from the Tories than from the Liberals. In fact, the whole scheme is an unreal absurdity. The condition of parties in the empire makes the votes of any such body of compacted members of no real moment whatever to any possible government. They can merely play the part of obstructives, and create a general feeling of irritation against themselves, without the shadow of a hope of any solid benefit to any single class of the community.

As to the pledge of not taking office under any administration, it makes one smile to hear the gravity with which it is professed on the hustings and in newspapers. It may serve to entrap a certain number of honest-minded simple Irish electors; and no doubt, to a certain extent, it pays in the market in other ways. But as to believing that these gentlemen would really refuse a *good* place were it offered them, except on the idea that they could get something *better* by refusing it, will any man who knows parliamentary nature believe it for a moment? A band of members united by a solemn tie to the effect that they will not take what they can get! There is something quite refreshing in the thought;—Irish members, too, of all men on earth! Why, we all know what it means, especially when we happen to be aware of what has been all along, and still is, going on under the rose. It only serves to remind us of a saying imputed to Lord Palmerston at the elections five years ago, when the Derbyites were said to be spending large sums to secure members pledged to their party for Irish constituencies. "How very foolish!" exclaimed Lord Palmerston; "it would be much cheaper to buy the members themselves when elected."

As Catholics, too, we cannot help lamenting these proceedings, because they tend to keep up the ill odour in which,

as a body, and with whatever happy exceptions, the representatives of Catholic interests find themselves with the nation generally. It is a great misfortune to us to be defended by a set of men who are usually regarded as the most venal of political adventurers. It helps to foster the common notion, that a large amount of humbug and trickery enters into all our proceedings; that our standard of morals and honour is very low; and that we are intellectually an inferior class of people, unworthy of an equal place in the community with our Protestant fellow-countrymen. We grieve accordingly to see this false idea bolstered up by loud professions of independence which nobody believes. It compromises the real interests of the Catholic poor when they are advocated by men of this stamp. We heard the other day of an elector who was offered thirty shillings for his vote. "No!" said he, with the indignation of outraged purity, "if I vote for Mr. —, it will be against my political principles; and therefore I cannot do it for less than two guineas!" Just such are these whimsical oppositionists; they write upon their goods, like some foreign shopkeepers, *Prix fixé*; and that means that they ask five-and-twenty per cent more than any body else. Well, they will some of them succeed; those who are worth buying will one by one drop into the feather-bed of office. Every government has abundance of good things to offer as time goes on. What with commissionerships, secretaryships, judgeships, inspectorships of schools, and all the other innumerable host of "places," it will be hard indeed if all this terribly fine writing and talking goes without its reward. In the mean time, we only wish that these advertisers would disavow all connection with specially Catholic affairs; though this would be a piece of good luck which we cannot venture to anticipate. Unfortunately, the advocacy of Catholic interests is sometimes a convenient stepping-stone to a very pleasant berth; and so long as it is so, we have little expectation that it will not have its prominent place in the professions of those men who look upon pledges in the same light that glaziers look upon windows, namely, as things to be broken.

But "What about Maynooth?"—to repeat the question which has recently been shouted from the hoarse voices of stout Protestant electors to many a would-be member shivering on the hustings, and wishing that elections never could take place in the windy month of March. Will the grant be rescinded, or will it stand? And is it, on the whole, desirable for the interests of Catholicism that it should stand or not? In looking forward to the political future, we cannot help asking ourselves all these questions.

That the Maynooth grant will be withdrawn, is, we think, in the highest degree improbable, so long as the intelligent statesmanship of the country, whether Whig or Tory, governs the decisions of Parliament. It is absurd to suppose that the average run of educated men entertain any theological prepossessions against the Catholic Church of such a kind as to make them hesitate on conscientious grounds to pay a seminary for the education of priests. They may laugh at our practices, disagree with our doctrines, and dislike our clergy; but they feel that all this is a matter of taste, and that it would be childish to make it a *reason* for disendowing Maynooth, apart from other considerations. The only thing which might sway the minds of some statesmen would be an increase in their belief in the tendencies of Catholicism to interfere with the habits and ideas of English society, and the character of the English constitution. We confess that we look with some alarm at the effect produced on the minds of many of the more rational part of English society by the reports which, whether true or not, reach this country respecting the acts of certain of the Austrian clergy and others of similar opinions elsewhere. That the Austrian Concordat is an extraordinary improvement on the old state of things is most true, and not for a moment would we seem to cast the faintest blame upon it. But knowing, as we do, the intense jealousy of dictation and interference which animates the whole mind of this empire, we dread the results if the old notions about sacerdotal and episcopal tyranny, and worse, now happily passing away, should once get a fresh footing in the minds of the British aristocracy and gentry. Our readers will understand that we are not finding fault with any thing that has really been done by ecclesiastical authorities abroad. These things, to be fairly judged, must be understood in all their circumstances, and it would be folly to pronounce on them on any partial knowledge. We merely point to certain indications in the politico-ecclesiastical horizon, which show that a storm *may* be excited in this kingdom against us by causes with which we have nothing to do, and in comparison with which the hubbub which ended in the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill would be a soft and refreshing breeze. Angry as people were at the establishment of the hierarchy, and especially at the phraseology in which it was announced in Cardinal Wiseman's pastoral, every man of sense felt that the quarrel was all about mere words, and that as it began with nominal assumptions, so it should reasonably end with nominal penalties.

But we may rest assured that the consequences would be far different if the legislative bodies of this country, and the

better ranks of society, were once impressed with the idea, however groundless, that the increase of Catholicism would certainly lead to a practical interference with the liberty of thought, liberty of speech, and liberty of action, which characterise this country beyond any other country in the world. The intense embitterment of feeling which has animated Dr. Whately ever since his book on Logic was put upon the Index is an illustration of the change we should witness were the ruling powers of England once persuaded that there was any truth in the vulgar notions about priestcraft and the despotism of the confessional. It would be vain to point to our own bishops and clergy, and our own proceedings at home, as proofs of the falsehood of the charges. The national mind of England is slow to be moved to passion, but when once roused, its fury would be as irresistible as it would be unreasoning.

Should, then, any such change take place as we are speaking of, even in a small degree, Maynooth would instantly be sacrificed by the unanimous vote of all political parties. Whether it will stand, as things now are, we ourselves can form no opinion. There is so much apparent chance in such matters, and the risings and fallings in the barometer of religious fanaticism are so sudden, that no eye can forecast them. All depends on the pressure from without. As Exeter Hall gains the ascendant, the prospects of Maynooth darken. As it loses its sway, the sun shines again on the Popish college. One thing is clear, there are no very deep feelings in the nation at large on the subject. The elections have thrown out some of the fiercest defenders of Protestantism pure and undefiled; and the foremost assailants of the college, Chambers, Pellatt, Hastie, and others of the same kidney, have been sent about their business; while there is perhaps scarcely a case in which the election has turned on the extreme anti-popery question. And where the anti-Maynooth gentry have put forward their bigotry as a title to votes, it has been for the most part in a few mild and brief phrases, as if they knew that the urgent interests of the day were quite of another complexion.

The opponents of the grant are, it is true, assisted to a slight extent by the opinions of some Catholics, who either care nothing for its continuance, or actually wish to see it annulled. Such opinions are grounded usually on one of the two following ideas: that we should get a better college if Maynooth were free from Government connection, and that the abolition of the grant would practically lead to the abolition of the Irish Church-establishment.

From both of these views we entirely dissent. How any man who knows the condition of Catholic affairs in Ireland can imagine that the destruction of Maynooth would lead to the erection of a better seminary, is to us inexplicable. Here are actually about six hundred young ecclesiastics to be housed, clothed, fed, and educated. Where, let us ask, is the money to come from? With all the increasing calls there are for the contributions of the faithful for other purposes, how would it be possible to raise *annually* the immense sum needed for such a work? Is it within the bounds of possibility that any thing like the necessary funds could be raised without a most lamentable injury to various other institutions which have an equally strong claim on the purses of good Catholics? Remember, that every year the number of other claims goes on increasing, and will increase; and that the tendency to give on the part of the nation does not increase in the like proportion. What a suicidal rashness, therefore, to throw away your good and solid beef and pudding because its cookery is not quite faultless, when you see that you will be starved on half-rations of bread and cheese in consequence!

Then as to the professors: where will you get better ones in Ireland, take them altogether? The question is not, whether every individual professor takes your view in politics, or is up to the highest ideal standard of Catholic professorship; nor, whether the college is not susceptible of important reforms, as the professors themselves have been foremost to testify: but, will you get others more capable of doing the work? If you think so, where are they? Who are they? What have they done which justifies the opinion that they will do what the Maynooth professors have not done and will not do?

Again, who are to be the heads of the new seminary or seminaries that are to take the place of Maynooth? Let every bishop have his own, we are told. A very pretty theory on paper; but about as practical a reply as would be the advice to every bishop to have a cathedral like York Minster or Westminster Abbey. Where are the funds, and where the model superiors, for a whole host of diocesan seminaries to receive the banished youths of Maynooth? Exactly where the funds are for building a York Minster or a Westminster Abbey in every diocese in England and Ireland.

Then let the bishops unite to form one or more larger seminaries. As unpracticable a suggestion as the other. "*Let them unite:*" how easy to say this, but how vain to expect such a thing! It is rather unpleasant to con-

fess it; but the fact is so notorious, that it is useless to be squeamish in alluding to it. The fact is, that the clergy and laity of Ireland happen to exercise their privilege of disagreeing in what is not of faith to a most wonderful extent. Lookers-on and critics may lament this; but so it is. We cannot alter it. Each bishop, each priest, each layman, has as good a right to his views on such matters as we excellent speculators have to ours; and it is certain that any man who should try to force them into agreement would rue the day when he undertook the task. What they would do were the Pope himself to interfere, is another question. But were any man, less than the Holy Father, to undertake the work of getting Catholic Ireland to agree in the erection and carrying on of a substitute for Maynooth, all he would get would be a succession of violent raps on the knuckles for his pains.

The other view we have referred to, which holds that the disendowment of Maynooth would lead, logically and really, to the destruction of the Irish establishment, is just about as visionary as this one touching a new and better seminary in its place. What do such dreamers imagine that legislators are made of? Who, on earth, cares for logical consistency when his own pocket is concerned? No doubt, a certain section of Dissenters, who are against all endowments under all circumstances, cry out with one voice against Maynooth and the Protestant establishment; but these are an uninfluential fragment whom nobody cares for outside their own sect, and they have very few supporters among men of other classes. The Protestant Church-establishment, it cannot be too often repeated, means exactly this, that an annual income, with glebes and parsonages, is secured to many thousands of the families of the upper and professional classes of Protestants; and that the appointments to these livings rest with the near connections and relations of the persons who are to hold them. The establishment is not an establishment of doctrines half as much as it is an establishment of rectories, vicarages, and tithe rent-charges. The doctrines are merely tacked on to the revenues; just *per contra* to what it was in Catholic times, when the incomes were tacked on to the doctrines. And as for supposing that for the sake of consistency, or from abstract ideas of fitness and justice, the holders of these good things would give them up because the Maynooth grant was abolished, why you might as reasonably expect to see Dr. Whately taking to support himself by catching herrings on the coast of Galway, because St. Paul was a sail-maker and St. Peter a fisherman.

Of other semi-political matters which have a peculiar interest for Catholics, and in which we have a right to demand reform, the principal are, the supply of ample religious privileges to our Catholic soldiers and sailors, and to the inmates of workhouses and hospitals. As things now stand, we suspect by far the best method usually is, for the clergy, and any gentlemen who may happen to be personally able to forward their views, to make definite and civilly-expressed applications in every individual case in which they can practically serve the cause of the poor. It is surprising how often this obvious and straightforward plan will succeed, when the noisy or political treatment of a hardship tends only to aggravate its pressure. It is perfectly useless for us to raise a disturbance on the general question. We must meet our difficulties, not only in detail, but with definite and ready means in our hands for doing our part in the work the moment we are allowed to do it. Nor will it do to be discouraged by one or two failures. Good-temper, a polite bearing, and steady persistence, will win over many an opponent who at first was vehemently prejudiced against us. The most difficult people to deal with are the Protestant shop-keeperate of the towns, and the calf-headed yeomanry of the country; those particular classes among whom Dissent has its strongest hold. With officers in the army, or with gentlemen of any kind, the Catholic priest has usually an easier task. But whatever be the circumstances of the case, we believe there is many and many a grievance which will yield to patient perseverance in private, which it would be worse than useless to agitate upon in the House of Commons.

With these general views, we contemplate the probabilities of the new session with a tolerably philosophic equanimity, in which we suspect we are kept in countenance by most persons whose special trade or vocation is not purely political. Catholics, in particular, naturally cannot get up a very tremendous enthusiasm for any party on any subject likely soon to come before Parliament; and if our members acquit themselves of their duties with becoming sobriety and modesty, and a very moderate amount of speech-making, we shall all be extremely well satisfied.

THE CONTROVERSY ON THE POOR-SCHOOL GRANT.

DEAR SIR,—The application of several years to the consideration, practical and theoretical, of one particular class of subjects, may justify the expression of deliberate opinion, even on the part of a person whose only claim to a hearing rests upon the cogency of his remarks. Without further apology, then, I avow my conviction, that sound policy demands of the British Catholic body generally that the promoters of schools for poor children shall henceforward avail themselves of Government aid in the erection and improvement of school-premises. If this opinion should appear at variance with the Notes of the Bishop of Birmingham, and on that account be judged temerarious, I plead, on the other side, authorities individually not less august and cumulatively preponderating over the view of a single bishop. Dr. Ullathorne, moreover, has made no trial of the dangers which he dreads. Years have now passed since other bishops erected schools with Government aid, and from none of them has the public heard of disastrous consequences. In 1851, Cardinal Wiseman accepted a grant towards the repair of Lincoln's Inn Fields School,—a case to which subsequent reference will be made. In 1852, again, his Eminence took aid for Hammersmith School. In the same year the Bishop of Salford settled the discussions upon the school-deed by accepting 620*l.* for St. Chad's School, Manchester; and in 1855 his lordship confirmed his judgment by taking a grant of 460*l.* for St. Mary's School in the same city. Long before the appointment of Catholic inspectors, Bishop Briggs showed willingness to receive assistance by taking, in 1835, 350*l.* for Surrey Street School in Sheffield; and again, about twenty years later, the venerable Bishop of Beverley took 534*l.* for a new school in the same town. Three noble schools have been erected with the bishop's approval in Liverpool, and the grants to them amount to 2700*l.* The Bishop of Hexham has taken a building-grant for Stella School; the Bishop of Newport, for Cardiff; the Bishop of Shrewsbury, for Birkenhead; a former Bishop of Clifton, for Kemerton. The last case combines the authority of the great Benedictine order with that of Bishop Burgess, just as St. Francis Xavier's Liverpool, St. John's Wigan, and St. Wilfrid's Preston, prove that the Jesuits, not generally deemed deficient in prudence and foresight, are equally ready with the bishops to accept Government aid in building and repairing schools.

I do not know that my array of authorities is exhaustive. It is, I trust, long enough to show that it is open to a layman to take the side which I maintain. And my confidence in this opinion is strengthened by the late pastoral of Bishop Turner, who, having been the first of the bishops to accept the school-deed, is also the first to announce episcopally to his diocese that he desires the general acceptance of Government aid towards the erection of new schools. Perhaps if Bishop Ullathorne had made the same trial, he would have arrived at the same conclusion.

The question, then, is an open one. Building-grants may be taken from the parliamentary fund. Is it politic to take them or not? What are the advantages and disadvantages?

The most obvious advantages are these: (1) pecuniary assistance; (2) freedom from debt; (3) excellence of plan; (4) security of tenure; and (5) freedom of management.

1. It will not, I believe, be denied by any reasonable persons, that additional school-buildings must be counted among our pressing wants. For, without wearying you with figures, it may be confidently affirmed, that the children in our schools, instead of numbering, as they ought to do, one-eighth of the entire Catholic body, number less than one twenty-fourth; or, in other words, that 74,000 Catholic children who ought to attend school do not attend schools, or, at least not Catholic schools. Add that a large proportion of the older schools,—designed by architects who thought but of exteriors, to please managers who entertained no fixed views upon methods of teaching and organisation; or run up by cheap builders upon damp confined back sites, without light, ventilation, or drainage; or thrust down beneath chapels,—requires to be rebuilt: another portion, not inconsiderable, needs enlargement, or new fittings, furniture, and floors. So that large sums of money must sooner or later be expended on school-fabrics. Catholics, from defect whether of ability or will, do not furnish funds for this purpose so freely as to overtake the wants of the population. Practically, our school-building money is limited. Suppose it to be 10,000*l.* per annum; Government grants, if accepted, will double this sum, and enable us to build twenty new schools every year, instead of the ten schools for which alone our own money would suffice. The grant will not ordinarily exceed the rate of six shillings for every square foot of area in the school and class rooms if the plans include a teacher's residence, or four shillings if they do not include such residence; but populous districts, occupied by the poor, may obtain extraordinary grants. The ordinary grant covers one-half the total cost of a new school,

and provides two-thirds of the expense of reflooring and furnishing an old school. Upon the advantage of pecuniary assistance, so large in amount, and so constantly procurable, two opinions cannot be entertained.

2. A kindred advantage arising from acceptance of the parliamentary grant towards new school-buildings is freedom from debt. The Government grant of one-half of the cost will be paid only when the buildings are finished, and one-half of the liabilities has been already discharged. In every case the Government pays the latter half. Should any permanent charge remain upon the site,—an evil which in some cases it is impossible to avoid,—money must be funded at interest sufficient to meet the ground-rent. Thus an aided school starts perfectly free from encumbrance, and it remains so. There is no power any where to raise money upon it. Possibly I exaggerate the value of this advantage; but it seems to me to be very great. The building of a chapel may sometimes prove a good investment of money, and the revenue raised from a large congregation suffice to meet the interest of a debt as well as to provide the necessities of religion; such can never be the case with a school, which sooner or later must sink under the burden of a debt superadded to the items of annual expenditure. Erected, perhaps, with great labour by a zealous priest, and at first conducted with spirit and efficiency, it will year by year act as a drain upon the parish; the priest will be promoted; his successor has less capacity or tact; subscriptions flag; necessity arises for economy; the interest must be paid, and the saving effected in other directions; inferior teachers at lower salaries must be hired; no books, or copies, or slates, or pens or ink can be bought; and then naturally the attendance of children falls off, and the scheme ends in disappointment. It is the debt which has ruined all. The foregoing sketch, applicable in many cases, will never describe any school which has accepted a Government building-grant. Raised for one half of its value, it will be free for ever from the incubus of debt.

3. Such a school-building, too, will assuredly be appropriate and good of its kind. No one can have made himself acquainted with many of our school-premises without finding reason to regret the vagaries or inexperience of their founders. Sometimes the promoters have desired to combine several purposes, and to erect rooms to serve for school and chapel, and concerts and dances, and tea-parties and social and political gatherings of a miscellaneous character. Sometimes the builder has been left to his own devices; sometimes nothing is considered but the street-front. Of the better

class of designs, it is melancholy to watch how one after another repeats the same blunders. The rooms are too square, the windows too low, the roofs imperfectly finished, and the infants' schools too small. Now where Privy-Council building-grants meet a part of the outlay, the school-plans must be examined, and may probably be improved in accordance with the results of a very large experience. It is not merely a building capable of holding children that the Catholic body obtains for half its value, but a *bonâ-fide* school, planned for convenience of instruction, and for no other purposes whatever.

4. The school, too, will be secured for Catholic education as long as the laws of England endure. With a title examined free of cost to the promoters by an eminent counsel, with a trust-deed embracing the management clause, accepted by all the English bishops, and adopted by most of them, and repeatedly examined by lawyers, Catholic and Protestant;—with such a deed, properly executed and legally enrolled in the Court of Chancery, its tenure may be pronounced as secure as that of any property in the world. Trustees while living cannot alienate it, nor upon death bequeath it away, nor by neglect allow it to lapse. The deed, if lost, can be replaced. The property, if unlawfully occupied, can be recovered. Built as a Catholic school, it must ever remain a Catholic school or nothing. It can be converted to no other use. Instances occur of school-property, nominally "in trust," but legally private, inherited or lost by death of the so-called trustees, or owned by individuals emigrated or vanished, or transferred to the strangest and most improper hands, or passed to Protestants, or sold or converted to other uses. These are schools built without grants, with title and tenure left hap-hazard, as, indeed, in the days of persecution, could not be avoided.

5. But the foregoing advantages would be entirely vain and illusory if they were not accompanied by freedom of management. This freedom, however, is amply secured. Catholics have all to themselves. The Government is no party to the school-deed. It claims not the shadow of power in the appointment of teachers, choice of subjects, selection of books, or arrangement of hours. All is left to Catholics,—the Catholic bishop, Catholic priest, Catholic trustees, Catholic committee. One right the state reserves,—the right of seeing through the eyes of a Catholic inspector that the premises built for schools are used as schools. No one has publicly objected to a claim so manifestly just; and this is all that is required. The one obligation incurred is, that the building shall be employed, if employed at all, for education;

shall be a school. It may be taught by religious or secular teachers; may use Bible-stories or common reading-books; may teach reading, writing, and arithmetic, like inspected schools; or the philosophy of history, as lately proposed by some uninspected nuns; may take or not take annual grants, precisely as the Catholics who manage it think fit. It enjoys perfect freedom from external control.

Such are the advantages, which, as they become known and understood by the clergy, are year by year more highly valued and freely accepted. To the north of the Trent at least, it is now hard to find a bishop who has not, by example or pastoral letters, encouraged and recommended their acceptance.

Before proceeding to the alleged disadvantages, it may be well to dispose of the conditions of tenure and management attaching to grants for repair or enlargement of schools. Where existing schools apply for such grants, if (as is commonly the case with us) the trusts are undeclared and so illegal, and the tenure, taking it at the best, is that of private property, the school has to be conveyed legally to trustees for school-purposes, according to the usual form of school-deed; but if the property be already legally settled for school-purposes, no change of tenure or new deed will be required, and a simple endorsement on the existing deed, providing for inspection, will satisfy the Privy Council. Should the deed contain clauses permitting the trustees to sell the property, and to apply the proceeds to other than school-purposes, or for education beyond the seas, a bond for repayment of the amount granted may be requisite. But, speaking generally, schools legally settled before 1852 may obtain grants for enlargements, new floors, and improved fittings, without any legal formality beyond endorsement upon the existing deed.*

The objections against the acceptance of building-grants, as lately urged, appear divisible into four heads. It is said (1) Government should not promote education; (2) the school-committee is wrong in principle and dangerous in practice; (3) inspection may become injurious; and (4) the independent tenure of school-property is sacrificed.

1. The state, it is urged, is not a schoolmaster, but a sovereign, and in promoting education is occupied unnaturally. An objection so sweeping and comprehensive might, I have no doubt, be disputed at much length by the learned, and the counter proposition maintained, that, as the legitimate end of Government, an end intrinsically good, is the

* I would recommend to the notice of those who wish to see in a compendious form the regulations of the Privy Council, a small volume published by Nelson, of Paternoster Row, called *Abstract of the Minutes of the Education Committee*.

temporal welfare of the subject, so, where, as in England, the interests of the subject undeniably require it, the state is well and naturally occupied in aiding the erection of schools, and in otherwise promoting education. Meantime the fact is plain, that all civilised governments do promote the education of their subjects; that the British Government at length is anxious to do and is doing so; that Catholics are certainly free to take or reject their share of this aid, but they are neither free to refuse the payment of taxes, from which the aid is drawn, nor able to prevent Protestants and others from sharing or monopolising the Government grants.

2. A question of far greater practical difficulty, and one deserving dispassionate consideration, is raised about the school-committee. All must allow that some congregations are situated so unfortunately as to be unable at present to offer six, or four, or two resident laymen. It is a mistake to suppose the number fixed at six, suitable for service as committee-men. But upon proof of such a state of things in any parish desirous of building schools, the difficulty will there be removed by the willingness of the Privy Council to treat such a case as exceptional, and either to accept the names of non-resident laymen, or to admit a management clause leaving entire control to the priests. Such cases will, however, be exceptions, and the general rule certainly requires the appointment of a committee. Now is there any Catholic principle opposed to the nomination by the bishop and priest of such a committee? It is not a lay committee, but a mixed committee of priest and laymen. In this committee the position and rights of chairman are reserved for the priest, who also has sole authority in religious questions. Can a committee to raise funds, and to co-operate generally in supporting a school, be objected to as unsound in principle and opposed to Catholic discipline? A point of such serious importance should be settled by authority; and, with submission to any authoritative settlement hereafter to be made, I confine myself to certain reflections bearing upon it. I find, then, that many, perhaps all, of the older Catholic charities in England are managed by mixed committees,—orphanages, almshouses, benevolent societies, schools. The Catholic Poor-School Committee itself can claim no other designation. I do not see any where a good work supported by the laity, for the benefit of the laity, in the management of which laymen are not permitted to take part. The exclusive principle now put forth, appears to me, with all submission, to be novel; and if novel, then not Catholic. If there be not solid grounds for the objection in principle to committees, the

taking of the objection at all must, I venture to think, be regarded as highly impolitic and imprudent; for it creates a dispute, not between the church and the state, but within the church itself—between clergy and laity; and in assuming that none of the laity—*populus sanctus Dei*—are qualified to assist in the management of schools, it is likely to breed feelings which one cannot think of without pain. If we really deserve such a condemnation from our own ecclesiastical rulers, what wonder that our Protestant countrymen refuse to elect any of us to offices of trust and responsibility? But it is argued, that a school-committee, if not positively inadmissible in principle, will at least prove dangerous in practice. Perhaps so, sometimes. But what constitution would be proposed in its stead? What arrangements which for all time are incapable of abuse? History will be searched for an answer in vain. If absolute safety is unattainable, the plan of a committee cannot be rejected because it involves some risk; otherwise we shall be left wholly without schools, through the impossibility of devising a safe constitution for them. In favour of a committee, it may be observed, that the conduct of a school involves the interests of several parties, viz. the state,—which in the supposed case has half built the school-premises,—the children, their parents, the teachers, the subscribers, and the priest. The priest, as representing the Church, infallible in faith and morals, exercises exclusive control in all matters of religion; in other matters is there special risk of danger if all the interested parties are in some measure represented? The German proverb, quoted in the *Catholic School* years ago, and now freely adopted, “As is the master, so is the school,” may be capped by the maxim, “As is the priest, so is the parish;” and therefore the supposition, that the majority of a school-committee will become lax, nominal, and rationalising, may be dismissed from consideration; more especially as the members of committees will be originally selected by the ecclesiastical authorities for their piety, virtue, and zeal in the cause of the Church. Fears of disputes or litigation about removal of teachers or exclusion of books, apprehensions of dangers from possible lady-visitors, and dread of secret appeals to inspectors, appear quite chimerical; and if on grounds so visionary and intangible we lose every month that passes one new school for two hundred children, which we might have erected with the Government aid, we shall certainly, in a few years, run up a very long score of omissions. How often is it true, that “the fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear!” Then, again, with reference to dangers *ab extra*, the existence of committees, so far from being a source of weakness, would

seem to afford a powerful element of strength. Suppose that in every one of five hundred schools there were associated with the priest six laymen, distinguished for the qualities which make a staunch Catholic; suppose further, that the state attempts an encroachment upon all, or even upon one, of our schools, then the committee-men form at once a compact band of three thousand Catholics, all personally interested, and pledged by their position to defend the school from wrong, ready to petition Parliament, to act upon county or borough members, and to contest in the courts of equity the attempted injustice. With such an array of defenders, our schools would surely be more secure than if the clergy alone had to bear the brunt of the battle with the state. When the danger pressed, it would be too late perhaps to rouse the laity, if now set down as unfaithful and untrustworthy. On the other hand, committees, if appointed, would, as experience persuades me, on all ordinary occasions leave all the details of management to the priest, and only act when specially urged to do so, or when danger of external interference threatened the independence of the schools. But it is said, that committees, coming in under the school-deed, will drive out religious teachers. Were this so, the mischief and loss would be great indeed. But will such be the result? Why should it be so? Where are the reasons? Is it the Privy Council, or the inspectors, or the laity, that wish to exclude religious? In every case notoriously the reverse. And what are the facts? In London, Lincoln's-Inn Fields school, repaired with a Government grant in 1851, and legally under inspection, is taught, and has all along been taught, by Irish Brothers for the boys, and sisters of the Holy Child for girls; Hammer-smith school, built with a Government grant, is taught by religious; Liverpool, St. Anne's, Holy Cross, and St. Francis Xavier, all built with Government grants, are all taught by religious; Cardiff school, built with a Government grant, is taught by religious; St. John's Wigan, and St. Wilfrid's Preston, repaired with Government grants, are taught by religious; St. Chad's Manchester, built with a Government grant, is taught by religious, who, like the Irish Brothers in London, do not as yet take annual grants. Looking beyond primary schools, we see in reformatories and hospitals a recognition on the part of Government of the incomparable excellence of religious in conducting works of mercy; and the more they are tried and known, the more general will become the favourable disposition towards them. Catholic school-committees must be strange bodies indeed if they do not share it.

3. Inspection may be unduly pressed, and grow injurious

Certainly inspectors may make a great many mistakes; but the general principle of inspection cannot be impugned. This principle has not always been comprehended; and it has been imagined that in carrying out the Annual-grant Minutes of 1846 and subsequent years, her Majesty's inspectors are to be guided by the instructions of 1840, issued before Government offered any annual aid to schools. The principle of inspection is this: to every grant from the parliamentary fund conditions are attached; and inspection is limited to the ascertaining in each case whether the particular conditions are fulfilled. Thus the condition coupled with a building-grant is, that the premises shall be used for schools; and the inspector's duties are confined to seeing and reporting that this is so. Again, the condition of a book-grant is, that the books sold to schools for one-third of the booksellers' price shall be used for the school only; and the inspector, if he visited at all a school which had taken only a book-grant, and wanted nothing more, would look specially to this point. But when the whole round of annual grants are claimed for teachers, apprentices, and managers, then indeed the conditions cover the whole school-business (excepting religion in Catholic schools), and the inspector is obliged to make a more minute examination. Thus the dread of a possible extension of inspection really affects the question of annual grants, and not of building-grants, which bind to nothing beyond the use of the building for school-purposes. A school built with a Government grant is as free as any other school to take or leave any or all of the annual grants. But may not Parliament interfere? It may in this country do any thing. From such interference we can have no schools at all which are absolutely safe. We have, however, Catholic representatives in both houses to combat any attempted wrong; and we have, too, what is a greater safeguard perhaps, the national worship of vested interests. Should these fail, our schools may unquestionably be placed in danger; but of all existing Catholic schools, those which may have accepted Government building-grants will possess three grounds of security wanting in most other cases: (1) their tenure will be legal; (2) influential laymen will be concerned in defending them; (3) their trust-deed, which the Court of Chancery will maintain, sets forth expressly that "any departure from the terms on the part of Government shall not oblige the committee of management either to submit to any other inspection, or to refund the money advanced by Government, or any part thereof."

But by taking building-grants, "the independent tenure of our school-property will be sacrificed." What, then, is

meant by "independent tenure"? "Legal tenure," "secure tenure," we all understand; but what constitutes "independence of tenure"? I speak under correction, but I cannot help thinking that schools built with money contributed expressly for schools in a particular place, so far from being independent, are necessarily bound by two stringent obligations; one of justice, and the other of law. But if the law requires that the trusts of school-property should be declared; and if justice requires that school-property should not be alienated without valid cause, and that in any such event the proceeds of sale should be applied to the erection of schools elsewhere, what independence is sacrificed by accepting half the building cost, and with it the approved deed? The conditions of law and justice are thereby fulfilled, and nothing more. One class of schools, indeed, occurs which may be called independent schools, namely, those built by individuals upon their own estates. If the noblemen and gentlemen who own these schools, and others of the same class about to build schools, could be induced to sacrifice "independence of tenure," and by adopting the school-deed, with or without the grant, to put it out of the power of the possessors of their estates to alienate buildings erected by themselves or their ancestors for the religious education of their poor neighbours, I believe that they would confer a solid boon upon Catholicity. But an aided school-building cannot, under the trust-deed, be sold without the sanction of the Home Secretary. Does this provision appear unreasonable? Government makes building-grants upon proof that schools are required in a particular locality; and, upon receiving proof, contributes largely towards schools for that one place. Can it be deemed harsh or unfair if, before permitting the removal of the school elsewhere, it requires proof that the need of schools there has ceased? Would it be prudent to encourage the erection of what may be termed speculative schools? Has the Secretary of State any thing to gain by refusing his sanction, if change of population or other circumstances render the removal desirable? There is no obligation upon the trustees or others to keep open the school. If the Catholic population left a locality, their school must be removed or closed. It cannot be imagined that the Home Secretary would not prefer its removal.

Ten years ago, it was the misery of the English Catholic body that they were without, not schools, so much as teachers. Government has contributed 60,000*l.* chiefly to rear teachers for us. It maintains now, either as apprentices or students in training, about 800 young Catholics of both sexes, upon

whose education as teachers of Catholic schools it is in course of spending 120,000*l.* I am not ashamed to confess my impression that such beneficence deserves gratitude; but, whether or not, I am confident that the action of Government has improved, and is rapidly improving, our position; for it is furnishing us with an abundance of qualified teachers; and with many efficient teachers we shall, whether aided or not, enjoy the advantage of many good schools.

Submitting to the consideration of the Catholic body, and to the correction of authority, remarks which are the result of much thought, I am, &c.

Southport, April 1857.

S. N. S.*

THE RESCUE.

“BUT now,” as the author of *Hudibras* sings, “t’ observe romantic method, let bloody steel awhile be sheathed,” and let us exchange the harsh sounds and sickening pictures of rackings, hangings, and quarterings, for a less painful theme, and refresh ourselves with a scene where for once the rogues were vanquished, and honest men held their own for a time, not peaceably indeed, but by just though illegal resistance and violence.

Towards the close of the year 1607, a divine who, in spite of a scandalous life, had, for his services against Papists here and in Ireland, been raised to some of the highest dignities of the Establishment, and who was at this time Bishop of Bristol and Dean of York, found himself in London, engaged in the usual occupation of great men of those days—flattering the courtiers, in hopes through them of getting something out of the king. John Thornborough,—for that was our prelate’s name,—not being a Scotchman, could not hope to wheedle any thing out of James without offering some equivalent. He therefore concentrated his abilities, which were by no means contemptible, on framing a plan for increasing the revenues from recusants, and with his “brief” danced attendance on Sir Julius Cæsar, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, “on whose favour” this true successor of the apostle who bore the bag had with characteristic foresight “made choice of dependence,” and to whom, when he had failed in several attempts to speak to him, he enclosed his prospectus in a letter, wherein

* The Editor of the *Rambler* reiterates on his own account the protest of his correspondent, that on this question he entirely submits his judgment to the decision of the ecclesiastical authorities.

he hopes that Sir Julius "will be pleased not to forget, when opportunity may best serve, to move his majesty concerning our many recusants in the north, and the great necessity of service there, not only for the more quiet of the country, but also for his majesty's profit."* The brief found favour in the eyes of the council; copies were multiplied, and the king was delighted with the alchemical sagacity which could wring a copious shower of gold from a sponge that was thought to be already squeezed dry. As the document is instructive, we will give a summary of its contents.

(1) His first complaint is, that even when a jury has found a conveyance of recusants' lands to be fraudulent, Mr. Spillar, on a single affidavit, draws a plea, and causes the verdict to be discharged.† Thornborough suggests that all these suits should go through the attorney-general's hands. (2) Several sheriffs neglect making a return of forfeitures, and restore the recusants' goods. (3) The king receives not one for every five, or rather ten, thousand pounds due to him on this account; hereby the recusants grow rich and strong, maintain many of their own faction, and purchase land daily. Middleton buys every year about seven or eight hundred pounds worth. He proposes as a remedy, a writ of *melius inquirendum*, and a higher rate of fines. (4) Some recusants rent a part of their own forfeited lands, and under cover of the part hold much more. (5) When the king makes over a number of recusants to any grantee, they give this man money to pretend that he can get nothing out of them; whereupon they escape easily, and the king makes a further grant to his favourite. (6) The practice of letting their own lands to recusants is fraught with evil; these leases should only be given to well-affected persons. (7) Recusants wander at will without their confines,‡ are married by popish priests, educate their children like themselves, and have all or most of their servants Catholic. The justices and commissioners should be instructed to prevent these horrible crimes. (8) Two years since there fell away only in Yorkshire eight hundred at once, as appeared by presentment to the justices there, and from that time till now they have daily fallen from us; only the execution of this commission§ hath lately brought back to the church almost one hundred. They who continue disobedient compound for little, are not called in

* British Museum, Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 242, Nov. 2, 1607.

† Lansdowne, 153, fol. 299.

‡ They were confined to a distance of five miles from their houses.

§ This copy of the document is dated Feb. 1, 1608; and the commission referred to is the one that was appointed in consequence of the presentation of the first edition of the "brief."

question for their misdemeanors, and make their neighbours believe that we dare not proceed against them; that we live under a doubtful and fearful policy, and that the penal laws are unlawful, and but scarecrows for the meaner and more ignorant sort; so that both rich and poor openly exclaim against persecution and cruelty to Catholics when due and lawful proceedings are taken against them. The remedy proposed is, that all connivance shall cease, and that the commissioners shall take care to keep the recusants in better awe, and to bring them into more order. (9) Clerks of assize make indictments invalid by mis-spelling the names. (10) Mr. Spillar leaves out names in the schedules he makes for the commissioners. (11) The special commissioners, procured by the recusants themselves, value their lands at about one-twentieth of the true worth. (12) Sheriffs are negligent in retaining the goods. (13) Many recusants rescue their goods by force of arms most riotously from those which have lawfully and by warrant seized them for the king, and beat and wound the officers. (14) As a last resource, they will go to church to save their property, but they will not register their conformity in the Exchequer; for in that case a relapse might be treason, or at any rate punishable by *præmunire*. Thornborough winds up by recommending the strict administration of the laws, so as to keep in obedience those who have not yet fallen, and to reform those that have, or at least to provide for their gradual extinction by death. Or if these sanguinary laws are not to be put into force, then let the king's revenue from this source be much increased. The bishop, however, foresees that if Catholics are only to suffer in pocket, then "this will be a means of many others' fall in hopes of like favour;" so he concludes by again urging that only those who are now Catholics be treated so leniently, but that all converts should suffer the personal penalties of imprisonment or death, which the laws provide.

The government soon saw the value of this advice, and made its author chief ecclesiastical commissioner for the province of York, with general powers to administer the laws against recusants; while the king anticipated his success by making preposterous grants of recusants' fines to his noble and ignoble fools, footmen, and flatterers, to the great inconvenience and disgust of Thornborough, as we shall see in the sequel. Immediately after his appointment, John Thornborough, with his henchman, Robert Kelwaye, a sagacious hunting-dog of the order of Topcliffe, established his head-quarters in York Castle, summoned the recusants before him, and soon had the satisfaction of seizing from them goods to the value of nearly

900*l.*, and 500*l.* a-year of rents. He next turned his attention to the arrears of fines that had not been collected in the late queen's time, and found that a goodly sum of money was still due upon that score. Among the debtors was Sir William Blakiston, of Blakiston in Durham, the head of the great family of that name, which then held so important a rank among the gentry of the palatinate. It was a family, as Surtees* tells us, descended neither from Norman baron nor from Saxon thane; it owed not its rise to charter of bishop, nor to the favour of any of the great lords; nor had it been in immemorial possession of the property. The first known of the name was a cook, from whom the family arose *pedetentim et ex humili loco*, and acquired its lands by very gradual purchase from their ancient owners, till it reached the zenith of its wealth and honours under John Blackiston, the paterfamilias of 1575, a genuine example, according to Surtees, of the ancient squire of the old ballad,

"Who kept a brave old house at a bountiful old rate,
And an old porter to relieve the old poor at his gate."

But the historian of the palatinate is unjust to the memory of this fine old fellow's descendants. His son, Sir William, we are told (whose marriage with the wealthy co-heiress of Claxton could not preserve even the old estate from dismemberment), and his grandson, Sir Thomas, who was created a baronet in 1615, and who sold the estate the same year, were as certainly "courtiers of the king and the king's new courtiers." Any one who knows the old ballad† will remember the young courtier's channels for dissipating his property,—the profligacy, the mortgages, the luxury; the new-fangled wife, "with seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair;" the new hall, new pictures, new study stuffed full of pamphlets and plays; the journey to London at Christmas, and the new titles bought by the sale of the old manors,—yet there is not the shadow of a proof that Sir William Blakiston was a man of this kind. True, he was obliged to part with portions of his property; but it was to pay for his religion, not for his rioting. The imputation is scarcely more applicable to his chivalrous grandson, Sir William, the second baronet, with whom the title expired, whose loyalty completed the ruin of his family, and who continued in arms till the last declension of the royal cause, and afterwards endured a long imprisonment in Maxtoke Castle.

But though there is nothing to show that the Sir William

* History of Durham, vol. iii. p. 160.

† See Percy's Reliques, vol. ii. book iii. no. 8.

Blakiston of 1607 was one of the new courtiers of the ballad, he evidently had about him somewhat of the thoughtless and brilliant daring of the Cavaliers. If he had the makings of a martyr in him, it was not a meek non-resisting victim, but a soldier who would sell his life dearly, and die with harness on his back: he had no notion of submitting tamely to the spoliation of the iniquitous penal laws; but was ready to lose his life in defence of his rights as a citizen, and probably also to take life in the same just cause. If his is an example less perfect than those which the suffering gentry of the south have bequeathed to us, at least it is one that more enlists the natural sympathies, and that varies agreeably the monotony of the multiplied tales of misery revealed to us by our researches into the action of the penal laws, which, by overstraining our pity might, unless so varied, defeat their own object, and weary instead of exciting us.

John Thornborough, in his court at York Castle, had satisfied himself that Sir William Blakiston owed for arrears of fines no less than 470*l*. Upon this a warrant was made out to seize his goods, and Robert Kelwaye and his men were sent to Durham to perform the service. How they prospered may be seen from two reports which Kelwaye sent in to his master, both of which are preserved in vol. cliii. of the Lansdowne Mss., and from which we compile our narrative.

“ Sir William Blakiston, a principal recusant of the county of Durham, being indebted to his majesty in great sums of money, the commission appointed that inquiry should be made, and a jury was impaneled, which found him to be possessed of some 600*l*. a-year in land, and of goods to the amount of 300*l*. Kelwaye therefore, who was in Durham, immediately sent Tobias Mozyer, John Cowthe, William Guidott, and seven more men, under the orders of Smith, the bailiff of that liberty, with warrant to seize twenty horses and threescore and seventeen oxen and kine; this they did quietly and peaceably, and kept possession of their booty for some three hours, in which time they had driven it about four miles towards Durham, when suddenly Sir William, and John Blakiston his son, well mounted and with their swords drawn, came riding down upon them, galloped to the foremost of the cattle, and there with force and arms, calling the aforesaid persons rogues and villains, with other outrageous words, commanded them in the king's name to redeliver the goods, pretending and vowing that he had a discharge from the king, and a patent under the great seal; and that notice had been given of it to Kelwaye by the under-sheriff. Now this under-sheriff, says Kelwaye, was a great favourer of the knight; and when he (Kelwaye) had asked to see the patent, he was told that one Captain Colville had begged it of the king, but had carried it with him into Scotland, because Mr. Spillar (Sir Julius Cæsar's

clerk) was to have 40*l.* fee for it, and it was not settled whether Colville or Blakiston were to pay this sum. The patent was said to reserve only 100*l.* a-year from Blakiston's estate to the king's use, which the sheriff had process to levy. Kelwaye, with a decision which he had hitherto found safe in dealing with recusants, had taken for granted that these were but devices, and had directed his men to accomplish the seizure whatever might be said to them. Sir William then, finding that arguments would not prevail, next challenged all the party to fight, one to one or two to two, saying that he would rather lose his life than his goods ; but they replied that they came not to fight but to drive the cattle to Durham, and to deliver them to the sheriff to his majesty's use. On which Sir William proceeded to rail in most violent manner at his majesty's proceedings, saying that none did serve the king but a company of rogues, with other outrageous speeches. So, not to be satisfied with any persuasions, he and his son first drove away all the horses ; and when they had driven them to such a distance that there was no chance of Kelwaye's men recovering them, they left them in the field, and galloped back to rescue the other cattle. At every gate the cattle were to be driven through, the knight and his son rode ahead, and there opposed themselves to the men, and hindered their driving, only to gain time. After a while he was joined by one William Partis, and a miller, servants of his, whom he ordered to help him ; and they four continued their resistance and rescue with force of arms, and Sir William drew his sword (the narrator forgetting that it had been drawn all the while) and struck Mozyer on the shoulder, and continued his rescue from Sedgfield to Cossage Bridge, six miles from Blakiston Hall, where he left them, commanding Partis to take his mare and ride to Durham to procure assistance. One of Kelwaye's men took this opportunity to ride off to his master, and tell him the state of matters. ' Hereupon,' says that officer, ' I procured a warrant from the Bishop of Durham to the under-sheriff to go and assist my men, and to apprehend those which did resist them ; which being known,' he adds, ' the under-sheriff hid himself away that I could not find him till it was too late.' During this pause in the conflict, the men asked John Blakiston what his father meant to offer such violence, and to rescue goods that had been seized to the king's use. John curtly replied, that when the sheriff himself had made a like seizure, his father had rescued his goods, and had answered the matter, and so he would do again. John then asked to see what warrant they had ; and when he had read it, he made light of it. Seeing, however, that only two opponents were left in the field, the bailiff and his man drove on the rest of the cattle as far as Paperhill House, where William Partis came up to them again, accompanied by George Blakiston, brother of the knight, who drew his sword, and cried out to them, ' Masters, I require you in the king's name, as you love your lives, cease driving these cattle ; for the sheriff is coming with company to take them from you, and to lay you all by the

heels.' Then he would gallop a little way back, always calling out for his brother's men, and saying, 'I marvel what my brother means that they come not.' But the brave fellow would not wait for reinforcements, but began to rescue the cattle with great violence, though the warrant was shown, and he commanded in the king's name to desist, and though the men declared 'we are possessed of the beasts, and will keep them for the king's use.' After a little time, Peter and Robert, his brothers, joined him. 'God's blood,' said he, 'where have you been all this while?' Whereupon they rode all four of them to the constable's house at Shankley, and took three pitchforks, and raised a mob of women to help them, and waited for the men and cattle to come down the lane. There a regular pitched battle ensued; and Kelwaye recounts in no very Homeric strain how George Blakiston thrust his prong at the breast of the said George Hurst, and struck the said Cutberd Fisher, and how the constable standing in view would never come and aid them, neither see the king's majesty's peace kept, though the commissioner's servants showed him their warrant, and read the same to him, requiring him by virtue thereof to aid and assist them in keeping the goods they had seized. But the constable excused himself by saying that his neighbours were all out at plough; and but if they could keep their booty till he came out of the field, he would do what he might. This, however, was a mere pretext to win time; for while he was parleying there came two ploughs home with men driving them, and yet the constable would not order them to assist, nor command the women to forbear their resistance, but went his way; and in his absence the Blakistons, who had now collected a party of twelve, took and drove off the cattle, crying out that none can serve the king in these businesses but a company of rogues.

Great, in the mean time, was the indignation in the bishop's court at Durham. Upon the delivery of the warrant to the under-sheriff, this excessively reverend father, both on the bench (for it was session time, and bishops of those days were not wont to be absent when there was a chance of hanging or fining a papist) and in private assembly, made an earnest and effectual speech to the justices of the peace, inciting and persuading them to suppress these outrageous abuses, and to minister such assistance to the commissioner as the case required. But only two of them showed a forward mind, the rest replied nothing to the bishop's speeches; whereat he was discontented, and rebuked them with very sharp terms, especially the high sheriff and under-sheriff, to whom the warrant had been delivered. On this the sheriff promised Kelwaye to meet him the next morning with power sufficient. Trusting to this, the next day early the commissioner rode out of Durham with six of his servants; and when he came within three miles of Sir William Blakiston's house, the under-sheriff met him with one man to attend upon him. Kelwaye in astonishment demanded where the rest of his company was. The under-sheriff replied that his presence would prevent all resistance; and so, indeed, it proved, as Kelwaye

lugubriously bemoans himself; 'for they had notice of my coming, and had removed all their goods into Yorkshire, and barred their gate against us, having procured divers men to resist if I had offered to enter, which I refrained to do (not through fear, of course, but) having no sufficient authority to warrant me; and Sir William Blakiston would not be spoken withal, but sent his lady to the gate, who railed at these proceedings, and said it was oppression and not justice.' This was not the last of poor Kelwaye's disappointments on that day; for as they were riding back to Durham, he saw George Blakiston, Sir William's brother, who had boasted that this was not the first time that he had caused such *rescousses* to be made, neither should be the last. For this Kelwaye ordered the sheriff to arrest him. That officer, however, found himself afflicted suddenly with an inability to make any rapid movements, and George recovered his brother's house, and so escaped.

The news of this affair was of course soon carried to John Thornborough, at York, who at once wrote off to Sir Julius Cæsar the following letter, dated Dec. 15, 1607:

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,—The daily riotous rescues against men warranted to seize to his majesty's use goods, by inquisition and jury found, of recusants convict, hath, for better execution of justice here, and for satisfying the good subject, mourning at the audacious and after a sort rebellious rescues (as if authority durst not or could not punish them), forced his majesty's council resident at York to send, and call many of these riotous persons before them; and because Sir William Blakiston, of the bishopric of Durlham, knight, hath in this kind greatly offended, to his majesty's loss above eight hundred pounds,—I mean in goods to that value lawfully seized, but most violently rescued,—and thereby also given ill example to the rest of recusants, who by his ill example have in like sort done much prejudice to his majesty's profit, and grievance to every good subject in these parts: therefore it was thought meet by me, for this time vice-president here, and by the rest of his majesty's council, to send for the said Sir William by the sergeant-at-arms, and for his son John Blakiston, and to commit to the pursuivant George Blakiston, taken here in York, until he answered an information put in against him by his majesty's attorney here. But so it is that the sergeant-at-arms meeting, not with Sir William, who would not be found at home, but only with John his son, the said John pretending to take his horse together with the sergeant at the door to come towards York, he, after one night keeping, gave the slip back into his father's house most contemptuously, and so the sergeant returned without father or son. In mean while George, wilfully deferring to make his answer to the information, was still kept by the pursuivant, but how he hath here also behaved himself I humbly pray your honour to judge. He threateneth to call me and the council here to account for false imprisonment, saying, that he standeth on his defence by that grant which it pleased his highness to give to a gentle-

man of Scotland. But with that we here meddle not, nor have to do with it; only we deal in the rescue, having lawfully seized the goods for his majesty, and knowing of no grant, saving that they said they were to have it, and could not, nor did show it. And the reason wherefore George confessed to me and to the council here that his brother had not that grant forthcoming was, for that Mr. Spillar was to have forty pounds, but it was not then agreed whether Sir William or the gentleman of Scotland should pay it, the gentleman having promised it. But I think that George dealeth as ill in this report as in the rest of his doings. My desire is, to certify your honour, not only of these proceedings, but also of the insolency of our recusants here, in number many, offensive to God's church, and to the state dangerous; and the rather for that even now a new complaint is made of a rescue, performed with bow, gun, horsemen, staves, by men well mounted, with vizards on their faces, with danger of them which served the king. I humbly crave pardon for my tedious letter, and so take leave.

Your honour's in all love and duty,

York, 15th December.

JOHN BRISTOL."*

Such conduct as this partly explains how it was that the Catholic religion suffered so much less in the north than in the south. There the recusants made themselves feared; they did not scruple to meet violence with violence, and to put down legal injustice by the illegal use of sword and pitchfork. We are afraid, however, that the family of Blakiston has not, like some who suffered more meekly, and with a truer spirit of martyrdom, left representatives to hand down both its honours and its faith to our own days. Few families, says Surtees, had spread more wide, or flourished fairer; but all its branches—Gibside, Newton Hall, Old Malton, Seaton, and Thornton Hall—have perished, like the original stock. One family alone remains within the county which can trace its blood, without hereditary possessions; and a dubious and distant kindred to the old tree of Blakiston is asserted by some families that bear the name in the south.

It was after such practical instruction in the nature of the recusants of the north, that Robert Kelwaye was able to reduce to a few propositions the various *preventions* which they used to "deceive the king of the money to be levied." The document is very interesting; for any one who has read the penal acts, and has seen with what brutal severity they were carried out, must wonder, not that the English Catholics were reduced to the poverty which they suffered, but that any families in the country could have preserved their estates, especially estates of such importance as many of them were. Kelwaye will explain many of their shifts.

* Lansdowne, 163, fol. 102.

When a commission was appointed by the crown, after satisfying itself what fines were due from the recusants presented to it, it issued warrants to the sheriff of the county to summon a jury, which was to inquire what lands or tenements, goods or chattels, the recusants possessed at the time of their conviction, or since. Of the lands, two out of three parts were seized for the crown; while the goods found by the jury were all to be sold, and the money to be paid to the commissioners, and by them to the sheriff, who was directly answerable to the exchequer. But in the north parts, as soon as the recusants heard (and there were plenty among the magistrates to inform them) of the summoning of the jury to inquire into their goods, they conveyed away all their movables; so that when the commissioners came to make seizure there was nothing to be found. As for their cattle, though their lands were well stocked, they were not stocked with their own beasts; friends made an exchange, and Brown's cows fed in Smith's field, and Smith's bullocks in Brown's paddock; so when the commissioners came to seize the cattle on Smith's estate, he was ready to make oath, and to produce sufficient witnesses, that they neither were nor ever had been his. For their lands, they often let them on lease, and then the tenant claimed whatever was found upon them; or if a growing crop of corn was seized on a recusant's land, none of the neighbours would buy it, and the law did not make provision for the commissioners making it over to the sheriff in kind. Then, again, the recusants made over all their lands and goods to conforming friends or relations, with the implied trust of holding them for the recusants' use; or else they conveyed them to their sons or their daughters' husbands on their marriage. Then, again, many a recusant, two parts of whose lands had already been seized to the king's use, and who had lost all his goods, made light of the law which could touch him no further; and often the forfeiture of the two parts was merely nominal; for they had influence enough to get their property valued far below its real worth, and then to nominate themselves or their nearest relations to be tenants of the forfeited lands at this insufficient valuation. Lastly, when in spite of all these shifts they found their lands and cattle seized, they would then offer to go to church and conform themselves, whereupon all their fines were remitted; but they were never seen in the church again except on a similar occasion. Or they rescued their goods in a less peaceable manner, and yet no punishment was provided for them by the law. Such were some of the difficulties which the commissioners in the north had to combat: the ill-disguised hostility of the population;

the coldness of officers ; the apathy of the justices, not to be warmed even by the cutting rebukes of my lord of Durham, or of the divine, who, finding nothing particular to do in his own see of Bristol, must needs busy himself in reducing the northern counties to the obedience of Mammon.

We will conclude our paper by adding a few letters and other documents to show what sort of a person was this John Thornborough, the patron of Protestantism and persecutor of Popery in the north. The first is a letter written to Sir Robert Cecil in 1606, just after the Gunpowder Plot, in which the writer urges the royal favourite to measures of greater severity against the priests and recusants.

“ MOST HONOURABLE MY VERY GOOD LORD,—In all duty I make bold to certify your honour that one Mr. Ubank, prebendary of Durham, and a man of good service in these parts, in private and familiar conference with me touching priests and Jesuits and other popish adversaries, declared that on Friday, ninth of this instant May, Sicklemore, a seminary, and now a prisoner at Durham, sent to the said Mr. Ubank, praying private speech with him. When and where Sicklemore confidently affirmed that no priests were in any peril of death, but of banishment only, and that not any priest was actor or plotter in the late horrible gunpowder treason ; to which, when Mr. Ubank replying said, that Garnet was a special actor, and therefore now justly executed, he sighing thereat, answered, ‘ Then there is nothing for us but persecution. The devil is in that Lord of Salisbury, all our undoing is his doing, and executing Garnet is his only deed.’ This speech I cannot pass over with silence, wishing that Cantharides, who without life maketh blisters arise in living flesh, may not living feed upon every fresh and most precious flower ; nor that the Jesuits and priests, who dead are enemies, in their adherents and friends, to the present flourishing state, may living prosper to gorge themselves and feed their eyes fat with envy, and fill their hearts full of malice against Aristides, surnamed Justus for his uprightness. But your honour not ceasing to sow good seed, both for prosperity to the state and to the church, without observing the time, maketh all good subjects to his majesty daily rejoice at your little, nay, no fear of these threats. *Simul cum mundo posuit Deus regnum et odium.* I humbly pray pardon for my boldness, and so do most humbly take leave.

Your honour's in all duty,

York, 15th May (1606).

JOHN BRISTOL.”*

The following was written early in 1608, and serves to illustrate King James's peculiar generosity to his courtiers at the expense of his Catholic subjects, and his political prudence in granting preposterous sums of public money to his favourites, and in giving them special commissions to raise

* British Museum, Additional Mss. 6178.

these sums for themselves ; wasting thereby three times more than he used, and carelessly transferring funds from the exchequer to the pockets of pilfering pursuivants and rascally agents.

“ Your honour may be pleased to understand that where one Davenport hath procured a special commission for himself and one other for 1200*l.*, to be raised out of the goods of recusants in Yorkshire, these are in duty to his majesty to certify you that this special commission will swallow up his majesty’s benefit, intended and sought by the general. For where his majesty in his gracious goodness was pleased to give unto Davenport, his highness’ footman, and to one other joined with him, 1200*l.* out of convict recusants’ goods, such as they themselves should find, and whereof his majesty stood not before possessed, Davenport by Heaton’s means (Heaton being allowed, as himself confessed to me, 200*l.* for his pains) putteth in, into the schedule of his commission, the names of divers recusants, and those of the richest, not which Davenport or Heaton found, but such as were and still are in the schedule of the general commission in my charge, even such to whom and to whose goods his majesty was before lawfully entitled, and for whom there was before commission granted for his majesty’s benefit. But this is not all that I justly dislike. This last summer they skimmed and ran over all those recusants which by Heaton were put into the schedule, taken out (as I said) from the schedule of those already found for his majesty ; and they then found as much goods as were graciously given them, whereof some they seized, and the rest was and is for them to be levied by the sheriff ; but not content herewith, they now again have to their commission put a schedule of new names, yet of such as are also by Heaton taken from the general commission ; so as if they thus continue, there will be left for ME but only the beggarly recusants, who are and will be clamorous. I humbly pray rather, that if his majesty will not tie them only to such recusants as themselves can find, not yet found, and [nor] already subject by name to the general commission for his majesty’s behoof, that then his majesty would be pleased to allow them their grant as it shall arise by inquisition from the general commission. For I shall and will be answerable for all men’s doings in the general ; but I find so many abuses in the execution of the special by Heaton and by his servants, that I have more than just cause to complain, as well against their corruptions and cruelty as against their wrongs and injustice, to the great dishonour of the present happy government. Wherein I am the more earnest for redress by your honour’s means, seeing I have so many and such daily unanswerable complaints. Heaton did long time follow (before I had it) the execution of the general commission ; and finding that his unjust dealing would and needs must now come to light, he stirred up (that he might have dealing still) Davenport to be suitor. And verily I cannot deny but that Heaton for his skill and will might be an excellent instrument against recusants,

but it is impossible to keep him within bounds of honesty and justice. He sold the goods of one Stockdale for 150*l.*, and returned not into the exchequer four-score pounds to be allowed Davenport towards his sum ; the rest he kept to himself, and so doth and will do in all his dealings concerning recusants. But if Stockdale had been left to the general commission, Davenport might have had more money, and his majesty should have received the rest. If your honour speak with Heaton, he in his cunning will tell you many a fair tale ; but, believe me, he is not to be trusted ; I could exemplify this in many and too many particulars.

Furthermore, I pray your honour in your wisdom to consider the exceeding loss his majesty sustaineth touching recusants in these parts, for that his majesty's two parts are not let in lease to tenants yearly to yield a certain rent. It may be thought that I have long time spoken this for some respect to benefit myself, or to hinder others who seek benefit in their inferior places ; but I do disclaim mine own profit, and profess myself willing to hinder others' indirect doings, so as I might lawfully increase his majesty's coffers. Many leases of the best recusants are already let in lease to the recusants themselves, their lands being not valued to the fourth of their worth. Others unleased are left from time to time to the sheriff of the county to be extended according to the debt they owe, or at least to satisfy as far as the land will yield towards the debts they owe. And on this land the sheriff taketh distresses ; and in a year perhaps accounteth unto the exchequer 5*l.* taken by distress for 500*l.* in arrearages. Sometimes is returned nil. Much favour is showed, to the great prejudice of his majesty's due, which otherwise would easily be gotten ; and in many recusants and much land this cometh to a mighty sum in short time. If it please his gracious majesty to give to me and to others power to provide him tenants, and commission to let them leases, I doubt not but his certain revenue will be increased many thousand pounds in these parts. And herein can be no deceit when others joined with me will and may oversee my doings, for I will be sure to look to theirs. And he that will deceive King James or wrong his subjects, I wish him for my part no living subject to the king, but a halter for his reward. No officer in the exchequer will, I think, dislike my motion ; for I know the better sort are very honourable and void of covetousness and corruption, and the inferiors shall and may have all due fees paid for passing every lease, as well as their superiors. And for this will I be accountable every term to them. Otherwise, all things still standing as they now do, I shall grow weary of finding, when I find much and his majesty findeth but little fruit of my labours. I hope, therefore, and for that so earnestly pray your honour to have consideration of the two parts of this my letter, too long, but not without need, very true, and needing your help. And so I take leave.

Your honour's to be commanded,

York, 26th Feb. [1607-8].

JOHN BRISTOL.*

* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 303.

Is this the letter of an honest man? Surely his vision of other men's knavery is too clear for any other than a knave's eye. His touching complaint, that there will be nothing left for him but beggarly recusants, indicates something deeper than a mere ministerial and disinterested agency in carrying out an abstract law; while his attempts to prove that he cannot intend to deceive, because others are joined with him to oversee his doings, show either folly or a dishonest intention. It is precisely the same argument that pious director of the Royal British Bank might have used to swindle the shareholders. Experience shows that rascals use, and doubtless used in the 17th century, to hunt in packs.

The following extract from another letter, dated Feb. 3d, 1608, shows to what great amounts these partial commissions sometimes extended:

"And where it hath pleased his most excellent majesty (as I am informed) to give to the Earl of Montgomery 20,000*l.* of arrearages, accounting to his majesty's use a moiety of what is recovered from any or all the recusants throughout the realm; and where it is said here, that presently, after the term, cometh down into this country commission specially for that purpose, and that Heaton, who first set his lordship on work to beg this grant, shall and will follow the execution of that commission in these parts. These are to assure your honour, that besides the cruel and corrupt dealings of Heaton, to the dishonour of his majesty's commission, and unjust oppression of many, not only recusants, but sometimes good subjects, there will and needs must, in the execution of that special commission, be a confused and disordered proceeding with the general, or rather against the general commission, and to his majesty's great prejudice as well in profit as otherwise, except they only which manage the general commission have also the special commission committed to their trust and faithfulness. For my part, I speak not against the benefit of my Lord Montgomery, nay, I would and will by all means further it—obliged to his house by a gift of one thousand pounds at least from his honourable father. But *Amicus Cato*, (*sic*) *amicus Socrates*, *magis amica veritas*. It were fit therefore, in mine opinion, that where this province is not the third part of his grant, that his lordship might rather receive from these parts in certainty 3000*l.*, as from time to time it shall be sent to the exchequer from hence, yet not this all at once; but the one moiety being reserved to his majesty, the other might be paid to his lordship. And in this course, if commission might be granted, as is proposed in beginning of this my letter, quick payment would be made to his lordship for the third part accruing from these parts, and the rest he might make up in the province of Canterbury."

After this exhibition of John Thornborough's single-

mind service of Mammon, our readers will be glad to hear how well Mammon served him. We first find him as a demy of Magdalen College, Oxford; then chaplain for some time to the Earl of Pembroke, who "first planted him in the Church of Christ" by presenting him to a living in Wiltshire (for our friend does not seem to have had any notion that baptism, or education, or his Anglican orders, constituted any such "planting;" for him from the very first there was no "godliness" but "gain"); then chaplain to the queen; soon after devouring two rectories, a prebendal stall, and the deanery of York. Then, in 1593, made Bishop of Limerick (holding still all his other preferments). In 1603, advanced by the moribund Elizabeth, in consequence of his services against the Irish, to the bishopric of Bristol, with which he still retained his deanery. Then, in 1616, promoted from this poor see to that of Worcester; where he stuck pertinaciously for a quarter of a century, surviving several who had expected to succeed him, outliving three deans, all his prebendaries, two archdeacons, two commissaries, and well-nigh outliving his bishopric itself; and dying in 1641, aged 94 years. After his promotion to Worcester, though he seems to have got too old for the excitements of recusant-hunting, he could not abandon that pursuit to which this had always been subservient, the pursuit of gold. This unquenchable thirst he sought to satisfy by the assistance of the black arts of alchemy and magic. At no time did this foolish imposture flourish more, or in higher places, than when King James was burning old women for witches all over the country. But what was damnable in a poor old hag, was commendable in a rich old bishop; and the work which he published on gold-making and the philosopher's stone was recommended on the title, not only for its science, but for its piety.* We should naturally expect that one whose dealings with the devil were of so intimate a nature would be possessed with a corresponding hatred of the sign of our redemption. It is therefore without surprise that we learn from Richard Baxter† that the bishop always baptised without the sign of the cross.

But the Pantheon of John Thornborough's deities contained other gods besides Mammon; and his ill-disguised love of gold was not the worst feature in the character of this plunderer of Papists. In a work of Sir John Harrington, written for the private use of Henry Prince of Wales soon

* *Λιθοθεωρικός*. Sive nihil, aliquid, omnia, in gratiam eorum qui artem auriferam physico-chemice et pie profitentur. Oxon. 1621.

† Penitent Confession, p. 10.

after 1608, and published in 1653, we find the following hints of a scandal connected with the divorce and remarriage of this estimable prelate :

"Bristol* being a bishopric of the later erection, namely, but sixty-six years since, no marvel it never had any bishop thereof canonised for a saint, yet it cannot be denied since to have had one holy man ; and, if marriage with a bishop might make them holy, it hath had also in his short time more than one holy woman. I spent a roving shaft on Fletcher's† second marriage ; I would I could as well pluck the thorn of Dr. Thornbury's first marriage out of every man's conscience that has taken a scandal of his second. For my part, whatsoever I think in private, it becomes us not to judge our judges. The customs and laws of some countries differ from others, and sometimes are changed and mended in the same, as this case of divorce is most godly reformed in ours. But it was the Bishop of Limerick in Ireland, and not the Bishop of Bristol in England, that thus married. What, doth this lessen the scandal ? I suppose it doth. For I dare affirm, that most of that diocese are so well catechised, as they think it as great a scandal for their bishop (yea, rather greater) to have one wife as to have two. But setting aside this misfortune rather than fault, which, if God and the king pardon him for, who shall impute to him ? For other matters I have reason‡ to think him and his in God's and the king's favour."

The knight's vindication of the bishop's double marriage is excessively amusing : it was done while he was an Irish bishop, and his flock there was quite as much scandalised at his having one wife as two. Hence, of course, a Protestant bishop, *in partibus infidelium*, that is, in Popish countries, may have a whole harem of wives if he is so inclined. We do not know that this doctrine goes much beyond Dr. Colenso's canons for his flock at Natal. But to return to Thornborough. We have in our hands the copy of a letter dated April 8th, 1599, from the Archbishop of York to Robert Cecil, which clothes this scandal in much more vivid colours than Sir John Harrington ventures to use. It is a letter we do not like to publish, because of the cynical simplicity with which matters that are usually concealed are handled, though the writer is an archbishop, the subject a bishop, and the person addressed that luminary of the English Church, Sir Robert Cecil. The

* Sir J. Harrington, *Brief View of the State of the Church of England*, p. 156.

† Bishop of London, and father of the dramatic poet. He fell into disgrace with Elizabeth on his second marriage, but was soon able to regain her favour.

‡ The reason was, that he escaped with his life when a house where he was sleeping fell. But in all cases of witchcraft the devil is known to take care of his own. As you can't make a witch sink, so you probably can't smash a wizard, especially an episcopal one.

archbishop acknowledges the receipt of Sir Robert's letter containing the queen's directions for the well-using of "my lord of Limerick," which he promises to attend to, both for the queen's sake, and for the cause of religion, which has received some disgrace by his unfortunate marriages, especially the last, which is flat contrary to her majesty's ecclesiastical laws, and much disliked by most of the clergy. It appears that, having divorced his former wife, he proceeded to marry another woman, who, according to strict morality, ought to have been somebody's wife before the period of the divorce. Of course, the presumption was, that the expected child was his; yet he protested, on his salvation, that it was not so. "Which, if it be true (and I hope the best)," says the writer, "then, in my judgment, *in foro conscientiæ*, this his marriage is lawful." In this delightful dilemma between two infamies we will leave John Thornborough, the pillar of Protestantism, and the invoker of the law against the marriages of Catholics.

SEYMOUR'S CURSE;

OR,

THE LAST MAN OF OWSLEBURY:

A Legend of Edward the Sixth's Reign.*

By CECILIA CADDELL.

It was towards the close of a lovely day in June, and the sun, which had shone throughout the entire afternoon with unwonted brilliancy and power, was now stooping towards

* [We have more than once on previous occasions alluded to the difficulties we feel in meeting the wishes of a body of readers so miscellaneous as the subscribers to the *Rambler*. Perhaps there is no other periodical in existence which counts among its friends so great a variety of tastes and opinions, both literary, political, and theological. Consequently we have, from our first year of existence, found it at times difficult to vary the subjects of our papers sufficiently to please all our readers, at least in some degree. Our greatest difficulty of all has been to decide the question of "fiction" or "no fiction," so as to meet the wishes of all parties as agreeably as possible. At one moment we hear nothing but a chorus of, "Pray give us no more stories;" but then bursts in, from the most unexpected quarters, an antagonistic protest, loud and frequent, against their omission. So as to their quality: what one person finds intolerably tedious, another reads with great interest and relish. In fact, we find, as in most matters

the west; reluctantly, one might almost have fancied, judging by the showers of soft and golden light which he was scattering far and wide over the world he was about to leave in darkness, as a token of farewell.

The white tombstones and mossy greensward of the churchyard of Ingford caught many a gleam of his departing glory; and the grand old yew-tree, which stood nearly in the centre,—the grand old yew-tree, with its green and glossy branches,—looked in the glowing atmosphere as if it had been wrought by some cunning artist out of a mass of precious metals—a mingling of gold and bronze. The workmen had already left the fields, and the village children had drawn nearer to the shelter of their several homes, for the indulgence of their evening pastimes; so there was no one to mark the beauty of the scene save one; and he, as he reclined upon the old stone-seat, which was set around the yew-tree, and which for ages had been the rostrum from whence the Ingford patriarchs had dispensed their gossip and their wisdom, seemed occupied with other and far less lightsome subjects of meditation.

Young as he evidently was, the fashion of his dress betokened that he was already in holy orders, and his face was one of singular beauty; being, for a man's, refined and delicate even to a fault; the soft hair clustering on a forehead trusting and candid in its expression as that of infancy; while the straight pencilled brows, and the stedfast look of the eyes that shone beneath them, betrayed a soul that for strength and nobleness of purpose might seldom find its equal. We have said that he appeared pre-occupied, and, in fact, he held a book in his hand,—upon which his eyes were intently fixed; albeit once or twice he raised them anxiously towards the path which led from the village, as though he were expecting some one that way. But these distractions were evidently involuntary; for the wandering glances were speedily recalled, and settled even more earnestly than before upon the subject of his studies.

"This for my father, that for my brother!" cried a young girl, springing suddenly through the thick branches of

in this life, that we are driven to a sort of compromise, which we can only trust will be accepted by all our friends as the best practicable solution of the difficulty. We propose, therefore, not to exclude fiction absolutely and in every shape, but, at the same time, to introduce it so sparingly, that its most determined opponents will not, we hope, object to its introduction for the sake of other tastes besides their own.

The present tale, which is literally founded on historical fact, will be concluded in about four numbers, and is from the pen of an accomplished authoress long known among Catholic writers.—*Ed. Rambler.*]

the tree, and imprinting her rosy lips first on the hand and then on the forehead of the student who sat beneath it. Thus gently admonished, he looked up, and his eyes met those of a fair maiden, who could scarcely have numbered more than sixteen summers yet, and who was gazing with a pretty mixture of love and reverence into his uplifted eyes. They were brother and sister—it was impossible to doubt it; for the face of each was as the reflection of the other's, with only just so much of difference as might have been expected from the several circumstances of their age and sex, and necessarily opposite positions in life. Both possessed features cast in a mould of Madonna-like grace and beauty; but the expression of hers was more tender and more gay, of his more grave and more resolved. Her hair clustered in golden ringlets on her shoulders; his, as soft and golden, was cut away in a fashion better suited to the gravity of his profession. Her eyes reflected the blue heavens above her; and, like them, seemed ready alike for sunshine and for shower. His had caught the deeper tint of the violet, and wore something of that far-off look which betrays a soul more conversant with the things of eternity than with those of time. In her joyous timid ways, she reminded you of a young fawn, willing to play, yet fearful of offending; and careless, as yet, of aught beyond the passing joy or sorrow of the hour; while, on the contrary, a shade of thought, so deep as to be almost sadness, seemed to tone down all his looks and words, rendering the playfulness of his natural manner, whenever it was still exerted, inexpressibly touching to those who were its objects. In a moment the two, as we have described, stood gazing into each other's eyes,—a questioning thoughtful gaze, as if neither was certain of the feelings of the other; and once more it was the young girl who broke the silence by saying softly,

“Brother once, and now father and brother both in one, an if I ask thy paternal blessing on my bended knees, surely thou wilt not refuse it to thy poor sister, Bernard?”

“No blessing of mine dost thou need, dear child,” replied the priest. “Already thou hast, I trust, the two best blessings that heaven could give thee, innocence and a godly spirit; and with these in thy possession, thou needest no blessing of thy unworthy brother.”

“Nay, but in sooth,” replied the girl, “methinks, dear Bernard, that I need a higher blessing still, even the grace of perseverance, which alone can make the two thou hast already named to bear me triumphantly over the fiery trials of this bad world we live in.”

“And perseverance surely Heaven will give thee also, my

sister and my daughter," rejoined the youthful ecclesiastic, laying his hand, for the first time, on the head of his fair sister, as one who was about to invoke a blessing on her,—
"will grant thee surely, Amy, so only that thou dost ask it daily."

"I do hope it may be even as thou sayest, Bernard," she replied, in a faltering voice, and bending her head yet lower than was needed to the gentle pressure of his hand.

"Hope it," he repeated, answering rather to her manner than to her words. "Nay, my sister," he continued, in a voice that but for its affectionate anxiety might have sounded stern, "so long as thou dost pray for perseverance, of a verity thou mayest feel certain of persevering."

"Alas, and how shall we be certain of that, or of aught else besides," she answered sadly; "since these be days when religion is for ever on the change, from the fashion of the priestly garment even to the gravest doctrine the priest himself is commissioned to announce? To-day we hold one thing, yestere'en we held somewhat else; how, then, can we be certain of that which we shall be called to maintain upon the morrow?"

"Amy," replied her brother, bending his dark eyes upon her, with a look beneath which her own less earnest glances always fell, "at least we know that which we ought to maintain; albeit we may not be certain of having courage to do so. But let me understand thee. For this day at least thou art willing to abide by the faith our fathers held? Is it not so, my child, my sister? Answer without reserve, I pray thee."

"In sooth, my brother," replied the girl, shrouding beneath a playful quibble the real difficulty that she perhaps felt in answering, "it were needful, before I answer that question, to make me comprehend to which of our fathers, and to which of their creeds, thou wouldst have me so unreservedly to pledge my soul. Is it to the faith of Somerset? or the late Protector? or to that of the boy King Edward? or of the German monk? or of our own King Harry? whose soul God rest! And if it be none of these, tell me, I pray thee, if thou canst, how is a poor maid like me to choose amid such various speculations; seeing that what to day is put forth for our belief and reverence, to-morrow we may be prisoned or yet worse handled for maintaining?"

"A certain proof," replied her brother gravely, "that such doctrines be not of God, but of man alone; sith that which God teaches must needs be as unchanging as Himself; while the spirit of man, like his fleshly covering, is ever

subject to variations from the cradle to the grave. But thou notest well, for all thy merry jesting, that which I would say to thee. Thou notest well that the faith of which I speak is the faith our fathers held before Harry himself was in this life, or the proud England over which he ruled had a place among the nations;—even that time-honoured faith which Peter set up in the most ancient capital of the world, and of which I, albeit unworthy, am an anointed priest.”

Amy did not answer; but she sank instead from the old stone seat upon which she had been reposing until she was half-kneeling at her brother's feet, and, as her head drooped lower and lower still, he felt her hot tears falling on his hand.

“Answer me, Amy,” he continued, finding she remained mute. “Surely, my sister, thou dost hold (even as thou wert taught in childhood) all that the Catholic Church commands thee to believe?”

“Alas, brother,” replied Amy in a smothered voice, “there be churches enow now-a-days to puzzle wiser heads than the one that God hath put on these poor shoulders; and sith there be good men in all religions, surely all in their measures must needs have the elements of goodness in them?”

“None are good but only one,” replied the young priest sternly; “and wherefore, O my sister, if it be not because Christ Himself hath said by His own lips and His Apostles, ‘One faith, one baptism; and he that is not with Me is against Me.’ That baptism, thou hast had it; and that faith, thou dost hold it still? Answer me without evasion, I entreat thee.”

“Yes, my brother, I do believe,” replied Amy faintly. “I do believe; but—”

“But what?” rejoined her brother, seeing that she paused. “Speak frankly, Amy; for how shall I hope to aid thee if I know not the nature of thy feelings?”

“But I am sore afraid to say so. There thou knowest all now. And thou art not angry with me, brother, art thou?”

“Angry with thee, poor dove, why should I? Yes, thou art sore afraid, I can well believe it, Amy. And thy faith too is perchance perplexed by these unhappy disputations with which men do agitate their brain withal; and so thy soul has become all too weak to soar at once to the Sun of Justice, regardless of the human impediments that may meet it on the way.”

“Nay, but I am right glad that thou art not angered against me, Bernard,” cried Amy, with an air of childish relief at having escaped an anticipated scolding. “And so

now will I e'en make a clean breast of it, and tell thee how it has been with me this many a day, that is to say, ever since thou didst leave us to betake thee unto foreign parts; but yet think not so ill of thy poor Amy as to suppose she really has abandoned the religion of her childhood. No, dear Bernard; for now as ever the same faith unites us twain, but with this difference, indeed, that while thine has been strengthened by the studies needed to fit thee for thy calling, mine, on the contrary, has been, as thou hast rightly said it, perplexed and weakened amid discussions that made the brain grow dizzy and the heart at times to palpitate with fear. Yes, verily I may say with fear; for Katherine, as thou knowest, is of a high and exacting humour, and never doth she show it more than when I have dared to maintain mine own religion against hers."

"Katherine, ay Katherine indeed," repeated Bernard, a shadow passing over his candid brow. "Katherine is older than thou art, hath twice thy wit and cunning too, my gentle Amy; and therefore I would not have thee to dispute too freely with her on a subject far too subtle for either of your women's wit to grasp at safely."

"Yet hath Katherine a wondrous eloquence when she addresses her to the subject, brother. Albeit it sometimes seems to me as if she were urged to speak less for the love she bears her own religion, than for the dislike in which she holdeth ours. And, wouldst thou believe it? she will not even name thee since thou hast turned thee to holy orders. The other day I did but mention that I had seen thee, and instantly her brow grew dark as midnight, and methinks I detected even a muttered oath upon her lips. But what hast thou here?" Amy interrupted herself to ask, as she stooped to pick up the book, which, by a sudden movement of his hand, Bernard had let fall that moment. "A breviary; and that minds me of another thing. It is to the church of Owslebury thou hast been appointed rector by the Lord Bishop of Winchester, is it not, Bernard?"

"Amy, it is even so."

"And hast thou forgotten, or didst thou ever know, that this same church of Owslebury, with the lands pertaining to it, forms a portion of the manor of Twyford, ceded by the present Bishop Poynt to the king, and by the latter to our cousin Sir Henry Seymour, whose lady-mother hath nurtured our childhood."

"Amy, I do know it, and I have not forgotten. But I do remember also that Poynt is an interloper in the diocese, and that I hold the living of Owslebury from Gardner, the

only bishop of Winchester my conscience will permit me to accept of."

"Our cousin Henry hath a strong will and a grasping mind," said Amy, in a low voice; "and mistress Katherine, who seems to mislike thee much, though wherefore I scarce can tell—" Amy broke off in the middle of her speech; for this time her quick eye had caught the shadow which the bare mention of the name of Katherine had called more than once already to the young priest's brow.

"Katherine? and what of Katherine?" her brother asked, observing that she paused.

"Katherine! I do hope I wrong her not, Bernard; but yet sometimes my mind misgives me that she urges our cousin unkindly in this business of the manor, which he declares to be so much his lawful right, that he would claim it of thee, wert thou already on the altar-steps for the celebrating of the service."

"Then let him come to the altar-steps and claim it," replied her brother shortly. "Thou canst tell him so, an thou list, dear Amy. It will be no more than I have already told him on arriving in the parish."

"Thou hast said it to him?" cried Amy, in a voice of terror. "But dost thou not know that through his favour with Northumberland he is all-powerful just now at court, and therefore free to put upon thee any vengeance he may please for this opposing of his wishes."

"So much likewise I do know, my Amy, ay, and somewhat more besides. Nathless, so long as the good and learned Gardner lives, none other may claim the right of appointment to the lands in question; nor can I in conscience ever wink at Sir Henry's illegal appropriation thereof."

"It is Katherine who hath put him on this notion," said Amy, in a tone as if she fain would have excused Sir Henry at the expense of the damsel named; "she hath a strange hankering, has Kate, after this poor manor of Twyford; and though, as I think, he doth not affect her greatly, yet hath she also a wondrous power to influence the Seymour in his actions."

"I know not," the other thoughtfully replied, "whether in fairness this evil can be altogether laid to the promptings of mistress Katherine, seeing that Henry himself hath had from childhood a lusting after wealth and power, which can best be gratified in these unhappy times by the defrauding of the Church of Christ."

"Thou hast never cared for such things thyself, my brother; yet art thou as earnest to maintain thy claim upon the

lands which the bishop hath confided to thy keeping, as Henry can be to wrest it from thee," Amy observed, in a hesitating and doubtful manner.

"Because it hath been confided to my keeping, Amy; and that, not by the Lord Bishop Gardiner only, but by every one of those pious souls departed who have bequeathed their property to the good guardianship of the Church, less, as it might almost seem, for the due maintaining of her ministers themselves, than for that of every poverty-stricken wretch who dwelleth in the parish."

"And there be many such about just now," said Amy; "scarce a day, indeed, doth pass that I meet them not in my daily walks, all torn and wretched, and wanting (so they tell me) in the merest necessities for the preserving of their lives."

"Thou wilt not be troubled by their complaints much longer, Amy," replied the young priest sadly; "for even now, as I am informed, the Lords and Commons have put forth a law, by which any man found loitering three days on the highways shall be branded with the letter V upon his breast, and, with an iron ring around his leg, be compelled to serve as a very slave (and liable to the scourge) the caitiff who hath informed against him."

"Ah me, what a cruel law!" sighed Amy. "And dost thou mean, my brother, that women and little children,—for there do be even more of them than of the stronger sex abroad,—dost thou mean that they also be held subject to this so barbarous a statute?"

"I know not, my sister, but I can guess; for the law of this once so generous land knows now no difference of age or sex in regard to its decrees. And bethink thee, Amy, they who have devised this monstrous law are the very men who have made it needful, by dividing among themselves the substance that would have more than satisfied the requirements of the mendicant. Bethink thee well of this, and thou wilt no more find cause to wonder that I, a priest of the living God,—of a God, too, who looks with an especial love upon the lowly and the poor,—should refuse to wink at any measure that tends even indirectly to expose their persons to such cruel and unchristian handling."

"A priest of the living God!" repeated Amy, as if that word alone had struck upon her ear; "how passing strange that soundeth,—that thou, who art but a few years older than myself, and with whom I have played so familiarly in my childhood,—that thou shouldst be a priest of the living God! Brother, there is something surely most awful in the thought!"

"Hardly so awful to thee as it is to me, my Amy ; for I best know mine own unworthiness ; and while I look upon the mirror of my soul, darkened as it is by sin and weakness, I tremble to think that for the due fulfilment of mine holy office it ought to be even as a cloudless sea, reflecting in the eyes of my people the purity and perfections of the Almighty Father Himself."

"A priest of the living God !" Amy again repeated, her mind still clinging to the epithet which had so forcibly struck her imagination. "And thou hast sung the Mass already, Bernard ?"

"But once," replied the young priest, voice and eye both thrilling and brightening in his deep emotion. "But once have I stood before the altar ; but once have I called upon my God to render obedience to the voice of His weak and lowly creature ; but once, dear Amy, once ; and thou mayest believe me, it was a wondrous moment,—so wondrous, that even now my soul is thrilling in awe to think of the mystery that was then accomplished, and of mine own unworthiness to be its agent."

"Thou shalt tell me of it, brother," said Amy, sinking quietly on her knees beside him, with such a look as a child might have given while listening to the exhortations of its mother ;—"thou shalt tell me of it ; for thou alone of all I listen to dost seem to have a certain rule and knowledge of the faith thou holdest ; and gladly in thy faith would I strengthen mine. Thou shalt tell me, then, all that thou wert feeling in the awful moment of the consecration."

"Would that I could, my sister ; for then wouldst thou easily acquire a faith strong as was that of the holy maiden Agnes, who, ere she yielded her to the headsman's axe, did seek in the Sacrament of Life so to renew her strength, as that the blood of her Master might banish the pallor of natural fear from her cheeks. Would, indeed, that thou couldst feel as I felt then when I stood at the altar,—a weak and sinful mortal, with men whom I knew to be far less sinful than myself beside me, and the angels around me, hanging as it were in breathless suspense upon my words, and the majesty of God Himself suspended above my head, and waiting on my bidding ; or, as I felt later still, when the word of power had passed my lips, and the King of heaven and earth, obedient to the mandate, came forth from the angelic choirs to place Himself in my hands, and I stood there, rapt, entranced, and overshadowed by the very presence of the Godhead ;—heart and soul and body bowed down before Him in love and adoration more profound than if He had come, as He did to the

Israelites of old, in visible clouds of fire. Yea, my sister, more profound and prostrate far ; for, believe me, God is most awful when He seems most lowly ; and never have we greater need to tremble than when He comes to us in the hour of His condescension."

"Thy words find an echo in my soul, dear brother ; would that I had been there beside thee ! And this was thy first Mass, Bernard ? Now tell me, I pray thee, of thy second."

"I have not said it yet, dear Amy ; the rather that I have reserved it for the church to which henceforth my life will be devoted,—my bride, my spouse, my only love !—the little poor church of Owslebury, which is none the less dear to me for the knowledge that there were our parents conjoined in holy wedlock ; and there they ever worshipped ; and to its baptismal font they carried me first, and afterwards their little Amy, that we might be made the children of that great mother for whose faith both of them since have suffered, and one, indeed, has died."

"But thou wilt not go there to-morrow," whispered Amy ; "O my brother, thou wilt not surely go there so soon ?"

"And wherefore not, sweet Amy ? Is not to-morrow the Sabbath-day ? and while my people are pining for the bread of life, shall I, their pastor, refuse to break it to them ? Surely thou canst never wish to burden my conscience with so great a sin ?"

"But, Bernard, I would fain remind thee,—and yet surely thou must already be acquainted with the prohibition which the late Protector issued anent the celebration of the Mass—"

"That priests should no longer use the Latin missal ; but should do the service (such as they have made it) out of the new-fangled compilation which Lords and Commons—inspired, they would fain force us to believe, by the Holy Spirit—thrust instead upon the altar."

"An if thou knowest so much," resumed the girl, "thou needest not my telling as to the penalties that are attached to thy disobedience."

"I know, my sister,—a fine, ruinous even to a rich man, for the first offence ; life-long imprisonment for the third."

"This prohibition hath had effect already in all the churches of the land," said Amy ; "only Owslebury hath been excepted by reason of the death of the last incumbent, after that the Lord Bishop of Winchester had been sent to prison ; and until thy coming, brother, none other had there been appointed in his stead."

"All this I know already, Amy; though I cannot guess whither thy words are tending."

"Sir Henry will be there to-morrow, and doubtless will gladly seize on an excuse so goodly as this open violation of the law will give him to avenge his quarrel concerning the manor of Twyford on thee. Now, if thou wouldst but wait even one little month, my Bernard, his anger might pass away; or some other chance might interpose between you twain; or—who can say?—my influence, if once fairly put in competition, might be found to outweigh even that of Mistress Katherine herself, and might induce him to surrender this his so unhappy claim on the just properties of the Church."

"And for so poor a chance as this, thou wouldst have me lapse for an entire month in my bounden duty as a priest. Bethink thee, Amy, to what a deed thine own tenderness would commit thy brother; and remember that the Good Shepherd giveth his life for his flock, while the hireling seeth the wolf and fleeth."

"Life!" repeated Amy, with a shudder. "An you love me, brother, say not that so fearful word again; nor, in sooth, is it suitable to thy case at all, seeing that in this new law, however otherwise hard and cruel, there is naught that toucheth the life of the transgressor."

Bernard paused a moment ere he answered. He was, in fact, weighing in his own mind the various chances for him and against him. He knew far better than Amy could how much the life of any man found in open violation of the most trivial ordinance concerning the Church, as it was then by law established, was at the mercy of those who were interested in rendering that Church triumphant. He knew also that Sir Henry had friends among the men just then in power who would gladly bear him scatheless through any deed of darkness against a priest of the ancient Church that it might suit him to accomplish; and he knew besides, for certain, that of which Amy had but a vague suspicion, namely, that the influence of a clever and vindictive woman was at that very moment engaged in working out his ruin—even that same Mistress Katherine whom his sister Amy had so often mentioned, and who, being first cousin to Sir Henry, and niece, of course, to the Lady Seymour, under whose guardianship his own childhood and that of Amy had been passed, possessed opportunities for the purpose of which she was not likely to be either slow or scrupulous in availing herself.

"In troth, my sister," he said at length, willing to allay, at any rate for the time being, her evident anxiety, "it was but a braggart trick of mine to talk of life-risk, seeing that,

as thou sayest, no such penalty is attached to the infringement of this law."

"But it does attach a prison to it," murmured Amy. "And woe is me! few there are come forth to freedom who once have entered the prisons of this so ill-named merrie England. It does attach a prison to it, brother. And how may I walk the earth in freedom while thou art pining in a life-long dungeon?"

"Nay, an it should be even as thou sayest, Amy," replied the young priest, with a smile that was well-nigh seraphic in beauty of expression,—“an it be as thou sayest, my chain shall rivet thy loose wavering faith; and in my blood, if my blood perchance should flow, thy soul shall renew its youth till it soar like an eagle to the very sun!"

"Again, brother, thou talkest in that so fearful strain, as if thou wert already a martyr in prospect or desire. But, beshrew my memory—I had well-nigh forgotten!—the Lady Seymour, when she found I was about to seek thee here, charged me with a billet, of which she made some mystery; bidding me look to it well, and not deliver it until very certainly thou and I were alone together."

"The Lady Seymour! A good and noble-minded lady," said Bernard reverently; "though she too, alas, hath somewhat drunk from the poisoned well-spring of religious controversy. Natheless hath she, howbeit in other things misguided, such a native rectitude of soul about her, as that it contents me much to feel that, whatever may betide thy brother, thou at least art safe in her maternal care; feeling, as I do, well assured that she never will in aught compel thee against thy conscience or thy wishes."

"Thou hast forgotten her epistle in this enumeration of her merits, brother," Amy hastily broke in, a sudden blush suffusing her face even to the temples. And thus admonished, Bernard broke the string, and ran his eye over the unfolded paper, while his young sister watched him with an anxiety she had no power to conceal.

"What says the noble lady?" she at last ventured to ask, seeing that his eye had reached the last line of the written page, and that he had folded it up and put it in his vest with the air of one who had forgotten her very presence in the deep thoughts that its contents had awakened.

"What says she, Amy?" he answered, rousing himself from his reverie,—“what says she? Naught but what is good and kind, in that most resemblant to herself. She says that she hath ever loved thee as a child, for the sake of the friend who in thy infancy confided thee to her keeping. Nay,

she doth also hint, my sister, that she would rejoice to have thee for her daughter by another and yet firmer title; albeit she never will permit Sir Henry or any other to trouble thee or constrain thy feelings."

"Constrain them," murmured the young girl softly. "Brother, I have concealed naught from thee; and thou knowest that to wed Sir Henry would not be altogether to constrain them."

She hid her face in her hands as she made this half-avowal, and so she could not see the look of loving pity which her brother cast upon her; just such a look it was as a guardian-angel might have bent over the weak and erring mortal committed to his keeping.

"Thou hast hinted to me so much already; and I thank thee for thy candour, mine own Amy. But alas that it should be so indeed, or that I should have been powerless to prevent this long residence under the same roof with one whose wild and lawless character,—whose faithless desertion of the religion of his fathers,—whose reckless ambition, and whose rapacious grasping at the property of the Church, forebodes little happiness to the woman whose fate shall be linked with his. Strange, that in all my fears and anxieties for thee, never did this one evil present itself to my imagination; nor for a moment did I dream, when setting forth on my travels for the eternal city, that I had left thee at the side of one who, in part at least, had power to rob thee of thy peace of mind ere I should again behold thee."

"The Lady Seymour has ever said,"—here Amy interposed, replying in true woman fashion first to the attack upon her lover's character, and doing it in such a way as showed she yet retained some smothered hope within her bosom that her brother might be induced to alter his own opinion on the subject,—“the Lady Seymour has ever said, that she did look to her son's union with a woman who might rule him by his strong affections (and they are strong, Bernard, albeit perchance you do not think it) for the better and more decent ordering of his future life."

"An if his affection for his wife constrained him (though I greatly doubt it would) to do such violence to his lawless nature as the more decent ordering of his life would prove—still, Amy, still there would be his religion—the religion of interest and not conviction; still his unjust appropriation of the revenues of the Church, to mar and invade the sanctity of thy union. For O, believe me, my gentle sister, God's blessing never will descend upon the fruits of sacrilege; and children yet unborn there be who will mourn in bitter-

ness and grief of heart the day when their forefathers dared to lay sacrilegious hands upon the riches of the sanctuary."

"Alas, my brother, I also do believe it well," the young girl replied; and though he could not see her face, Bernard knew by the sound of her voice that she was weeping.

"Poor lamb," he murmured, "hard and cruel doth it seem to bid thee thus rudely put aside these first fair dawns of thy maidenly affections; and yet God is my witness that I would not grieve thee, Amy, if otherwise I could do my duty by thee; and yet still must I repeat, my sister, that if thou dost not stand firm and stedfast in this matter, thy life will be one long hopeless sacrifice to such an inauspicious union. But tell me, Amy, hath he not sought thine assent to his proposals yet more positively than erst since we two last spoke together on the matter?"

Amy nodded her head in token of assent; so he went on with earnest and evidently increasing anxiety:

"And thou, my Amy, hast thou had the fortitude to deny him—to say him nay; faithful to the promise my duty impelled me to demand of thee on that day when thou first didst breathe the secret of his as yet scarcely-avowed affections in mine ear?"

"Ay, brother, of a verity thou hast had thine own way in the ordaining of this matter," said Amy, both voice and manner tinged with the slightest possible shade of that bitterness which a woman can rarely choose but feel towards those who are crossing her path in love, even when reason acknowledges the rectitude of their motives,—“ay, brother, thou hast had thine own way, albeit he did swear (so solemnly, that, for the nonce at least, I could scarcely but believe him)—swear that he would turn him from his evil ways the moment thy poor Amy might be brought to look with favour upon his suit.”

"And said he naught of restoring the ill-gotten pelf by which he and his, taking undue advantage of the sore troubles of the Church, have contrived to enrich themselves withal?"

"In sooth, my brother, he did say naught like that," Amy answered frankly, albeit with some slight reluctance visible in her manner. "Rather he did maintain—and not without some show of reason, it almost seemed to me—that the Church being far too rich already for the well-being of the state, or even for the due maintenance of discipline among her own ministers, it became the bounden duty of our temporal rulers to relieve her of that superfluity of wealth which impugned her mission as the Church of a poor and suffering Saviour."

"And he hinted nothing, Amy, of the crowds of poor

who, at the convent-gate or the presbytery of the priest, were accustomed to seek for their daily bread? St. Mary aid them! but they might look for it long enow, I trow, at the hands of the steel-clad baron of Harry's reign, or the yet more heathen men of silk who flock to the court of Edward. But what answer hadst thou for this cunning sophist, Amy,—this great controvertist, who first invents his own objections, and then so wonderfully beats them to the ground?"

"Nay, my brother, I can hardly tell thee. But I spoke as the moment prompted; and all the more unkindly, I do fear me, for that I felt my heart inclining towards him, and I had to veil my real feelings from his knowledge."

"Now praise be to the blessed Mary that thou hast had such courage, Amy! And trust me, my gentle sister, however hard this trial may seem to thee in the present, the day will come—nay, perchance even it is not far distant—when thou wilt thank this sweet mother of the young and pure on thy bended knees, for that she obtained thee grace to do rightly in this matter. But how took he this denial of his suit, my Amy?"

"Not too kindly, as thou mayest imagine, Bernard. In good troth he was exceeding wroth, and did utter in his passion such hard and cruel things against thee, as that my heart was sore afraid; knowing how easily he might seize upon the pretext of thy intended violation of the law to-morrow to avenge him of his private wrongs, or that at all events which he holds as such."

"He will do that which God permitteth, Amy; just so much, and no more, can he or any other man against me. And I must e'en accomplish the duties of my so holy office; albeit, like Zacharias, I should be slain for it between the horns of the altar. This is only my devoir, as thou knowest, as the son and servant of holy Church our mother. But while I am thus ready for the fulfilment of mine, wilt thou not also, Amy, find courage to do thine as well, by continuing to shun all union with this man of sacrilege and bloody mind, even though thy brother be no longer at thy side urging thee to such denial?"

"Have I not already done so?" Amy asked reproachfully; "then wherefore dost thou doubt me, brother?"

"Because I know, dear child, that thy woman's heart is pleading much against thy woman's reason; and I fear me greatly that with thy sex the first-named too often hath the victory. Nay, my Amy, if thou wilt permit me so to say, I fear it all the more in thy case, because that thy faith too plainly has been weakened by the heretical associations amid which

thy life has perforce been spent ; and therefore do I much mis-doubt me that when I am no longer at thy side to prompt thee, thou wilt have the courage to adopt that line of conduct by which alone, in such evil times as these, the faith of a young and tender maiden can be preserved."

"My faith grows strong enough as I sit beside thee, Bernard ; for thy words are still the same ; and what thou hast said to-day I know thou wilt say on the morrow, and the next day too, if so be thou art called upon to speak it. But at Marwell it is altogether different ; and there I do confess to thee my mind doth often wander, and my fancy gets bewildered, amid the ever-new and ever-changing creeds of the guests who do come and go."

"Heed them not, I beseech thee, sister. But while they, like unruly swine, do toss the precious pearl of God's Word hither and thither with most irreverent facility, do thou remember that faith would not be faith if its dogmas were explainable by human reason. In what is the difference between the two, I pray thee, if it consist not in this : that by reason we hold fast to that which we see and comprehend ; while by faith we ascend yet higher, and learn to trust in God rather than ourselves, by the accepting of His word and wisdom in preference to our own ? But hark ! it is the Angelus. Wilt thou not say one *Ave* with me, Amy ?"

Even as he was speaking, he reverently uncovered his head, and brother and sister stood up to pray ; but long after the last words of the angelic salutation had died upon his lips, Bernard remained with his eyes upraised to heaven, and his hand pressed affectionately on Amy's head, as if in the depths and silence of his soul he were still recommending her to that sweet Virgin Mother in whose house the bells were chiming.

Amy's thoughts were the first to return to earth ; and as she glanced from the dark old yew-tree, with its tribute graves around it, up towards the smiling meadows, and rose and woodbine covered cottages of the pretty village on the hill, while her delighted ears drank in the sweet melody of the evening-bells, now dying away softly and tenderly in the distance, she could not refrain from murmuring, rather, however, to herself than to her brother :

"St. Mary, how sweetly do those chimes ring out ! Of a verity, Sir Henry said well the other evening, when he pronounced them the sweetest peal of bells the country around could boast of."

"Ay," replied her brother, his quick ear catching the last words of this soliloquy ; "but said he well, my sister, when he added, in private to his lady-mother, as she herself

hath lately told me, that such tones betokened a much mingling of silver in their composition; and that he would surely have the bells of Twyford in the smelting-pot ere long, for the sake of the precious metals which he counted on thereby extracting from their substance?"

"Did he say that?" cried Amy, in a tone of unfeigned vexation. "Now beshrew him for a rude barbarian, to think of destroying a peal that for ages hath been the pride of Twyford, and that even now, to my poor thinking, rings out the praises of the Blessed Mary sweeter than any lady in this land could sing them. Nay, Bernard, I could find it in my heart to hate him an he did such a malapert trick as that."

"Alack, my sister," replied the priest, "and hast thou ever thought to weigh the magnitude of even such a robbery as this with that which Sir Henry hath already done on the revenues of the Church?—revenues which she natheless held far less for the benefit of her clergy than for that of the parishes they served. A third for the poor, the widow, and the orphan; a third for the good ordering and repairing of the church; a third for the priest: it was so the mandate ran, until the robber-bands of Harry first, and now of Edward, diverted the stream from its destined course! Alas, alas, while thou art weeping for the bells of Twyford, because they made sweet music to thine ears, mine own are filled, and my heart is heavy, with the wail of those who from this day forth shall come to me for their daily bread; and I, their father by mine holy office, shall have none to give them!"

"Thou wert ever better than I, dear Bernard—more thoughtful, more steady to the rule that led thee, looking always to the real thing; while I went vainly dancing after shadows. But from henceforth thou shalt have no more need to complain of thy poor Amy; for I promise thee (father and brother both, as thou art, in one),—I promise thee most strict obedience; nor will I hold even the most trifling intercourse, if thou dost not wish it, with this greedy despoiler of Christ's cherished poor."

"It is well, my sister; and if I hold thee to this covenant, trust me, it will be for thine own sweet sake alone, and for the sake of no one else, I do so. Nor would I willingly have thee think, my Amy, that because I dwell mostly upon more weighty matters, I therefore look lightly on this unkindly robbing of our village-bells; the which, in sooth, I do love perchance even more than thou dost, sith they were the friends and companions of my childish years, long ere thou wert old enough to hold converse with me. Yea, in sooth, and I do yet remember me of many a fair and happy evening when I

did sit 'neath this old yew-tree, listening to their music, and musing all the while, in boyish fashion, on the time when I should follow Mary's footsteps by offering her Divine Son upon the altar, even as she did once (sweet mournful Mother that she was) from the rood where He was dying. But we have out-talked the very chimes; and methinks the shadows whisper it were time thou wert safely housed. Give my humble duty to the Lady Seymour, and—but tarry yet a moment; here is a paper on which I have set forth certain of my wishes with regard to thee, in case all things go not smoothly on the morrow. It is intended for her eye alone; wherefore see that none other be in presence when it is delivered to her. And now farewell, sweet child—a long farewell!—perchance for ever! Think sometimes of that weighty matter on which we have this day together taken counsel; and be sure that, whether in this world or in that better one towards which I trust we both are wending, my most earnest prayer shall be still for thee, that Christ and His dear Mother may love thee, and have thee in their holy keeping."

His voice was thrilling in his deep emotion as he uttered these few parting words; and he would have willingly moved away to hide such unusual agitation, had not Amy held him fast, exclaiming,

"In sooth, my brother, I *will* have thy blessing this time: twice, at any rate, thou shalt not defraud me."

Bernard looked for a moment, as if he were about to deny her; but when she knelt down before him, looking beseechingly into his eyes, he yielded as it were to an irresistible impulse of affection, first laid both hands upon her head, and then, murmuring a fervent benediction the while, he stooped to her fair uplifted brow, and impressed a kiss of brotherly and fatherly love upon it.

It was the last embrace brother and sister ever gave each other. When they next met—but we must not anticipate our story.

[To be continued.]

Review.

THE KINGDOM AND PEOPLE OF SIAM.

The Kingdom and People of Siam. By Sir John Bowring, F.R.S., her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China.

WHILE we write, the author of the volumes before us, Sir John Bowring, Knight, Doctor of Laws, Governor of Hong Kong, and her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China, is undergoing, in all probability, a sharp and bitter lesson on the mutability of human friendships. Very likely he finds it even more difficult of digestion than the pinch of arsenic wherewith A-Lum, baker, of the flowery nation (O most ominous conjunction of name, trade, and country!), or one of his assistants, thought fit to season the hot rolls of the Fan-kwei, the foreign devils. A-Lum, we are told, as it seems in error, was to be sent to join his ancestors with Buddha by the exhibition of a dose of lead, in return for this patriotic administration of the more expensive metal; and no doubt time and the physician will, in due course, remove the painful effects of the attack on the stomach of the envoy; but the poison of the arrows winged by Sir John's own familiar friends will rankle for years in the core of his heart.

In that most august assemblage, the Commons of England, Heaven help the man who is down! and yet, to keep one's legs there, it needs all the dignity of Henry Drummond, the amenity of John Bright, the modesty of Cobden, the eloquence of Malins, the lucidity of Gladstone, the depth of Spooner, the straightforwardness of Disraeli, and the gravity of my Lord Palmerston, combined in one individual. But leave the House and the country, on a distant and most arduous mission, for which you fondly hope you have prepared yourself by years of study and labour; and no sooner shall your back be turned, than the Sir Benjamin Backbites and Mrs. Candours at Westminster will be nibbling at your reputation, sneering at your abilities, misconstruing your actions, and questioning your motives. Your honour will be as surely attacked in political coteries, as that of Diana herself at a tea-table of dowagers in a country-town. Unluckily for himself, poor Sir John forgot a threadbare axiom; the quondam secretary of the association for the manufacture and sale of peace neglected to prepare for the rivalry which was pretty sure to introduce a more stimulating article into the market he was

about to vacate. He little thought that, while he was (as yet) *not* bombarding Canton, his dearly-beloved fellow-Benthamites at home were bombarding him with every missile that would suit the calibre of their mortars; that while he was exchanging broadsheets, not broadsides, with dove-like Commissioner Yeh, he himself was being immolated as a sacrifice to an abortive party dodge. Well; it is the way of the world, which works out a rude sort of justice; and the literary potentate is not without his faults, so let it pass. *Revenons à nos moutons*; for we are not going to discuss the Chinese question.

Geography and the use of the globes (whatever that may be) are the special property of school-girls in the bread-and-butter stage of their existence. Ten to one, if an examination be instituted, which is a difficult matter, Miss Alicia shall make fritters of her great lout of a brother Tom, whose all-round collar and fluffy upper lip engage such small remnant of his brains as iambics and hexameters have left unaddled. We are free to confess, that as Alicia expands into crinoline and comes out, her geographical acquirements will collapse and go in; so that by the time she is in possession of a bunch of keys and a *ménage*, she will hardly remember more than enough to correct her pudding-head of a husband. But to nine men out of ten not engaged in Anglo-Indian commerce, the mention of Siam calls up nothing more than a hazy vision of white elephants and golden umbrellas, of diamonds and dark skins, abdominal crucial incisions and runnings "a-muck;" the "properties" supplied by a reminiscence of the *Island of Jewels* at the Lyceum, the locality "somewhere in the east." This is doing the kingdom of Siam great injustice. In the first place, it has a population more numerous than that of many European states of no small importance—at least in their own estimation; secondly, more happy than all the Russias in their possession of a single czar, it is governed by a couple of autocrats at a time, king first and king second, one single gentleman rolled into two; thirdly, it boasts "institutions" like the United and other highly civilised States,—for slavery exists with a systematised and extended organisation; fourthly, it rejoices in an intricate legislative code in no less than seventy volumes, as intelligible, probably, as the statutes at large; fifthly, it is happy in a state religion, which is perhaps not so very inferior to some others which are present to our mind's eye; sixthly, it has cultivated the theory and practice of taxation to a nineteenth-century pitch of perfection; and seventhly, and to conclude, it has just inaugurated the first instalment of a free-trade policy, under the auspices of the British envoy. Who shall

say, after such a catalogue, that its history, past, present, and to come, is not worth studying?

Sir John Bowring has, in truth, given us a very valuable and interesting work; not the mere record of a well-managed and successful endeavour to negotiate a treaty of commerce, but such a one, on the whole, as we had a right to expect from a man who has fairly earned a great reputation in the field of letters, and whose career hitherto, as a servant of the Government, has been by no means undistinguished in the annals of diplomacy. The first volume he devotes to the geography, history, government, and peoples of Siam and its dependencies; the second is principally occupied by an account of the various European missions which have from time to time attempted to communicate with its rulers, and by the personal narrative of his own visit, with the text of the treaty concluded by his means. To our taste, the first volume is the more interesting. The author's extensive reading has enabled him to digest the information to be found in former writers; and he has so freely availed himself of the permission given him by Bishop Pallegoix to make use of that prelate's *Description du royaume Thai ou Siam*, that Catholic readers can without difficulty apply a corrective where conclusions have been biased by his own political or religious opinions. Bishop Pallegoix may almost be said, in fact, to supply the backbone of the book.

The exact boundaries of Siam cannot be accurately defined, since they continually vary, as in most oriental states, with the chances of war; the sovereign governs "as much and as far as he is able." Its present length is about 1200 miles; its greatest breadth about 350. It exercises rights of vassalage over the whole district of Laos, the mountain tribes of the north and east portions of the Malay peninsula, and the kingdom of Cambodia. The latter sovereignty is also claimed by the emperor of Cochin China; and the Cambodian prince, unable to resist either of his powerful neighbours, pays tribute to both. Siam proper is a vast plain, watered by a noble river, the Meinam, or "mother of waters," which takes its rise in the mountains of Yunnan in China, and after a course of 800 miles, rolls a magnificent tide into the Gulf of Siam. This great valley is rich with alluvial deposit left by the annual inundation, which covers, possibly, an area of 12,000 square miles. Bangkok, the present capital, is situated on the banks of the river, and about thirty miles from the mouth. Ayuthia, the ancient seat of government, is considerably higher up. It was founded in 1351; and, from the abundance of its canals and palaces, was called by early travellers

the oriental Venice; but in 1751 was devastated by the Burmese; and the only visible remains are ruined temples hidden in the trees and jungle, which have buried them in the fantastic luxuriance of tropical vegetation. The modern city is mostly composed of floating dwellings, and contains not less than from twenty to thirty thousand inhabitants. Bishop Pallégoix visited the district above Ayuthia, but in the rainy season, when he found it little better than a desert, "a few huts by the side of the stream,—neither towns, nor soldiers, nor custom-houses." He made acquaintance, however, with a little family-party, consisting of a mandarin and his dozen wives; and the great man took the opportunity of seeking information about Christianity, which pleased him mightily, until he was told that the Catholic faith allowed but one wife, when he closed the controversy declaring *that* to be an impossible condition. In one of the villages a wife was pressed on a missionary; but finding the gift unacceptable, the lady was gallantly exchanged for two youths, who proved faithful servants. Accounts of the interior of Siam are necessarily fragmentary and imperfect; for the difficulties and embarrassments of travel are extreme amid its dense forests, where fire and hatchet alone can open a path: but still much that is valuable will be found in the bishop's *description*, and scattered in the *Annales de la Propagation*; the missionaries having penetrated in many directions. They bear testimony to the general excellence of the climate, which, for a tropical region teeming with vegetable life, and subject to periodical inundations, is decidedly salubrious. Notwithstanding its sovereign claims over many other dependent states, Siam itself pays nominal tribute to China, sending every three years an envoy to Peking; but the Chinese government interferes in no way with that of Siam, nor do the Chinese settlers enjoy any special privileges or immunities.

The Siamese begin their annals about five centuries before the Christian era, and place their ancestors among the first disciples of Buddha. Up to the founding of Ayuthia, traditional legends and fables take the place of history; but after that time, the succession of sovereigns and the course of events are recorded with tolerable accuracy. It appears a very difficult task to give the correct names of the kings, since the native authorities employ various designations, some of which are but vague enunciations of the royal rank; the Siamese theory being, that the name of a king is too sacred to be uttered. The prefix *Phra* is very usual. Sir John Bowring considers it to be derived from, or of common origin with, the "Pharaoh" of antiquity; and it is given in Siamese

dictionaries as synonymous with God, ruler, priest, teacher, being the word which to the popular mind expresses sovereignty and sanctity. From Bishop Pallegoix he translates a *Chronology of the Kingdom of Siam*, in two parts; the first entitled the *Annals of the Northern Kingdom*, which is the fabulous history from about the time of Buddha Phra Khôdom, to the founding of Ayuthia, or Iuthia; the second continues the narrative to the present day. The reigning "first" king is an English scholar, and indeed a person of great literary acquirements; and his notes on the bishop's performances (which of course are principally compiled from native authors) are worth quoting. The first part, he says,

"Is prepared and printed by Bishop Pallegoix, according to a book which he has read from one book of an author; but there are other books of the ancient Siamese histories which are otherwise, and which the Bishop J. Pallegoix does not know; but they are full of feable, and are not in satisfaction for believe."

Of the second he says :

"It was also prepared and printed by Bishop Pallegoix, according to the books written by a party of authors. There are other books and statements of old men said differently in other wise; but the reign and number of late kings very correct. All names of cities and place, and kings, very uncorrect, as they were got from corrupted sounds of pronouncing of Sanskrit of the ignorant teacher, and not accort the knowledge of literature in Siam. The teachers of the author are not persons of royal service, do not know the proper names of kings," &c.

The records themselves are thoroughly oriental in character, abounding in accounts of successive invasions of Burma, Pegu, Laos, and Cochin China, with the heavy retaliations exacted in turn; the whole varied by the usual intestine struggles for power, and the detail of cruelties practised on the vanquished. The last great expedition was made in the reign of the elder brother and predecessor of the present king, who ravaged the Laos country in 1828. The unhappy Prince of Laos fled to Cochin China; but was given up to "Phra Nang-klau chau yu Acca," the conqueror, who brought him to Bangkok, and put him in an iron cage, exposed to the burning sun. In the cage with him were placed "a large mortar to pound him in, a large boiler to boil him in, a hook to hang him by, and a sword to decapitate him; also a sharp-pointed spike for him to sit on. His children were sometimes put in along with him. He was a mild, respectable-looking, old, gray-headed man, and did not live long to gratify his tormentors." So much for the customs of war in

the eastern peninsula. A long letter, containing "the particular narrative, or ancient true occurrence, of the present dynasity reigning upon Siam," and written by the king himself at the request of Sir John Bowring, is well worth notice, both on account of its subject-matter, and as a specimen of the royal progress in the acquirement of European languages and ideas. It concludes, "My name in Siam is Phra Chowklau chau yu hua, and I bear the Sanskrit name as ever signed in my several letters S. P. P. M. Mongkut, incontract that are, Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut, rex Siemensium." The Chinese records relating to Siam extend much farther back than any authentic records derivable from other sources; and Mr. Wade, the acting Chinese secretary to the superintendency, has supplied our author with a valuable contribution in the shape of an abstract. Possibly his readers will stop, as we did, and gasp for breath, when they come to a paragraph commencing thus: "In 1673, King Shānlitpaklapchiukulungpimahulukwanz sent tribute by way of Tagapuoi, and prayed that an officer should be despatched to invest him," &c. If the royal person at all accorded with the name, all the silk in China would hardly have sufficed for the purpose.

The population of Siam, according to Bishop Pallegoix, is about 6,000,000, thus composed :

Siamese proper (the T'hai race)	1,900,000
Chinese	1,500,000
Laosians	1,000,000
Malays	1,000,000
Cambodians	500,000
Peguans	50,000
Kareens, Hongs, &c.	50,000
	<hr/>
	6,000,000

This is only an approximation, being five times the amount of the official census, which includes neither old men, women, nor children. The population is probably nearly stationary, from various causes; the chief being the number of bonzes (or talapoints) living in celibacy, the fact that male slaves are not permitted to marry, and the prodigious portion of women who are childless in consequence of the practice of polygamy. The Chinese immigrants are nearly all males, a Chinese woman rarely leaving her country; and when they intermarry, the Chinese type predominates in the children. They preserve their own nationality and language, their own costume and religious usages, their own traditions and social organisa-

tion. Their active and business habits tell strongly in their favour among the indolent Siamese race; and as a consequence they absorb nine-tenths of the trade of the capital, Bangkok, where they number some two thousand. The Laos people are gentle in character, and passionately attached to music, in which art they appear, indeed, to have attained a certain excellence appreciable by ears cultivated in the European taste. The Malays rank next to the Chinese in the spirit of adventure, and far surpass them in nautical skill. They are mostly Mahomedans, but notwithstanding they assimilate more readily to the Siamese habits and manners than the Chinese settlers. The Cambodians, many of whom are in a state of vassalage in Siam proper, resemble the Siamese, but are less advanced in civilisation. In Cambodia itself, the Church made considerable progress two centuries ago, and still numbers about five hundred souls, under a vicar-apostolic, Bishop Miche, whose acquaintance, says Sir John Bowring,

“I had the pleasure of making in Bangkok, whither he had come for health. . . . He seemed earnestly devoted to his work, careless of privations, dangers, and sufferings. He had lately traversed the perilous jungle, where, day after day and night after night, he found scarcely the trace of man; no succour, no shelter; the elephants which conveyed him making their way through the scarcely-ever traversed forests. But, though oppressed with lassitude and sickness, I heard no complaint: his path of duty seemed clear before him, and in that he resolutely walked. It is impossible to look on the dedication of these missionary wanderers to the task allotted them by their master without wonder and admiration. No amount of labour or of privation, no menace of peril, persecution, or even death, diverts them from their onward, but often darksome, way.”

We give this extract at length, not only as a tribute of respect to one of the glorious band which is continually adding confessors and martyrs to the roll of the Church, but to bespeak a reasonable amount of favour for the man who, involved in the meshes of diplomatic service, can so feel and write. Peguans, Kareens, Hongs, the Lawa, and the Ka, make up the rest of the population; and of these the most remarkable are the Kareens, who are held to have been the aboriginal inhabitants of Siam, who abandoned the country when the Thai race invaded it, and built the city of Ayuthia. They are robust and agile, but mild and pleasing in physiognomy, especially the women. They are migratory; building bamboo huts, ascended by a rude ladder, for temporary use. They have no books, nor written laws, electing chiefs who exercise paternal but not hereditary sway; they have no

priests or religious forms; believe simply in a good and evil spirit, and supplicate the latter only. They are sober, trustworthy, and truthful, and polygamy is unknown among them.

Returning to the order in which Sir John Bowring arranges his materials, we now come to a chapter headed "Manners, customs, superstitions, amusements." This commences with extracts from the writings of the earlier historians and travellers, whose narratives, it is stated, retain much interest, from the fact that the habits and customs of the Siamese have undergone few changes from the time of the first intercourse of Europeans down to the present hour. We prefer to give a notion of the existing state of affairs as afforded by modern travellers, and especially by the missionaries, who, beyond a doubt, have enjoyed a hundred-fold more opportunities of forming a trustworthy judgment of the objects of their pious labours, than more temporary visitors, with a political or commercial end in view. M. Bruguière, Bishop of Capu, coadjutor of the Vicar-Apostolic of Siam, says that the Siamese character "is gentle, light, inconsiderate, timid, and gay. They avoid disputes and whatever produces anger or impatience. They are idle, inconstant, fond of amusement; a nothing excites, a nothing distracts their attention." Monseigneur Pallegoix endorses this opinion, and adds, that they are almost passionless, liberal almsgivers, severe in enforcing decorum in the relations between the sexes, sharp and witty in conversation, and resemble the Chinese in their aptitude for imitation. Sir John Bowring saw enough to convince him that affection between parents and children was mutual and strong. The mendacity characteristic of Orientals is not, according to his experience, a national defect among the Siamese, whose unusual frankness as to matters of fact is noticeable. Of China, and other parts of the East, on the contrary, he observes:

"My experience predisposes me to receive with doubt and distrust any statement of a nature when any the smallest interests would be promoted by falsehood. Nay, I have often observed that there is a fear of truth, *as truth*, lest its discovery should lead to consequences of which the inquirer never dreams, *but which are present to the mind of the person under interrogation.*"

This is clearly the true explanation of the inveterate habit of lying which pervades the mass of the people, not only in eastern, but in all countries under the pressure of an absolutely despotic form of government. Suicide is rare, and murder also, not one on an average occurring in the year. Humanity to animals is a religious obligation.

The Siamese are fond of a stimulating diet, curries hot enough to skin a European mouth being an habitual dish. Fish "in the earlier stages of putridity" is mixed with capsicums, chilies, cocoa-nut milk, sugar, and so forth. Proverbs, therefore, are not true all the world over; for it can be no blunder to cry stinking fish in Siam. The use of tea is as general as in China; and the superior civilisation of the Chinese settlers has introduced the two curses of arak and opium. The former is consumed furtively, though sobriety remains a national virtue; but the use of opium is greatly extending, notwithstanding heavy fines, degrading punishments, and the exertions of the missionaries to check so fatal an indulgence. The chewing of the areca-nut with fresh betel-leaves, and the pink chunam, or coloured quicklime, is universal, and also the smoking of tobacco. Betel-chewing blackens the teeth, which is considered a recommendation; and it is said to be a preservative of the enamel, when used without an undue quantity of lime. The Siamese are great bathers, and cleanly in personal habits. Wives and concubines are kept in any number, according to the wealth or will of the husband (the late king had 700 wives); but the wife who has been the object of the marriage ceremony takes precedence, and is the sole legitimate spouse, she and her descendants being the only legal heirs of her husband's possessions. On the whole, the condition of woman is better than in most oriental countries.

The women have little education saving in the art of music, but attend principally to domestic affairs. The use of the needle is not much required, as the Siamese dress, on most occasions, is a single piece of cloth. There is a terrible and extraordinary usage connected with childbirth, and the prejudice in its favour is so strong, that the king himself has vainly endeavoured to interfere. The event has no sooner taken place, than the mother is placed near a large fire, where she remains exposed to the burning heat; and death is often caused by the exposure. Some mysterious idea of purification is associated with this cruel rite.

Shaving the hair-tuft of children is a great family festival; and with it education begins, when the boys are sent to the pagodas to learn reading, writing, and the dogmas of religion from the bonzes, giving personal service in return. Every Siamese passes a portion of his life in the temples, which many never quit. The bonzes attend the deathbed, sprinkling lustral water on the sufferer. The corpse is either cut up and distributed to the birds of prey, vultures and crows, or burnt, according to the orders of the deceased. The former mode is preferred among the Parsees whenever practicable.

Slavery is the condition of a large part of the population ; but the examples of harshness of treatment are few. The greatest number of slaves appear to be *debtors* ; the non-payment of a debt giving a creditor a right to the possession of the body of the debtor, of whose labour he can dispose for payment of interest or extinction of the debt itself. The vassalage of the many, and the domination of the ruling few, are remarkable. The grovelling submission to authority is inconvenient, and ridiculous in its extravagance. No man of inferior rank may lift his head to the level of that of his superior ; no person can cross a bridge if one of higher grade chances to be passing below ; nor walk on a floor above that occupied by his betters, who must be honoured by absolute prostration, and approached, if at all, on the hands and knees. The head of a great man must on no account be gone near ; the crowning tuft of hair being held sacred from all profane touch or contact. Father Bruguière says, that the word *sarenivat*, to reign, means literally, “ to devour the people.” “ It is not said of such and such an officer, that he is governor of such city, but that he *eats* the city ; which has often more truth than poetry in it.” An unnatural protrusion of the left elbow is a mark of gentility ; and persons of high grade are trained to place their arms in this hideous but aristocratic position. In person the Siamese are small and well proportioned, and of an olive tint ; both sexes shave the head, all but the brush-like tuft on the top. The men pluck out their beards by the roots, which gives them an effeminate appearance. Long nails are in much favour ; and the love of jewels and ornaments is universal. They have many superstitions not traceable to Buddhism or Brahminism ; and are great believers in magic, amulets, and talismans.

The legislative system of Siam is traceable in its groundwork to the institution of Menu ; and Bishop Pallegoix, who has made himself master of the codes, speaks favourably of them, and of their adaptation to the national character and wants. They are contained in about seventy manuscript volumes. In practice, the authority of the sovereign is absolute, and the royal will supersedes the ordinary course of justice, which is also to a great extent subject to the influence of the high nobles. Bribery, too, is said to flourish : from the judges down to the lowest clerk, all have their price. In the first place, a complaint is made to the *San Luang*, inferior magistrates, who take it down in writing, and hand it over to the *Luk K'un*, a tribunal whose business it is to examine the complaint after the fashion of a grand jury, and, if they consider it fit for trial, pass it over to the *P'ra Rachanicai*, or

judge, who decides to what department it belongs. The departmental courts are named *K'un San*; and they are charged with the conduct of the case, examining witnesses, receiving bail, and so forth. The judges who preside over these courts are generally very clever men, and the only lawyers in the kingdom. When the case is finished, it is remitted to the *Luk K'un* for sentence, which is then handed over to other officers—the *P'ra Krai Si*, or *P'ra Krai Lem*—for delivery, and for execution after it has been approved by the king; to whom appeal is allowed against the sentence only, not against the decision. The laws are divided into three sections; the first describing the titles and duties of public functionaries; the second containing the codes of the ancient kings; the third, modern codes, under the several heads of robbers, slaves, conjugal duties, debts and contracts, disputes and lawsuits, inheritance, and generalia. The legal reasons for excluding witnesses are infinite, and must somewhat interfere with the course of justice, unless we assume the standard of morals and the constitution of society to be very different from our own.

“Those shut out by moral impediments are: drunkards, opium-smokers, gamblers, notorious vagabonds, goldsmiths, braziers, blacksmiths, shoemakers, executioners, beggars, potters, dancing-women, women that have been thrice married, adulterers, clerks, orphans, players and tumblers, undutiful children, contemnners of religion, slaves, intimate friends and inmates of parties concerned, quacks, strumpets, liars and sorcerers, personal enemies.”

Those excluded by physical causes:

“Virgins and unmarried women, pregnant females, blind and deaf persons, persons above seventy or under seven years of age, persons on their deathbed, persons suffering under loathsome and cutaneous diseases.”

And some others. Also those shut out by intellectual incapacities:

“Persons who cannot read, persons who cannot reckon up to ten, persons ignorant of the law and of the eight cardinal sins (*i. e.* idiots), persons who cannot distinguish right from wrong, persons excluded by mental incapacity from the priesthood, lunatics.”

We have a notion this wonderful list would exclude nearly the whole population of some of our own towns from the witness-box. The result of legal proceedings, however, is pretty much the same every where; for in spite of his favourable mention of the codes, Bishop Pallegoix confesses that “litigated cases generally end in the ruin of both the contending parties.” As to the venality of men in authority, Col. Low says, that

on the death of a minister, the king inherits one-fourth of the property, on the assumption that the public functions can in no instance have been honestly performed. The laws relating to slavery are many in number; there being seven classes of slaves, with various subdivisions, and the position and rights of each are defined with great accuracy. Some portions of the code sound harsh and cruel enough: as, for instance, "Husbands may sell their wives, parents their children, masters their servants;" and again, "when children are sold under their full value, they must not be beaten till they bleed." But it appears, from the evidence of the French missionaries, and other European residents at Bangkok, that they are "well treated in Siam, as well as servants in France," and "better than servants are treated in England." This is *rather* strong; but, as a matter of fact, there seems no reason to doubt that the condition of slavery is divested of some of its most atrocious features by the operation of the Siamese laws, which bear a most favourable comparison with those of the slave-states of America in this respect.

Sir John Bowring devotes four chapters to natural productions, manufactures, commerce, and revenues. These we pass over, in order to glance at the less familiar subjects of language, literature, and religion, in the two first of which our author is quite at home. He does not incline to the opinion, that Siamese is a connecting link between the Chinese, Sanskrit, and Pali, with their derivatives; but considers that it has a distinct type of its own. The roots are few, and all monosyllabic, and generally confined to visible objects; the pitch of the voice, as in Chinese, giving various meanings to the same word. Nouns are undeclinable, verbs cannot be conjugated, auxiliary particles replace cases, moods, and tenses. The best grammar is the one in Latin of Bishop Pallegoix, printed at Bangkok in 1850; and a great dictionary has also been lately published under his care in Paris, at the expense of the government. The exceptions to the essentially monosyllabic character of the language are found almost wholly in foreign words. The number of words of Sanskrit and Pali origin, but accommodated to Siamese pronunciation, increases in proportion to the elevation of style. It is impossible to represent in our characters the tones, six in number, which give a different meaning to words of the same alphabetic form, and which must make the pronunciation very difficult; though, according to the French missionaries, six months' application will enable a person to understand common conversation. These tones are, the abrupt, the short, the long, the high, the low, and the middle; and have been com-

pared to and illustrated by a musical scale. An example will afford the reader an opportunity of judging of the difficulties involved: "Kháo bok khao và klai krung kao mi khào pen rùb khào mi khào khào mén khao klun mài khào;" the translation of which is, "It is reported that near the ancient capital there is a horn-shaped mountain with white rice, smelling so disagreeably that it cannot be eaten." The language is written from left to right. The sacred literature is mostly in the Pali language, and translated into the vernacular, though not written in the common character. The principal collection is the *Trai Pidok*, or "Three Vehicles," divided into three parts,—rules or regulations, sermons and histories, and philosophy,—contained in four hundred and two separate works, making three thousand six hundred and eighty-three volumes. Of profane literature there are about two thousand volumes. The style is poetical and paraphrastic: river is "mother of waters;" fruit, "child of the tree;" lips, "the light or beauty of the mouth." An augmentative is made by the use of the word *mother*; a diminutive, by that of *son*. The earliest specimen of the Siamese character is an inscription of about the date of A.D. 1284, at which time it appears to have been introduced from Cambodia, and to have superseded the Sanskrit, which the Brahmins had brought from India. The first known literary work is a book on war and military tactics, written in 1498. Sir John Bowring gives a few specimens of prose and poetry; but they have little intrinsic interest or merit. One or two of the proverbs are amusing: "An elephant, though he has four legs, may slip; and a doctor is not always right. Go up by land, you meet a tiger; go down by water, you meet a crocodile (Out of the frying-pan into the fire). If a dog bite you, do not bite him again." Though theatrical representations are common, the Siamese cannot be said to have a drama. Their plays are of the Chinese type,—fragments of history or fable, with music and pantomimical dumb-show.

The religion of the Siamese is a Buddhism, having broad analogies with that of China, Ceylon, and Burmah, and also with Indian Brahminism. The present "first" king, who is certainly a most remarkable person, contends that in Buddhism, properly understood, there is nothing repugnant to the facts established by astronomical and geological science; but his opinions are incompatible with the teachings of the bonzes. The great outline is every where the same: a primary cause, a sort of omnipotent *Repose*, whose original work was the universe, created at a period infinitely remote; the earth a portion of it, on which, from time to time, in the course of millions

of years, an emanation of the great spirituality appears incarnate, the world being always in a state of pregnancy with such emanations. Man passes through countless changes, in a higher or lower order of being, as merited by his virtues or vices, and his ultimate end is absorption, loss of individual sensation, eternal dreamless rest and peace in the great *Repose*. This beatification is represented by Chinese characters, the equivalents of which are, "heaven without thought," or "annihilation of thought is heaven;" and, indeed, active and energetic virtue has no place in any incarnate Buddha, all is passive and contemplative; but it is perfectly clear that there is more than this in the vague dreaming which hangs over the Buddhist futurity. Yet as the aim and end of all religious observances is to become entitled to be lost in this vast infinity, where all personal sensation shall terminate; and as the means of attaining the end, the most exalted stage of mortal virtue, is to anticipate the final consummation by a course of pure contemplation entirely disconnected from all human affairs, Buddhism becomes in practice utterly selfish, and fruitless of all sympathy and benevolence.

"A bonze seems to care nothing about the condition of those who surround him; he makes no effort for their elevation or improvement. He scarcely reproves their sins, or encourages their virtues; he is self-satisfied with his own superior holiness, and would not move his finger to remove any mass of human misery. And yet his influence is boundless, and his person, while invested with the yellow garments, an object of extreme reverence."

The European name, *talapoin*, given to the bonze, or priest, is probably derived from their habit of carrying a fan called *talapat*, meaning 'palm-leaf;' but the Siamese name is *Phra*, 'great, sacred, distinguished.' The bonzes generally live in convents attached to the temples, and their whole number exceeds a hundred thousand. Their clothing is all yellow, the colour of the most precious metal. At some period in his life, every male Siamese becomes a candidate for the priesthood, and on being admitted as a novice, must remain at least three months in the monastery; after which he may, if he will, resume the secular dress. Many remain a year or two, and then marry; but the ancient institutions of Buddhism allow no abandonment of the vow of celibacy. The high priest of the *Phra*, the *Sangkarat*, or King of the Cenobites, is appointed by the king, and his authority is supreme. He reports to the king in religious matters, and presides over the assemblies of the priests. Sir John Bowring quotes the maxims of the sacerdotal order, as translated from the Siamese

by Père Loubère, since whose time, in all probability, no change has taken place. They inculcate a high morality; but a grain of sense is smothered in a bushel of the most absurd chaff. We give a few examples.

“It is a sin to walk in the streets in a non-contemplative mood.

It is a sin to appear as austere as a priest of the woods—to seem more strict than other priests—to meditate for the sake of being seen—to act differently in public from in private.

When you eat, make no noise like dogs—chibi, chibi, chiabi, chiabi.

To cough or sneeze, in order to win the notice of a group of girls seated, is a sin.

A priest sins who in eating slobbers his mouth like a little child.

A priest who whistles for his amusement sins.”

It seems, however, that notwithstanding the precepts protective of personal purity, the paintings in the temples are often of a very licentious and libidinous character.

We have no space to notice Sir John Bowring's account of the earlier missions to Siam, further than to remark, that it is given altogether with a candour and fairness extremely rare among Protestant writers, and with something like a true appreciation of the real value of the labours and sufferings of the apostolic men who, since the days of St. Francis Xavier, have held aloft the banner of the Cross throughout the Eastern Archipelago. The present number of Catholics in Siam and its dependencies is stated to be between seven and eight thousand. “The *personel* of the mission consists of the bishop (Monseigneur Pallegoix), a pro-vicar, eight European missionaries, four native priests, thirty students, four convents occupied by twenty-five nuns, five schoolmasters for boys, fifteen catechists (mostly Chinese).” The Siamese converts form by far the smallest portion of the Catholic population. Persecution there is none; but the obstacles to conversion are represented as formidable, the chief being the universality of polygamy, the education of the youth in the pagodas, the fear of political invasions, *especially of the British*, and the absence of consular protection. The two last will be materially lessened by the treaties now concluded with the king; but the two former must remain in full force until the social organisation of the whole people becomes modified. Added to this, we conceive that the characteristic indolence of temperament of the Siamese—an indolence fostered by the geniality of their climate and the lavish fertility of their soil—is a great hindrance to the discussion of *any* religious topic in a practical spirit. The dreamy mysticism which pervades the Buddhist

teachings is enough to satisfy their religious instincts. They are far from being indisposed to discuss religious questions, but it is in a spirit of idle curiosity; and the result in general terms is, "Your religion is excellent for you, and ours is excellent for us. All countries do not produce the same fruits and flowers; and we find various religions suited to various nations."

The Chinese make the best converts. The Bishop says, "They are the most active and industrious; they succeed in all the departments of trade." All have great enjoyment in the ceremonies of the Church,—in music, pictures, and processions. An American Protestant mission was established twenty-seven years ago; some of the ministers dispensing medicines, others preaching, or keeping little schools which "do not prosper." They have four presses in activity, and disperse their Bibles with great energy; but in the twenty-seven years they have not, so Bishop Pallegoix has been assured, baptised twenty-seven persons. "The Siamese cannot persuade themselves that one can be a priest and a married man. Thus they never call them Phra (or priest), but Khru (master), or M6 (doctor). Besides, the six families of ministers are divided into three sects, which is not likely to inspire confidence." In the hope of inflaming, be it ever so little, the subscriptions of some of our readers to one of the noblest charities in the world, we subjoin a little account of the distribution of 20,000 francs, allotted by the Propaganda to the Siamese mission:

The vicar-apostolic	£52 per annum.
Nine missionaries, 26 <i>l.</i> each	234 "
Subsidy to native priests	40 "
„ to the nuns	40 "
Expenses of seminary	160 "
Fifteen catechists, 8 <i>l.</i> each	120 "
Printing	40 "
Mission barges	32 "
Chaplets, crucifixes, &c. . . .	28 "

£746

And this is diminished *one-fourth* by the state of the exchange. Surely this is economy with a vengeance! A bishop at fifteen shillings per week, and priests at seven shillings and sixpence! Well may Sir John Bowring tell us, "The Catholic missionaries in Siam wear the common cassock, and live with great simplicity—without bread or wine (except on very special occasions)." Why, Sydney Smith's "least among bishops,"

even "Sodor and Man," would cut up into four slices, each as big as the good vicar-apostolic and his entire staff of clergy, nuns, catechists, and students. Positively they must want a little more weight to attach them to the earth at all, to prevent the tropical sun from drawing them up bodily into the blue sky. To be sure, the balance will be struck some day; and we dare say they can afford to wait.

We must not conclude without referring to the present kings of Siam, both first and second. Their grandfather, the founder of the dynasty, was a successful general, and was called to the throne in a time of popular commotion. He was succeeded by his son, who died in 1824, leaving many children, but only two by his queen; these two are the present kings. Their elder brother, the son of an inferior wife, managed to get the crown conferred on him; and Chau Fa Yai, now first king, availing himself of Siamese custom, withdrew from all contests into a temple, thus avoiding the necessity of doing homage. There he remained twenty-seven years, acquiring a great religious reputation, became a great Pali scholar, and learned Sanskrit, Cingalese, and Peguan. He also commenced reformer, endeavouring to purify Buddhism from fable, clinging to its moral institutions, but accepting the principles of sound natural philosophy and a rational cosmogony. He was taught Latin, chiefly by the bishop, and English by the American missionaries. He has a considerable acquaintance with physical science, and can calculate an eclipse or an occultation, and has introduced a press, with both Siamese and English types. His conversation is highly intelligent; but is carried on in the language of books rather than in ordinary colloquy. On the death of his elder brother, in 1851, he was called to the throne; and left the seclusion of the temple, where, as a bonze, he had religiously kept the vow of chastity, for the glittering splendours of the palace. Personally, we fear, he is an unlikely subject for conversion; the mixture of Buddhist morals and modern philosophy is any thing but hopeful; but, as far as others are concerned, his toleration is extreme. "Persecution is hateful," he said, in a conversation reported by Bishop Pallegoix; "every man ought to be free to profess the religion he prefers. If you convert a certain number of people any where, let me know when you have done so; and I will give them a Christian governor, and they shall not be annoyed by the Siamese authorities."

The "second king" is a peculiar institution of the Siamese; but Sir John Bowring does not seem to have been able to ascertain the precise function and limits of the office.

He is not charged, as in Japan, with the religious functions of government, but exercises a sort of secondary or reflected authority. He has the same royal insignia as the first king, corresponding ministers, and is supposed to take a more active part in wars. He is consulted in all important affairs, and signed the powers which were given to the commissioners who negotiated the treaty of commerce with the British envoy; but he does not appear to take the initiative, and his demands on the exchequer must be submitted to the first king for approval. The present holder of the office is the probable successor of his brother, should he survive him, and will, perhaps, carry Western ideas, in such an event, to even a greater length. Sir John found him "a cultivated and intelligent gentleman, writing and speaking English with great accuracy, and living much in the style of a courteous and opulent European noble, fond of books and scientific inquiry, interested in all that marks the course of civilisation."

In his second volume, as we have already mentioned, our author records the proceedings of the various attempts which have been made to establish diplomatic and commercial relations with Siam by Western nations, concluding them by the personal narrative of his own successful mission. In an appendix, he gives a brief history of Siam, with documents, translations, letters of the present king, and other matters, not the least interesting being the history of Constance Phaulcon, otherwise Constantine Falcon, the adventurous Cephalonian, who became minister to the King of Siam in the latter part of the 17th century, and by whose advice the expedition of M. de Chaumont and the Jesuit Fathers was despatched from France by order of the *Grand Monarque* in 1685. This is translated from *L'Histoire de M. Constance*, par le Père d'Orléans, a Jesuit, which was printed at Tours in 1690.

But our space is exhausted, and we have only to repeat, that Sir John Bowring's book is well worth the steady perusal to which we now very sincerely recommend it.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

The Genius of Christianity; or, the Spirit and Beauty of the Christian Religion. By Chateaubriand. Translated by C. J. White, D.D. (Baltimore: Murphy). We are glad to see that this careful translation of Chateaubriand's great work has attained the honours of a second edition. The book is very handsomely got up, and is well adapted for

lending to persons whose prejudices require a solvent. To Catholics the work is hardly up to the requirements of the time. Besides being somewhat stale,—for it has been for nearly half-a-century the great storehouse of our journalists, and we are all well acquainted with it, though we have never turned a page of it,—there is this other fact, that it was written against sceptics and infidels; and that the Christianity whose beauty it enlarges upon was one that comprehended Milton and Bacon, Newton and Leibnitz, besides Dante and St. Thomas. Moreover, it appeals to the feelings and imagination rather than the reason. Still, it is doubtless a great and classical work, and well worthy of the pains of the translator.

A Discussion of the Question, whether the Catholic or the Presbyterian Religion is in Doctrines and Principles inimical to Civil and Religious Liberty. By the Rev. John Hughes and John Breckinridge. (Baltimore: Murphy.) This discussion, which was held more than twenty years ago, had a great effect in America, and is still read there with interest. To our minds, a discussion in which our advocate has to follow so very eccentric and abusive an individual as Mr. Breckinridge is simply tedious. Dr. Hughes was never allowed to enter profoundly into his subject, but was always obliged by his adversary to discuss questions merely preliminary, often personal. It constitutes, however, a very satisfactory show-up of an American champion of popular Protestantism.

Elements of Geometry and Trigonometry. By B. Sestini, S.J. (Baltimore: Murphy). A most compressed and comprehensive treatise, very suitable for those who have but little time to give to this study, and have both power and will to make the most of that little. The system of the writer is admirably clear.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

DEAR SIR,—As an inconspicuous unit of the great natural order *Scribleri* (*gen. irritabilis, trivial name. penny-a-liner*) whose humble notice of Dr. Hassall's *Adulterations Detected* you were so kind as to enbalm in the pages of your last Number, permit me to correct an error or two into which the printer has fallen, no doubt in the excitement of the (then) anticipated general election. At the beginning of page 315, I am made to say that certain individuals were submitted to the *prowess* of Mr. Thackeray. Now I admit that Mr. Thackeray (who is all the better, I trust, after his penitential exercises during Holy Week at the Surrey Gardens, in company with four Georges,—not, I think, including the saint of that name) is more than a match for any philosophical Tom Cribb or Tipton Slasher in existence as a hard hitter; but I am not aware that poor Rosa Timmins's guests were subjected to any physical force at his hands. That they were submitted to his incomparable *process* of analysis is the figure of speech that should have been conveyed to the public eye.

Again, lower down in the same page, I find myself stating that certain salad is *sown* with free sulphuric acid. Truly in any case that corrosive poison would be more free than welcome; but the use in question would hardly constitute an adulteration; so, with all deference, I should prefer the word as I wrote it, viz. "*sour*," which you will observe is more in accordance with common sense.

While on the subject of errata, I venture further to request information why, on the opposite page, 314, M. Doré's print, No. 11, "A South-American Valley," is emphasised by *italics*. If it had been a scene in Calabria, the national characters might have been appropriate; but as it is, the other prints have reason to complain of so invidious a distinction.

Trusting that by this time the *Rambler* staff is in a condition to resume its wonted habit of accuracy, I beg to remain, sir,

Your humble servant to command,

F. C.

MR. BOWYER ON THE PAPAL STATES.

MR. BOWYER has written us a letter, which we subjoin, in which he takes to himself, and attempts to reply to, some remarks which we made in a recent article, on the injudicious manner in which some writers defend Catholic interests. To this we can have no objection; but we do not see why he should have appended certain remarks about ourselves, not conceived in as courteous a tone as he would have used in writing to the *Times*, or any other Protestant paper. We are not aware that Mr. Bowyer has any right to censure us in our own columns, especially as it is pretty evident—profoundly mortifying as we feel it to be—that he is not in the habit of reading the *Rambler*; for otherwise he could not have formed such an opinion as he has expressed of our principles and motives.

Mr. Bowyer, however, as we have said, makes an attempt at a reply to our criticisms on his speech, in which he presented certain figures to the House of Commons, by way of showing that the Papal States were not practically governed by ecclesiastics. This reply consists in the statement that in *one* department, and that of an inferior kind, namely, the Post-Office, the head of the department is a recognised layman! Besides this, the council of finance, not the president, is composed of laymen; and the lawyers who sit as judges in the courts are sometimes all, and sometimes partly, laymen. In two or three other offices of a high character, so completely is it understood in Rome itself that they are the appropriate possession of ecclesiastics, that when, as now, they are held by laymen, these laymen have to wear the ecclesiastical dress. On all which remarks we have only to remind Mr. Bowyer that we particularly stated that the higher offices were *not* exclusively held by ecclesiastics; and that the notion of proving that the Papal States are not, *as a kingdom*, governed by ecclesiastics, by showing that the judges are generally lawyers, is a specimen of special pleading which none but a lawyer would have thought of. Who ever supposed, or alleged, the reverse? In fact, Mr. Bowyer's details just serve to establish our argument; and we can only conclude that he is as injudicious an advocate in his own case as he is in the case of the Roman government.

We repeat, then, what we said originally, that it is a mere shirking of the gist of the question, to pretend that the government of the Papal States is not, *as a government*, in the hands of churchmen. The only valid answer to the objections of Protestants is, to defend that state of things as the best possible state under the circumstances. We ourselves entertain no doubt whatsoever that the Papal States are in a much better condition than they would be if the supreme management of the nation were in the hands of persons like the Roman nobility, and professional and mercantile men. It is notorious that the laymen of the pontifical kingdom are a class of persons extremely inferior to the corresponding classes in this country; and every one who knows what is the

real state of affairs there, is aware that for integrity, self-control, and general capacity for government, the result of any comparison is strongly in favour of the ecclesiastics. We do not pretend to say that a government of ecclesiastics has not its own peculiar character, which in some points may be a defective one; but it is undeniable that it has also its peculiar merits. Among others,—which ought to go for something with Englishmen,—it is a very cheap government. It may be a “slow” government; but against that may be urged the fact, that not even Italian scandal, savage and unscrupulous as it is, ventures to impute any thing like a life unbecoming a Christian to any single member of the conclave; and that a body of men more inaccessible to vulgar pecuniary corruption cannot be found in the world. And as to the Pope himself, how many wiser and more reforming sovereigns are there in existence at this moment in any part of the civilised world?

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—My attention has been directed to a reference, in your thirty-ninth Number, p. 177, to a speech of mine in the House of Commons; and I beg to say that you have (of course unintentionally) misrepresented my argument. I never admitted that ecclesiastics are unfit to govern. I, as you do, cited Ximenes, Richelieu, Mazarin, and Wolsey, to prove the direct contrary to that proposition. But I asserted that, though the government of the Roman States is ecclesiastical, it does not deprive the laity of a fair and liberal share in the power and emoluments of office. You, however, proceed to say that my figures are worth nothing, because you assume that the laity only hold inferior offices. This assumption is contrary to fact. Thus, the Council of Finance is entirely composed of laymen, except the president, Cardinal Savelli, who is a deacon. The present Minister of Finance happens to be a prelate in minor orders; but his predecessor, the Commendator Galli, was a layman. The Postmaster-General is a layman,—a Roman prince. In the Supreme Court of Segnatura eight judges are laymen, and nine ecclesiastics; in the Rota seven judges are laymen; in the Supreme Criminal Court, the Consulta, thirty-seven judges are laymen; in the Criminal Court all are laymen. These are high and important places; and it would be easy to multiply instances. Again, the Minister of the Interior, the Minister of Police, and the Substitute of the Cardinal Secretary of State, though they wear the ecclesiastical habit, are not even in minor orders; and are at liberty to marry whenever they choose, as Monsignor Spada did, who now, as Count Spada, holds high office. These facts are a sufficient answer to your arguments against what I thought it my duty to say in the House.

I will only add, that though you are no doubt actuated by good intentions, it is unfortunate and strange to see a Catholic periodical trying to weaken and counteract the efforts of a Catholic member who, to the best of his ability, defends the Holy See in a Protestant parliament. I am at a loss to discover what object you can have in view. You show ingenuity and cleverness in striking out new notions, and picking holes in the arguments and works of other Catholics. What good can that do to the Church? It seems to me that we ought to avoid disunion and strife among ourselves, and endeavour to support and encourage each other in the service of the Catholic Church, and in defending the Holy See.

I request that you will have the kindness to publish this letter.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

GEORGE BOWYER.

Bilton Grange, 24th March, 1857.

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PART XLII.

PROTESTANT CRITICISMS ON CATHOLIC MORALS.

WE Catholics certainly are an incomprehensible race. Sometimes we are a puzzle to one another, or each man is a puzzle to himself; but, then, what person or what thing is not more or less a puzzle to any body who tries to think honestly and understand clearly? A man who is never puzzled either with himself or with other people has small pretensions either to candour or wisdom. We therefore in no wise allow that it tells against our religion when we admit that it sometimes requires a considerable exercise of patience and skill thoroughly to comprehend all the facts of individual Catholic life, and all the phenomena of the Catholic body. It is a necessity of our circumstances, that persons placed, as we are, in the midst of a complex system, natural and supernatural, social and political, scientific and traditional, should at times exhibit to the hasty observer an apparently anomalous exterior, difficult to analyse and explain.

And, if this is the case with Catholics in regard to one another, it is far more emphatically true when we are observed and criticised by those who are external to our body. Every community, whether vast or petty, whether national or religious, is a difficult thing to comprehend and judge with fairness, unless we possess a personal knowledge of its inner life and of the individual men and women who are its constituent portions. Even in the same country, the same town, the same village, you may suddenly find yourself in the midst of a "set" so strangely unlike yourself in their recognised ideas and habits of feeling, that you are pulled up with a startling sharpness, and are amazed at being thus reminded of the infinite variations of humanity, and of the limited knowledge of his race which can be attained even by the best

informed amongst us. If you want to learn intellectual humility, and to estimate human affairs in a large and well-informed spirit, just pass, if you can, through some few of the endless subdivisions of English society, and then remember that every civilised country abounds with similar subdivisions, either in a greater or less degree. Step from a club-room in St. James's to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce; from a party of clerical Puseyites to a gathering of Scotch Calvinists, or a dinner-party of quiet country parsons; from the members of an archæological institute to the listeners to a lecture by Faraday at the Royal Institution; hear the political talk of a party of squires and farmers in Essex, and then hearken to the notions of the "roughs" in Birmingham or Spitalfields; go to a London casino, or a penny theatre in a large provincial town, and when you are sick with what you have seen and heard, call in for an hour's conversation in the drawing-room of an English gentleman, and hear the talk of a party of well-bred, well-taught, and refined women. Try, again, the varieties of "professional" society,—painters, musicians, actors, literary men or newspaper men, and so on, wherever you can turn, and see how marvellous are the contrasts which one class presents when compared with another, and how hopeless it would be to attempt to make those who know only their own coterie understand or do justice to those who are every whit as good as themselves, but who happen to be living in another class or section of human life.

We are, further, perfectly ready to admit that the moral and spiritual condition of individual Protestants is a thing very difficult for a Catholic to understand, unless he has enjoyed more than common means for observing facts by personal communication under peculiarly favourable circumstances. In finding fault with our Protestant fellow-countrymen for attacking us without understanding us, we are far from pretending that we ourselves as Catholics, who are in possession of the truth, and the whole truth, of the Christian religion, are therefore perfectly well informed as to the character of individual Protestants, or able to judge them on *à priori* grounds of probability. To those who have lived all their life in Catholic society, and in the practice of Catholic observances, it is no doubt almost impossible to understand the non-Catholic *life* of England, however clearly they may understand the meaning and nature of the distinct and printed statements of Protestant opinions. Some Catholics do, indeed, by the mere force of good sense, candour, and, above all, of kind-hearted charity, obtain an insight into the phenomena of actual, as distinguished from theoretical, Protes-

tantism, which is not a little remarkable, and, as we think, not a little to be admired.

Taking us as a body, however, we make no pretensions to any such a mastery of the details of Protestant life as would justify us in speaking in other than doubtful terms of those who are involved in it as an actual reality. We hold that, as a rule, Protestants must be known personally, and on rather intimate terms, in order to be understood, and, as a consequence, in order to be answered or convinced; and it is on this account, as well as others, that we believe that whatever brings Protestants and Catholics together, without any compromise of *principle* on either side, undoubtedly tends to the advance of truth, and not to the propagation of latitudinarianism. We know them better, and they know us better; and consequently, as the knowledge of truth of any description is a necessary preliminary to the embracing it as truth, so the knowledge they then acquire of us as we are, and of our faith as it is, tends necessarily either to their absolute conversion, or at least to the creation of more tolerant and respectful feelings towards us. For we gladly recognise the fact, that the better classes of Protestants—and by the word “better” we do not mean merely the richer or nobler—do sometimes learn to modify their sentiments towards Catholics and Catholicism in a remarkable degree. It is incontestable that there are thousands of families in this kingdom at present whose notions of Catholicism and its adherents are wonderfully changed from what they were even ten years ago. And not only have they learnt to estimate us at a very different value, but, without knowing it, they have been insensibly influenced by us in many respects. The personal religion of Protestantism, as a whole, has decidedly received a tone from its nearer contact with living Catholics, which would quite surprise, and, moreover, disgust, its adherents of an older school. Inconsistent, superficial, vague, and forced as it still is, even in its best specimens, and intolerant, offensive, and pharisaical in its worst, we cannot help seeing that what may be termed the religion of the *nation* has caught a little of our Catholic freedom, of our tastes, of our habits, of our phraseology, of our morals, and even, in a certain odd, unaccountable, and distorted way, of some of our doctrines.

Admitting, then, all this, we cannot help now and then calling attention to the fact, that we Catholics, and especially our writers on morals, do not yet receive from our fellow-countrymen generally that fair controversial treatment which we have a right to expect, on grounds both of honesty and of good sense. We ask nothing impossible, or very difficult of

attainment. We are quite willing to share the common lot of all men, and to be misunderstood, and consequently misrepresented, by those who cannot have any knowledge of us, and who yet believe themselves called upon to describe us and our proceedings. "Those who play at bowls," says the proverb, "must expect rubbers;" and, as we are not in the habit of sparing the apparent follies and inconsistencies of Protestantism, we will not complain if we now and then get a few hard blows, or be too ready to cry out, that we are shamefully treated. But, at the same time, we do insist that the fight is too often conducted with a degree of rashness and insensibility to the principles of all honourable controversy, which surprises us in *some* of our opponents. There are times when it really requires a considerable stretch of Christian charity to believe that an antagonist is at the same time in good faith and capable of mastering the commonest laws of reasoning. Either he goes out of his way to attack us, with no conceivable reason but that of an ill-natured disposition, or he condemns us on grounds which manifestly condemn his own opinions as completely as ours; or he misinterprets the meaning of our simplest and most intelligible phraseology; or he misquotes us by omissions of the context so strikingly palpable, that nothing but the widest charity can account for them on any supposition but that of a wilful suppression.

A case has lately occurred in illustration of the truth of what we are saying, to which we may point as a pregnant proof of the extraordinary difficulties under which we Catholics lie when we endeavour to destroy the prejudices of our fellow-countrymen. Of the ordinary run of anti-popish polemics we do not take much notice, except now and then to give them a passing hit, or to amuse our readers with their delicious absurdities. As to attempting to answer the ranting extravagancies of Exeter Hall and its kindred associations, those who would do their best for the advance of the Catholic cause, whether within or without, have other work to do. But now and then the case is different. In quarters where it might be least expected, you are surprised, and possibly annoyed, to meet with misconceptions and attacks which you had thought impossible. What to say next you cannot tell. The task of explanation seems hopeless. Nobody seems capable of handling a plain question on its real grounds. Nobody seems able to see that it is ridiculous to attack you with a weapon that at the same moment causes him to commit intellectual suicide. Nobody seems willing to apply to you those first principles of candour and charity

which he is so loud in calling on you to exercise towards himself.

The instance we speak of occurs in a recent number of the *Saturday Review*, in its criticisms on a little book of Father Furniss, the Redemptorist, a religious of whom we shall say nothing in praise, as he will be sure himself to read our humble attempts in his vindication. These criticisms have, we have reason to believe, caused both surprise and pain in some quarters; and, moreover, they may fairly be taken as a characteristic specimen and type of that extraordinary inability to understand our simplest statements which seems to warp the judgment of the ablest and most honourable of our critics. As we have said, had the censures we refer to been of the more vulgar class of anti-papistical slander; had the tone in which they are conceived been such as to imply the vulgar hatred of any thing like definiteness of opinion in morals; or had the publication in which they appear been of a less intelligent and ordinarily candid character, we should have passed them by with the common herd. As it is, we think it may not be altogether useless if we briefly point out the astonishing inaccuracies of Father Furniss's critic, and the lengths to which men will go in the way of misinterpretation, when once their judgments are led astray by polemical prepossessions.

Of the *Saturday Review* itself, in some respects, we cannot speak too highly. We do not always agree with its political views; we absolutely, of course, dissent from some of its religious statements, and we think that it rather overdoes its system of attacking the *Times* newspaper. Not that in the last point it has not our hearty sympathies, or that we think it generally in error in its attacks in detail; but if its conductors think it worth while to notice our suggestions, we would suggest to them to abstain from such *incessant* reference to the great monster of Printing-House Square as a mere matter of policy. They will more certainly diminish its influence among the intelligent classes of the country by less ceaseless and less apparently irritated assaults on the face, back, arms, and legs of the big unprincipled giant whom they have set themselves to wound, if not to overthrow from his despotic throne.

In its ability, good taste, and standard of cultivation, the *Saturday Review* is unsurpassed by any periodical. Its wit is rarely forced, its vigour is unstrained, its criticisms give the impression of sincerity on the part of its writers, as they are certainly often remarkable for a refined analysis and a rare felicity of expression. Of course it is not always equally

entertaining or equally informing. If half the articles in any number of a periodical are agreeable to any single reader, it must be taken as a decided success. But, as a whole, we may account the *Saturday Review* a representative of the best classes of the English mind, and as expressing the ideas and feelings which are likely to circulate among honourable and cultivated gentlemen on the books and topics of the day.

Now, then, see what it tells its readers about Father Furniss, and how it disposes of what it considers certain shocking errors in popular and authoritative Catholic moral theology. That we may guard against even appearing to misquote or mistake its expressions, we will present our readers with the article to which we refer without any abbreviation. It runs as follows:

“CASUISTRY FOR CHILDREN.—The instances of youthful depravity continually brought to light by the activity of the police, distressing as they are to every benevolent mind, can surprise no one who is acquainted with the temptations to which the children of the poor are exposed in such a place as London. As long as thieving and burglary are followed as a profession, the corruption of youth will be part of the machinery of the trade. The business would come to a stand-still unless there were a constant supply of fresh hands and skilled workmen, unless there were seminaries where boys and girls are initiated in the mysteries of vice, and trained in the arts of plunder. No doubt this is very lamentable and shocking, but it is only what must be expected. Unless an agency were continually at work to undermine the principles of the young and unsuspecting, the prime artists of villany must abandon their employment for want of tools; and it is any thing but surprising that the Agars and Fagans of society should take some pains to guard against such a catastrophe. We have reason, however, to be surprised when we find principles subversive of morality systematically inculcated by those who profess to be the teachers of virtue, and who can scarcely be supposed to be actuated by any improper motive.

Within the last few days, a little book has been put into our hands, which we should not think of noticing but for the auspices under which it has been published, and the pains taken to circulate it among the children of the poor, for whose instruction it purports to be designed. A few extracts will enable our readers to judge of its tendency. In an exposition of the duties of children to their parents, we have the following passage, the words in italics being so printed in the original:

‘It is a grievous sin to strike your parents, or in their *presence* to put out your tongue at them, or mock them, or the like, through spite or contempt; or in their *hearing* to curse them, or call them very bad names, such as fools, beasts, drunkards.’

We apprehend that those who are taught to believe that the sinful-

ness of such conduct and language depends on its being *seen* and *heard*, cannot be expected to stop short at such demonstrations. Such casuistical distinctions, however, are destructive of all simplicity, truth, and honesty in the minds of children.

But what notions of truth or honesty can young persons have whose principles are corrupted by such maxims as the following?

‘It is a venial sin to steal a little. It is a mortal sin to steal much: for example, to steal from a workman a day’s wages, or to steal less from a poorer man, or more from a richer man, or from parents. (If you steal from different persons, it needs half as much again for a mortal sin, and the same if you steal at different times. If you steal from different persons *as well* as at different times, it needs double the sum.)’

This is morality with a vengeance. So, a servant may be in the daily habit of robbing his employer; but if the articles or money stolen at any one time are of small amount,—*small*, that is, compared with his employer’s income,—he is guilty of but a trivial fault. A poor man earns (suppose) half-a-crown a-day. You must not venture to rob him of half-a-crown,—*i. e.* at a time,—but to take a halfpenny less than half-a-crown is a venial offence. And if you are content to rob him or cheat him of sixpence at a time, you may go as far as three shillings and eightpence-halfpenny. Or if you can manage to plunder several persons in the day, the offence is still a trivial one, provided the gross amount of your peculations does not exceed a day and a half’s income of any one of them, or of all together, for it is not very clear which is meant. But suppose you are in no particular hurry, and can filch a little now and then from every person you can lay hold of, you may go to double the amount of robbery without laying a burden on your conscience. Delicate distinctions, truly. Thus, according to this system of ethics, habitual thieving is less criminal than a single theft, and the greater number of persons robbed, the lighter the offence.

We have heard a vast deal latterly about the adulteration of food; and as to the cabbaging of tailors, that is an old story. But it has not been usual to teach the rising generation that there is no harm in practices of this sort; and, though Paley says that morality is not, properly speaking, a subject of discovery, the following will appear new to most people:

‘When materials are given for some work,—for example, cloth to tailors,—it is a sin to keep pieces which remain, except people are quite sure that it is not against the will of the employer, or *there is a common custom of doing it*, and it is necessary in order to gain a *reasonable profit*. It is a sin to mix something with what you sell,—for example, water with any liquor,—except there is a *common custom of doing it*, and it is necessary in order to gain a *reasonable profit*.’

The manufacturers of London milk, and the ingenious gentlemen who sand our sugar and pepper, to say nothing of the tailors, will no doubt hail such doctrine as this with rapture. For what rogue is so stupid as to be unable to find ‘a common custom’ to justify his mal-practices? And who is to say what is ‘a reasonable profit’? Not the buyer, of course. He is an interested party.

Again, even in these days, when the world is getting rather too

much accustomed to such practices, it seems somewhat dangerous to teach children that it is wrong

‘To forge or imitate a person’s writing, *if you do any harm with it.*’

Is a rogue at liberty to commit forgery first, and inquire into the effects of it afterwards? He may imagine that he will escape detection by preventing the person whose name he has forged from suffering any loss by his fraud. But is it the less a crime for all that? and will a court of justice listen to such casuistry in mitigation of punishment? A man may write a letter in another’s name, and forge his signature. He may have what he conceives a good motive for doing so; but he intended to deceive, and is guilty of fraud and forgery, be his motive what it may. And if any one imagines that young people, when they have once been taught to think that forgery is wrong only when they “do any harm with it,” will stop short there, he has very little knowledge of human nature.

When persons have graduated in this school of morals, it is quite possible that they may have occasion to attend the summons of a magistrate, and to take an oath. The following, therefore, seems a timely warning :

‘It is a mortal sin to take an oath in a lie, and worse in a court of justice.’

Very proper. But if any precocious youth should like to know *what is an oath*, and what constitutes *taking an oath* in a court of justice, or any where else, hear our author :

‘*It is not an oath to say, Faith—Troth—On my life—On my conscience—True as I stand here—True as gospel. It is not an oath to say, I swear—God’s truth—God knows—I declare to God, unless you mean these words for an oath ; but it is commonly a venial sin to say such words.*’

‘A venial sin,’ ‘not an oath!’ And yet some of these formulas look very like taking God’s name in vain. But you may say, ‘I declare to God’ that such a fact took place, and though you know you are calling on the Almighty to bear witness to a lie, you have not forsworn yourself, because you did not ‘mean these words for an oath.’ Imagine what must become of a society educated in such execrable doctrines.

But perhaps our young friend is still curious to know what constitutes taking an oath in a court of justice. We will give the author’s words, only premising that the italics are his own in this case also :

‘*An oath is to call God, or something sacred, to witness that what you say is the truth : for example, to swear on the Book, or, By the name of God or the Holy name—By Heaven—On my soul—So help me God. But if you do not know that what you say is an oath, or do not mean to take an oath, then these words are not oaths.*’

So that you may solemnly, in a court of justice, call God to witness to what you know to be a lie ; you may kiss the book, and seal your false testimony with the fearful words, ‘So help me God,’ and yet, according to this author, you may be absolutely free from the guilt of perjury ; because, though your words were, in the intention of those who administered them and received them, and in their

own plain sense and meaning, as solemn oaths as the wisdom of man can frame, yet, '*if you do not mean to take an oath, then these words are not oaths.*' No wonder that in Ireland, where extraordinary efforts are made to circulate this book among the peasantry, the ends of justice should be so frequently defeated.

And now it is high time to inform our readers that this precious little book is not a satire, neither is it concocted by the gentlemen of the swell mob. It has been seriously published as a *bonâ-fide* religious work, by a clergyman, as a mode of instructing children in the Christian religion, and preparing them for the Sacrament. Two editions of it are in our hands; the one published in London by Richardson and Son, 147 Strand, price one penny—the other (from which our extracts are taken) in Dublin (price one halfpenny, or 100 copies for 3s. 2d.), with the following title: *What every Christian must know and do.* For missions and general use. By the Rev. A. Furniss, C.S.S.R., i. e. Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

But, then, who pays attention to the follies of a fanatical follower of that perilous guide Liguori? Not many, perhaps. Mr. Furniss, however, writes under authority. For, on the last page of both the English and the Irish editions, we read, any law or statute to the contrary notwithstanding:

‘Imprimatur

✠ PAULUS CULLEN,

Archiepiscopus Dublinensis.’

In the foregoing remarks we have studiously abstained from any allusion whatever to any controverted question of dogmatic theology. Our observations have not travelled beyond the morality inculcated in the book, and its probable effects on the unhappy children for whose use it is designed. We may, however, venture to ask, what would be thought or said, if such maxims were taught to the poor in a book written by a clergyman of our Church,—a member (say) of the Christian Knowledge Society,—and ushered into the world with the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Canterbury? And yet the Church of England does not pretend to be an infallible guide.”

Let us examine now into the whole of these grievous charges, and see what they are worth. And first, as to the question about paying respect to parents. Here we confess that Father Furniss has unconsciously laid himself open to be misunderstood. No Catholic, whether priest or layman, would ever dream of supposing that it is not a sin in children to curse them behind their backs, or to show signs of contempt for them in any way whatsoever. As for imagining that F. Furniss would acquit a child who was guilty of such an offence, the supposition, to us, is simply ridiculous. At the same time, it must be conceded by Protestants that an insult

to one's parents behind their backs is a *different* offence, in some respects, from the same insult offered to their face. Some persons might think one the worse of the two, others the other. To us, certainly, that which was behind their backs appears the worst. Whatever be the case, however, the fact is evident that Father Furniss has made an omission in his little book, by forgetting to state in this place the whole of the case, which has laid him open fairly to misconception. It is simply an instance of oversight, which any Catholic who used the book would instantly repair of his own accord; but which, of course, we can scarcely blame a Protestant for laying hold of. As it has been the occasion in this instance of adding an apparently real weight to charges otherwise baseless, we have no doubt that he has himself been the very first to regret it. Those who have the happiness of knowing him personally would only fear that his zeal for the happiness and innocence of the little ones of Christ's flock would cause him an almost too painful sorrow at the bare thought that he had inadvertently led any single person to misunderstand the general teaching of Catholic moralists. No doubt he considered, what was not at all unreasonable, that his statement, as quoted above, would be taken in practical connection with what he says on the same subject in an earlier page and another section of his book, where he certainly states that he considers the insults he is condemning are worse when committed in a parent's presence than when in his absence, but where he most plainly condemns them under both circumstances. The omission, therefore, in the second place is one which could hardly have been laid hold of, except by those who were either predisposed to misunderstand him, or were unable, from want of comprehension of the laws of moral science, to do him fair justice.

Now for the next accusation, beginning, "What notions of truth or honesty can young persons have," &c.? The instant reply to Father Furniss's critic is this: What notions of truth or honesty can a person have, who in criticising a book of Catholic morals substitutes the word "trivial" for the word "venial," and then fastens upon it one of the most extraordinary instances of exaggeration, perversion, and suicidal assertion, which could be discovered in the writings of intelligent men? Have the conductors of the *Saturday Review* any knowledge of the *meaning* of the Catholic word "venial" as applied to sin? Clearly they have none. Every Catholic, however, knows that it is in no sense an equivalent to the term "trivial." It means sins which may be great or may be little, as the case may be, but yet are not of that

particular *kind* which cannot be committed without forfeiting the grace and favour of God in such a way as to incur the punishment of hell. The term is purely a technical and theological one. It is explained* in almost every little elementary book that you can take up, as being applicable to that numerous class of offences which are forbidden by the laws of God, but which yet do not necessarily banish those who commit them from the number of those who are in His favour as good Christians.

Is, then, the writer before us prepared to deny altogether that there exists any such distinction between one sin and another? Impossible. He cannot do it. None but a ranting Calvinist can maintain a proposition so purely nonsensical and utterly subversive of all practical morality. Is it an equally wicked thing to steal twopence, and to commit murder? Is it as wicked a thing for a maid-servant to nibble at her mistress's tea and sugar two or three times a week, as to play the Sir John Paul, the Leopold Redpath, or the John Sadleir? Is it no sign of a worse disposition and more reckless conscience to steal five shillings from a poor widow who has not another farthing in the world, rather than from the Duke of Sutherland or the Marquis of Westminster? No doubt it is a *sin* in all these cases; it is forbidden by the law of God in them all; and Father Furniss, in this very little book, exhorts children to "live in the firm purpose of *never* committing a venial sin." But will any man of ordinary good sense maintain seriously that in the sight of God all these offences we have named are of equal guilt? Supposing the reviewer has a little boy, pious, well-disposed, and obedient, who, in a moment of temptation, snatches a penny from his father's table, and rushes out to buy some apples from an old woman at the street-door; does the father for one instant suppose that this offence *ipso facto* converts the good little boy into a miserable sinner, whom Almighty God no longer regards with love as an obedient Christian? The very question answers itself. It is too ludicrous to require a serious reply.

Apply, then, the same principle to the reviewer's censure on Father Furniss. He says that Father Furniss teaches that a servant may be in the daily habit of robbing his employer of sums small to him, and be guilty of only a *trivial* fault. This is absolutely untrue. He says nothing about a *daily* committing of the sin, nor does he utter a syllable on the

* And though left unexplained in one edition of F. Furniss's book (Duffy's), it is actually explained in another (Richardson's), both of which the reviewer had under his eyes.

habitual effects of stealing small sums ; and as to the “trivial” nature of the offences, the phrase is a pure invention of the reviewer’s brain. And so with the rest of the supposed deductions contained in the above paragraph. They are unmitigated fudge. What on earth is there in Father Furniss’s words which implies that if you can “manage to plunder several persons in the day,” provided the amount is small, “the offence is still a trivial one” ? It is all pure unmitigated fudge and nonsense. The concluding sentence is even worse. It is really monstrous. “According to this system of ethics, habitual thieving is less criminal than a single theft ; and the greater number of persons robbed, the lighter the offence.” Does this writer really understand the simplest law of reasoning, that he can tack on such an astounding conclusion to such premises ? Or does he deliberately maintain that to steal a pin a great many times, or from a great many persons, is as black a sin as to commit the forgeries of Fauntleroy ?

Next, as to tailors and their “cabbaging.” We beg to remind the reviewer that the question here is as to *sin* ; not as to what may very possibly be undesirable or improper on other and social grounds. Father Furniss is not absolutely justifying or allowing the practices he alludes to. He is stating, whether or not, and in what cases, they are to be regarded as offences against the Infinite Majesty of Almighty God, as a portion of that mountain of guilt which the Eternal Son shed His blood to atone for. Remembering this, then, is it so clear that when it is a universal or a common custom in a country for a tailor or a milliner to keep back sundry fragments of material which are of some little value, and which have not been used in the dresses they have made, he or she commits an actual *sin* in doing this, even though they say nothing about it when they bring the goods home ? We do not say, is the practice justifiable, or not, on other grounds ; but is it a *sin* to follow the common practice in this way, or to do it when a customer drives so hard a bargain that the poor journeyman gets no other payment for his labour ? And the same with the milk, and all the rest of it. Does the reviewer himself, when he swears,—we beg his pardon, reviewers never swear,—when he mildly remarks on the sky-blue tint of the fluid on his breakfast-table, ever in his own conscience deliberately believe that the unfortunate vendor of milk-and-water, who has the honour of supplying him, is guilty of an absolute real *sin* against the great God of heaven and earth ? Nonsense ! He believes nothing of the sort, any more than a parliamentary opposition believe one half of the charges they bring against those who are en-

joying the blessed privilege of sitting on the Treasury benches. He may hold that watering milk or cabbaging cloth is an offence against society; but as for placing it in the category of positive actual sins against Almighty God, it is all moonshine to pretend that any sensible person does so in his own mind.

The next accusation against poor Father Furniss is really too foolish. "It seems somewhat dangerous," we are told, "to teach children that it is wrong to forge, or imitate a person's writing, *if you do any harm with it.*" Now, seriously and candidly, *is* it wrong to imitate another person's writing, when you do it by way of joke, or when no human being can suffer by what you do, when you tell no lies about it, and there is nothing connected with the action which on other grounds is sinful? It may be very bad taste, or very impertinent, or for some reason or other actually wrong, to send a valentine, for instance, in a handwriting so disguised as to imitate that of another person; but is it a sin, that is, is it a sin *in itself*? The deductions which the reviewer appends to these little sentences are *nihil ad rem*. Father Furniss says there is no sin in a certain corporeal act, *if you do no harm with it*. His critic immediately supposes a variety of cases in which harm *is* done with it, and then imputes it to the unlucky moralist that he justifies those particular cases! It is all a ridiculous quibble about the word "forgery." Father Furniss uses the word in its own simple meaning, viz. as the imitating the handwriting of another person; and he says, though there is no harm in the mere act of doing this, don't do it if you would do any one injury thereby. What, then, is the applicability of all this high-bred indignation? "Is a rogue at liberty to commit forgery first, and inquire into the effects of it afterwards?" Of course not. Who said that he was? "A man may write a letter in another's name, and forge his signature. He may have a good motive for doing so; but he intended to deceive, and is guilty of fraud and forgery, be his motive what it may." Here we have the "valentine" question. It may be an actual sin to send a valentine of this kind, because of the injury you might do to another man's feelings, or some similar wrong; but only conceive a man's bringing it into a court of law as a case of "fraud and forgery," as the words are used by the reviewer! Why, judge and jury and counsel would explode with laughter at the bare idea.

Next as to oaths. Says Father Furniss, "It is not an oath to say, Faith—Troth—On my life—On my conscience—True as I stand here—True as Gospel. It is not an oath to

say, I swear—God's truth—God knows—I declare to God, unless you mean those words for an oath; but it is commonly a venial sin to say such words." Whereon, says the reviewer, "Some of these formulas look very like taking God's name in vain," and so forth. Now do let us treat the question with a little common sense. *Is* it an oath to say, "troth," "faith," "on my life," and all the rest of it, in common talk? Nonsense! Not even Quakerism run to seed could seriously pretend any thing so absurdly hollow and unreal. Nobody but a critic in a state of excitement against Popish casuistry could commit himself to such a transparent sham.

"Some of these formulas," quoth the reviewer, "look very like taking God's name in vain." No doubt they do; and if they imply any thing like irreverence in the speaker, or culpable thoughtlessness, or an intention to deceive under the sanction of the name of God, they are either venial or mortal sins. But does any sane man, not warped by controversial excitement, imagine that to exclaim "God knows," or "I declare to God," in common conversation is a *mortal* sin, when you mean nothing serious by them? We repeat, that they may be profane and unjustifiable expressions, that is, downright sins; but the question is, are they "oaths" when used thus thoughtlessly? "When you *mean* these words for an oath," says Father Furniss, "they become oaths." Of course they do. Who doubts it? What sense, then, is there in the reviewer's indignation about this hypothetical "calling on the Almighty to bear witness to a lie"? Father Furniss never says a syllable about *lies* at all in connection with these profane expressions. The reviewer has tacked all that on from his own invention, and then lectures Father Furniss for teaching society "such execrable doctrines."

A similar answer is to be given to the next paragraph about oaths in a court of justice. The reviewer adds certain circumstances, out of his own fertile imagination, to the moralist's words, and then pitches into him for an astounding piece of false casuistry such as never entered into his head. Father Furniss is teaching children what it is that converts certain words into an actual oath. And he says, that when you don't know what these words mean, or when you use them intentionally not as an oath in your own mind, they do not possess the nature of an oath. But he does not utter one word as to its being lawful for you knowingly to do this in a court of justice. He is defining the essential nature of a particular act; and he states that this act, under special circumstances, is not of the nature of an oath. But how does this imply that you are justified in introducing those very

circumstances at your own pleasure on every possible occasion? A doctor tells a patient that wine is a wholesome beverage; does that imply that it is desirable or lawful to drink yourself into a fit of *delirium tremens*? The practical question is, whether it is allowable for a man to assume a right to affix a non-natural meaning to his words whenever he chooses; as, for instance, when he takes the words of an oath in a court of justice. And Father Furniss does not breathe a hint that such a thing is lawful. Really, a sensible and honourable publication like the *Saturday Review* ought to have been prepared to understand the bearings of the case better. Let us remind Father Furniss's critic of this fact, which he knows as well as we do, that it is just as easy to bind the conscience of a Catholic in a court of justice as to bind the conscience of a Protestant. If our casuistry allows us to get out of the obligation of an oath by secretly meaning not to take it, how is it that in such countless instances Catholics have given up every thing most dear to man rather than take certain oaths proposed to them? If we do not hold ourselves bound by legal oaths, why did we remain out of Parliament until the old oaths were repealed in our case by the Emancipation Act? Why, for three centuries, have we suffered in Great Britain and Ireland every extremity of persecution, when we might have avoided all by a few hypocritical professions or oaths, to which in our hearts we gave no assent? With such facts before us, are we not justified in complaining when we see intelligent, candid, and honourable men so blinded by prepossessions as to torture the simplest statements of scientific morals into extravagant and monstrous charges, which are proved to be impossible by the whole course of the events of the last three hundred years?

Lastly, the reviewer lays hold of Dr. Cullen's *Imprimatur* as a proof that all these horrible enormities are taught by the whole Catholic Church. When *shall* we be allowed to explain the meaning of our own technical and official phraseology? When will the liberty which is conceded to every body else in the land be conceded to us unlucky Papists? When will people leave off insisting upon it that we shall be held answerable for what they expect us to mean, instead of that which we declare we do mean? Here is a little book with the Archbishop of Dublin's official *Imprimatur*. What Catholic supposes that this *Imprimatur* is equivalent to a decision of the whole Catholic Church, with the Pope at its head, that every word in it is true; and more than that, that nothing is ever omitted in it which it might be desirable to insert? Dr. Cullen's approbation means nothing more than

that the book contains nothing manifestly contrary to the doctrines and morals on which the Catholic Church has actually set her seal of approval. It does not commit him to a distinct personal agreement of opinion in every expression or every deduction which the writer may have drawn from what the Church actually has sanctioned. A book comes before the public with an episcopal sanction, implying that it contains nothing contrary to Catholic faith or morals. But how unfair to deduce from this statement all sorts of consequences never intended or implied! How ridiculous to suppose that any Catholic bishop pretends to such an official infallibility as will prevent him from an occasional oversight; or to convert his general approval into an acquiescence in every private opinion of the writer; or, above all, to exalt his *Imprimatur* into an assertion that the work is immaculate, as a wise, prudent, and complete composition!

As our readers have seen, we ourselves, in our own opinions, are perfectly ready to accept and defend Father Furniss's statement in every point on which he has been assailed, with one exception. In that exception, as we think, are two points which we should have been glad to have seen altered. First, an accidental omission tends to create an erroneous impression of the writer's meaning; secondly, we happen to differ from Father Furniss as to the relative heinousness of two forms of the same offence. But, as Catholics, it never occurs to us to suppose that Dr. Cullen's *Imprimatur* implies that he would not agree with us rather than with Father Furniss on these two details. Surely it would be ridiculous in a bishop to refuse his *Imprimatur* to the book of a zealous and devoted ecclesiastic, just because he differed from him in one or two points of delicate casuistry. We know nothing whatever of Dr. Cullen's views on this particular opinion; but we suspect he would be surprised at being held responsible for every private detail of opinion in the books which he sanctions, when they are on points on which every single Catholic has just as good a right to hold an opinion as he has himself. When will the world learn what is the real *nature* of the authority which ecclesiastical superiors exercise in the Catholic Church? When will it understand that no individual bishop or priest claims infallibility; and that it is perfectly reasonable and intelligible that an inferior should in action submit to the decisions of a superior, when those actions are not contrary to the clear law of God, even though he himself may think them not perfectly judicious or prudent? "The Church of England," says the reviewer, "does not pretend to be an infallible guide;" and thus he believes that he has

finally floored Father Furniss and the Archbishop. But does Dr. Cullen "pretend to be an infallible guide" in every thing that he does or says? Not a bit of it. And we can assure the reviewer, that if Dr. Cullen did make such a pretence, he would be the most extraordinary specimen of a Catholic prelate we ever heard of in the whole world.

With a word or two as to the principles of reasoning adopted in all books of Catholic morals, we will now end our criticisms on Father Furniss's critic. The science of Catholic casuistry is the detailed application of the principles or general laws of morals to the actions of human life; both in their separate and their united bearings. It does not satisfy itself with vague generalities, or unintelligent denunciations. It states, under various divisions and subdivisions, the connection between the human act and the divine law. It says, this action is wrong on this account, but not on that account; or it is wrong under these conditions, but not wrong under others; or its guilt is of this class, and not of that class. Its aim is to be correct as opposed to that of being rhetorical. Its business is to instruct the conscience, and not to influence it. The influencing of the conscience, and the application of the detailed propositions of moral science to individual persons, is a separate thing; and to expect us to be doing one thing when we are professing to be doing another, is most unreasonable. When you take up a law-book, do you expect to find yourself addressed in the style in which an advocate addresses a jury? When you read a treatise on anatomy, are you disappointed because you find no instructions for drilling and dancing, or for the judicious placing of the fingers in playing the fiddle?

In this, indeed, consists the great contrast of Protestant books with Catholic books. Protestantism, with few exceptions, does not treat of sins with any enlightened and instructive accuracy. It does it all in the lump. It scolds a wretched little boy who steals lollipops as if he were a Judas Iscariot. It is a mere alternation between laxity and bugaboo. Vague descriptions of indefinite guilt, and exaggerated pictures of the enormity of actions of a clearly doubtful character, with an almost entire absence of detailed instructions to guide the tender, the timid, or the scrupulous conscience,—these things, with few exceptions, make up the staple of non-Catholic moral instruction. And accordingly, when Protestants, of even a more cultivated and rational class, stumble upon the exact analyses of human actions which are to be found in Catholic books of moral theology, they are as liable to misunderstand what they read, as a man who thinks all law hum-

bug, and all lawyers quibbling rogues, is sure to misunderstand a work on the statutes of the realm or the common law of England.

It is, in fact, only by calling to mind the vast difficulty that a subject philosophically treated presents to those who know it only in a popular and rhetorical shape, that we can account for such criticisms as those of the *Saturday Reviewer*, on any theory consistent with a belief in his candour and sincerity. We have no doubt that to many Catholics the criticism before us would seem incompatible with single-minded honesty in a clever man. For ourselves, we do not feel that we are driven to such a conclusion. We know how incomprehensible any scientific subject is to the unscientific mind; and we can quite understand how a person of intelligence and acuteness in other matters will flounder right and left the moment he comes to the domain of morals, when he has been all his life accustomed to the unpractical and vague generalities of Protestant teaching. At the same time we consider that we have a right to complain when writers of this class do not begin their study of our books by mastering the first principles of moral science; or when they seek to give force to their strictures by assertions which violate all the notions of right and wrong on which they themselves act in their own daily lives.

LIFE AND MARTYRDOM OF THOMAS ALFIELD.

WE proceed this month to give some account of a valiant soldier of the cross, concerning whom so little has hitherto been known, that the last most industrious biographer of Catholics, Dr. Oliver, has been forced to content himself with the following notice: * “Thomas Alfield, a native of Gloucestershire, was ordained priest at Rheims in 1581; the following year witnessed him a prisoner of the faith; his condemnation took place on 5th July 1585; and the next day from Tyburn I trust he was translated into heaven.” Challoner is a little more full, but far from satisfactory. Our researches enable us to give the following information.

The father of our martyr was a Gloucestershire man, who in the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. became an under master of Eton, where his son was educated, and in due

* Oliver: *Collections for the History of the Catholic Religion in the Western Counties.* (Dolman, 1857, p. 103.)

time sent thence to a fellowship at King's College, Cambridge. The young man was afterwards reconciled to the Church, and went over to the College at Rheims, where he studied under the pseudonym of Badger. He was made priest in 1581, and sent on the English mission in the same year. In 1582, he was a prisoner in London. In a prisoner's certificate sent into Walsingham, in March 1583, we find the entry, "Discharged, Thos. Alfield." As he is not noted as a priest, we may be sure that his sacerdotal character was as yet unknown to the authorities. He must have been liberated before Christmas 1582, for he spent that feast with his father in Gloucestershire. Soon after, in the beginning of Hilary term 1583, he went to the house of Mr. John Pauncefoot, of Haskeld, three miles from Gloucester, a principal Catholic of the county, and remained there three days with one Sir Maurice, a minister, formerly of Gloucester, but who in 1584 had left that city for Somerton, the benefice of which place was offered to him. At Haskeld, Alfield was found by his brother-in-law, John Mynore, a gentleman of Aldersgate Street, London. We next find Alfield at this Mr. Mynore's house in London, in the beginning of Michaelmas term 1583, together with Mr. and Mrs. Pauncefoot. There he continued till Mynore left London for Gloucester, December 21, 1583, going openly abroad, and boldly exercising his function in London. Mynore, who was apprehended in Gloucester, declared he did not know that any special search had been made for his brother-in-law for the last year, nor that he had been beyond sea during that time; he certainly knew he was a seminary priest, but nevertheless he did not declare to any justice or public officer that he was in his house. This information was sent by the mayor and aldermen of Gloucester to Walsingham, enclosed in a letter, dated January 16, 1584, wherein they tell the secretary, that as they had heard that Mynore was to come to Gloucester to bring letters from Alfield about a suit against Thomas Hale in the Star-chamber, and as they knew that Alfield was a seminary priest, they thought it very convenient to examine Mynore for discovery of his whole knowledge concerning him, and to send up the confession, together with the body of the party, which they delivered to Richard Gascoyne and John Hodgkinson, two of the pursuivants employed by the high commissioners. The letter is signed by John Webb, mayor.

It is evident by this examination that Walsingham suspected Alfield of being a "common intelligencer" between the English Catholics and the fugitives, and that he had in consequence issued strict orders for his arrest to the magis-

trates of all the places which he was supposed to frequent. These suspicions were not far wrong, as we learn from the following "intelligence" given by Thomas Dodwell, an apostate, about the end of February 1584:

"Randall, searcher at Gravesend, receiveth money of passengers for suffering them to pass without searching. I myself escaped twice in this manner, having the first time in my company Bagshawe, now a seminary priest; Maurice, some time of her majesty's chapel, now of the Pope's; and Owen, now at Rome. The second time, Hunt, who is now in the Marshalsea, Sir Thomas Gerrard's second son, Knight, Broughton, Alfield, and Pouncefoot, son and heir of Mr. Pouncefoot, of Gloucestershire; and the aforesaid Alfield hath conveyed him over within this month." Dodwell also writes that "Alfield alias Badger, Somerfield alias Holland, Woodfen, Askew alias Nutter, Barnes alias Bond, Young alias Adams, are to be apprehended with as much speed as may be, for they withdraw more subjects from their obedience towards her majesty than any in England of equal number. These are the men that council them to be stedfast in their opinions, persuading them that the Protestant religion cannot last long, and when the world changeth they shall live in credit for ever; they give council to whomsoever they are acquainted with to go over."

Alfield, who, according to this report, was one of the most active of the English priests, left England about the end of January 1584, and did not return till about midsummer. Walsingham, however, had a rod in pickle for him. This statesman,—of whom Ben Jonson was perhaps thinking when he wrote,

"Treasons and guilty men are made in states
Too oft to dignify the magistrates,"

and who reduced the great body of his fellow-subjects to that wretched condition of being

"forced to buy
Their rulers' fame with their own infamy,"—

could not conceive that a man could cross and recross the straits of Dover without hatching a plot to kill the queen; therefore, in Alfield's absence, he prepared a set of questions, to be administered to him, as soon as he could be caught, by the nearest magistrate. A copy is in the State-Paper Office, dated March 30, 1584. He was to be asked, Why the Duke of Guise had taken arms against the French king? By whom is he set on, and what party has he in France? What are his chances of success? If he succeeds in France, will he turn his attention to Scotland and England? Is not he (Alfield) commissioned to give the English Catholics hopes of a league for their emancipation between the duke, the King of Spain, and

the Pope? Then follow questions about plots for delivering Mary Queen of Scots, about Morgan, Paget, and the Bishop of Ross, and about Creighton and Holt, the Jesuits.

But the apostolic man was no plotter, no politician like Walsingham, no fellow that would circumvent God. He was a missionary, who delighted, in the intervals of his perilous labours, to risk his life in smuggling young men out of England to be educated as Catholics, and in smuggling Catholic books into England for the edification of the faithful and the conversion of inquirers; and he returned, about midsummer 1584, laden with a fatal cargo. In the previous year the English government had published a pamphlet, generally supposed to have been written by Burghley, called *The Execution of Justice in England*. The government testified its own opinion of the validity of Burghley's reasonings when it threatened to hang any man that attempted to answer them, or that distributed or kept in his possession any such reply. The arguments are, indeed, but too worthless. Every English priest is and must be a traitor; and therefore all who have been executed have been executed for treason, and not for religion. Yes, indeed, when John Bodie had affirmed that the Pope, and not the Emperor Constantine, had convoked the Council of Nice, did not the English judges declare it to be constructive treason, and sentence John Bodie to be drawn and quartered accordingly? After this, what words might not be "constructive treason"? Then, again, was not the face of the Earl of Westmoreland covered with pimples, and his body with ulcers? Was he not bereaved of his children? What more manifest token of God's wrath can any sane man require? No wonder that the writer of such miserable stuff wished to exorcise the demon of controversy by a free use of the gibbet, and that consequently the pamphlet remained unanswered in England. But Dr. Allen, at Rheims, was in no such straits. In 1584 he published his *True and modest Defence of English Catholics that suffer for their Faith*, wherein, with admirable self-possession and dignity, he tears off the mask of loathsome hypocrisy in which Burghley had invested himself, and proves that many priests were put to death even before the law which identified priesthood with treason was invented, and that even laymen suffered for religion alone. One by one does the cardinal produce his instances, with an effect which could only be counteracted in one way—by preventing the circulation of his book. We will give a few specimens from his pages. He tells us of

"Thomas Sherwood, a layman, indicted, adjudged, and put to death for questions of the queen's supremacy in cases spiritual, and

other articles made capital by the new law only, two years at least before this fiction of conspiracy against the realm or person of princes was made or heard of. The same year was a reverend priest named Mr. John Nelson condemned and executed for affirming (being driven thereunto by the commissioners' captious interrogatories) the queen's religion to be heretical and schismatical, which is made death, not by the old law of the realm, nor by any other of any Christian country, but only by the 23d reginæ, and that only by a special clause, that none shall affirm her majesty that now is (for it holdeth not in other princes' cases) to be a heretic or schismatic, under pain of incurring high treason and death. After this, Mr. Everard Hance was indicted, and so condemned to death, which he constantly suffered, only upon a statute made in the last parliament of all, by which it is made capital to persuade any man to the Catholic religion, into the compass of which law they violently drew the blessed man by calumnious interpretation of his speeches, when he affirmed, being urged thereunto, that the Pope was his superior in causes spiritual, and had in such matters spiritual as good right as he ever had in England, or hath at this day in Rome; for which words, though enforced from him, he was there presently indicted, arraigned, and condemned to death, and soon after most cruelly executed; whose case, together with that of Mr. Nelson, which goeth before, declareth what truth is in this libeller, who writeth here in one place, 'That none are for their contrary opinions in religion persecuted, or charged with any crimes or pains of treason, nor yet willingly searched in their consciences for their contrary opinions.' Here may be named also Mr. William Lacey, a worshipful gentleman, who was condemned to death not long since at York for that he confessed he had obtained a dispensation for digamy of the Pope's holiness to be made priest, and that according to the said dispensation he was made priest, either of which points by their late laws of religion is deadly. . . . With this man was Mr. Kirkman, a happy priest, also martyred for that he acknowledged himself to have reconciled certain persons to the Catholic Church. For which cause likewise were put to death, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Hart, and Mr. Threlkeld afterwards, in the same city of York, for hearing confessions and absolving and reconciling sinners to the favour of God."

"What days and times you hear or say mass? How many you have reconciled? What have you heard in confession? Who resorts to your preachings? Who harbours Catholics and priests? Who sustains, aids, and comforts them? Who have their children and pupils in the society and seminaries beyond sea? Where such a Jesuit or priest is to be found? Where and by whom are Catholic books printed? To whom are they uttered in England? These were the interrogatories for which the famous confessor Briant was tormented with needles thrust under his nails, and racked in cruel sort, and specially punished with two whole days and nights' famine, which they attribute to obstinacy, but indeed, sustained in Christ's

quarrel, it was indeed most honourable constancy. Sherwyn was asked where Parsons and Campion were, and whether he had said mass in Mr. Roscarrock's chamber, and what money he had given him. Mr. Thompson, a venerable and learned priest, was put to torments only to get out of him to what end he kept certain super-altaries, and where he intended to bestow them. But Mr. Thomas Cottam thus spoke at the bar, and avouched openly in the presence of the rackmaster, *verbatim*, 'Indeed you are searchers of secrets, for you would needs know of me what penance I was enjoined by my ghostly father for my sins committed; and I acknowledge my frailty, that, to avoid the intolerable torment of the rack, I confessed, God forgive me, what they demanded therein; but when they further urged me to utter also what my sins were, for which that penance was enjoined me,—a loathsome and unchristian question,—I then answered that I would not disclose my offences saving to God and to my ghostly father alone; whereupon they sore tormented me, and still pressed me with the same demand, and I persisted that it was a most barbarous inhuman question, and that I would not answer though they tormented me to death.' Thus spake Mr. Cottam at his arraignment, wherewith the enemies being ashamed, the Lieutenant of the Tower there present began to deny the whole; whereto Mr. Cottam replied again thus, 'And is not this true? Here is present Dr. Hammon, with the rest of the commissioners that were at my racking, to whose consciences I appeal. God is my witness that it is most true, and you know that Sir George Carey did ask me these unnatural questions, deny it if you can. In truth, all your torture and demands, every one were of no other treasons but matters of mere conscience, faith, and religion, or else of such follies as I have rehearsed.' "

This crushing reply to Burghley's sophisms was published at the very time when Alfield was abroad. The zealous missionary was delighted, and determined to import some boxes of copies to his native country. He had landed safely, and had succeeded in distributing several, when he was apprehended. All the former suspicions of his treasonable correspondence with the Duke of Guise and the rest were forgotten in the presence of this new enormity. He, and those who had helped him, were thrown into prison, and there horribly racked to make them discover to whom they had distributed the books. Long after his execution the name of Alfield was quite a bugbear to the government; prisoners were continually asked whether they had known him; even as late as 1591 James Clayton, prisoner in Carlisle, is asked by the bishop "whether he was acquainted with Awfield, the priest now executed, and whether he was at Sheffield with him." Dr. Challoner, on the authority of Bridgewater, tells us that Webley, a dyer, was Alfield's chief instrument in dis-

persing the books. We have not found this man's name, but the examinations of two other abettors are preserved in the State-Paper Office.

"Edmond Raynolds, examined by Dr. Underhill, Vice-chancellor of Oxford, knows Alfield of Gloucester, the schoolmaster's son; has been twice in his company, once five or six years ago, the other time in Oxford, between Midsummer and Michaelmas last. Alfield gave him two books, one against the *Execution of Justice*, the other against Whitaker, written by William Raynolds, this examinant's brother. They were given to him as a present from his brother; he paid nothing for them; never received any other books, and does not know that Alfield distributed any other. He burned the book against the *Execution of Justice*, and has the other now in his custody."

"James Barber, examined the same day, received a trunk with books directed to him,—he thinks from Alfield,—to be conveyed to Gloucester; opened it, and saw a book against the *Execution of Justice*; shut it again, and took it to a joiner's house, whence it was sent to Gloucester. His wife wrote to him that she opened the box, and took the books into a closet, where by the vice-chancellor's means they were found, and burnt in the open street. Does not know where his wife is."*

Besides Webley, Raynolds, and Barber, two priests, Leonard Hyde and William Wiggs, appear by a document in the State-Paper Office† to have been implicated with Alfield. The three priests were removed to Newgate, and there tried for the same offence, as we shall see, though neither in the indictment nor in the account of the trial do we find any other name but Alfield's. He was brought to the bar July 5th. The grand jury soon found a true bill, and presented that

"There was an Act of Parliament passed January 16, anno reginæ 23 (1582), making it felony, without benefit of clergy in any way, to publish, disperse, print, or write any book, rythm, song, or ballad, containing scandalous matter against the queen, or calculated to excite rebellion in the realm, or to change the established form of religion, whether the offence were committed in England or in any other part of the world."‡

This act was originally aimed against the Catholic ballad-mongers, who, after Campion's martyrdom, annoyed the government by singing his praises. One Vallenger was an especial nuisance, and the poor persecuted lords of the council had to content themselves with the very slight vengeance of a heavy fine, cutting off both his ears, and making him

* Domestic, May 1, 1585.

† May 27, 1585.

‡ British Museum, Lansdowne Mss., vol. xxxiii. art. 58 (in Latin).

stand in the pillory. They determined, however, that the next offender should not get off so easily, so this act was passed, in virtue of which many Catholics (and Puritans also) afterwards suffered death; for it was ruled by the judges that to publish, sell, or give away a book in which fault was found with the queen's religion brought a person within its meaning.

The indictment goes on to say that,

“In spite of this law, a certain William Allen, doctor of divinity, wishing to bring odium on the queen, and to make all her subjects think she was a heretic, and fallen from the Christian faith, caused to be printed a certain book containing false, seditious, and scandalous matter, calculated to excite rebellion, and to overturn the true and sincere worship of God now established in this kingdom, containing these words, that is to say,

‘They (Campion, Sherwin, and others) might have spoken their minds boldly now at their passage and departure from this world, as sithence that time we understand a worshipful lay gentleman (one James Leybourne, indicted of high treason) did, who protested, both at his arraignment and death, that her majesty was not his lawful queen, for two respects, one for her birth, the other for her excommunication. Her highness has sought neither dispensation for the first, nor absolution for the second.

‘By the fall of the king from the faith the danger is so evident and inevitable, that God had not sufficiently provided for our salvation and the preservation of his Church and holy laws, if there were no way to deprive or restrain apostate princes. We see how the whole world did run from Christ after Julian to plain paganism, after Valens to Arianism, after Edward VI. with us into Zuinglianism, and would do into Turcism, if any powerable prince would lead his subjects that way. If our faith or perdition should on this sort pass by the pleasure of every secular prince, and no remedy for it in the state of the new testament, but men must hold and obey him, to what infidelity soever he fall, then we were in worse case than heathen, and all other human commonwealths, which, both before Christ and after, have had means to deliver themselves from such tyrants as were intolerable, and evidently pernicious to human authority.

‘The bond and obligation we have entered into for the service of Christ and the Church far exceedeth all other duty which we owe to any human creature, and therefore where the obedience to the inferior hindereth the service of the other which is superior, we must by law and order discharge ourselves of the inferior. The wife, if she cannot live with her own husband, being an infidel or any heretic, without injury or dishonour to God, she may depart from him; or, contrariwise, he from her for the like cause; neither oweth the innocent party, nor the other can lawfully claim, any conjugal duty or debt in this case. The very bond slave, which is in another kind no less bound to his lord and master than the subject to his

sovereign, may also, by the ancient imperial laws, depart and refuse to obey and serve him if he become a heretic; yea, *ipso facto*, he is made free. Finally, the parents that become heretics lose the superiority and dominion they have by law and nature over their own children; therefore let no man marvel that in case of heresy the sovereign loseth the superiority over his people and kingdom.

‘And as for his holiness’s action in Ireland, we, who are neither so wise as to be worthy, nor so malapert as to challenge to know his intentions, councils, and dispositions of those matters, can nor will neither defend nor condemn. Only this is evident, that these small succours which were given by him to the Irish, or rather suffered at their own adventure to go into those wars, came upon the importunity and suit of the sore-afflicted Catholics, and some of the chiefest nobility in that country. Of whose continual complaint, known calamity, and intolerable distresses of consciences, and otherwise, it may be he was moved with compassion, and did that in case of religion against one whom he took in his own judgment rightly by his predecessor’s sentence to be deposed, and in a quarrel in his sight most just and godly; and perhaps he was the rather ready to do this for Ireland, for that the See Apostolic hath an old claim to the sovereignty of that country.

‘And this our country’s scourge proceeding wholly of our forsaking the Catholic Church and See Apostolic, began first in King Henry VIII.’s days, being *radix peccati* of our days.’”

The indictment then proceeds :

“Whereas in truth the queen neither was nor is heretical, nor an apostate from the Christian faith, and has not lost her superiority and right over her whole people and realm, wherein in truth no Roman bishop hath power to deprive or depose any prince. Yet one Thomas Alfield, late of London, clerk, not regarding the afore-said statute, did feloniously, on the 10th of September, in the twenty-sixth year of the queen, at London, in Broad-Street Ward, advisedly and with malicious intent against the queen, cause to be published and exhibited the said book of William Allen, containing the said false seditions, and scandalous matters above rehearsed in English, and many more to the defamation of the queen, and to the exciting of insurrection and rebellion in the realm, &c.”

Such was the indictment; another Ms. (Lansdowne, vol. xlv. art. 74) will tell us how the trial was conducted. The paper in question seems to have been written for publication, though Burghley thought it better to have it suppressed. It is thus headed :

“The effect and the substance of the matter that was done and spoken at the arraignment of Thomas Alfield at Newgate, upon Monday, 5th July 1585.

First, he and his fellows were brought from Newgate, and placed at the bar, my Lord Mayor, my Lord Buckhurst, the Master of the

Rolls, my Lord Anderson, Mr. Sackforth, Sir Rowland Heywood, Mr. Owen, Mr. Young, and the Recorder sat down upon the bench; Mr. Town-clerk read the commission of oyer and determiner. After this, a substantial jury of the best commoners, to the number of twenty, or thereabouts, were sworn to inquire, &c. Then the recorder gave that special charge that belongeth to the commission; after that done, the inquest of inquiry went up into the Council Chamber at the Sessions Hall, in which place Mr. Attorney and Mr. Solicitor did read unto the inquest the three* several indictments. There the offenders upon good evidence given were indicted; *Billa vera* was set upon every one of them. The inquest returned to the court, and being called by name, they presented the bills to the court. The town-clerk received them, and delivered them to the recorder, and he opened them, and showed them to the rest of the justices how they were found. And thereupon the town-clerk was willed to call them to the bar and so to arraign them, who began first with Alfield. And the indictment read, he was demanded whether he were guilty of the matter contained in that indictment, to the which he would make no answer, and prayed that he might be heard speak; and thereupon he used a certain frivolous speech containing no matter, the effect whereof was that the cause in question was such that the same ought to be tried before learned men in divinity, and not before laymen; and after, with much ado, he pleaded not guilty; and being asked how he would be tried, and also being told that he ought to be tried by God and the country, he made a long stay, and said that it was no reason that twelve ignorant men should try a matter of religion, and that it ought to be tried by learned men; and then was it told him that a matter of fact was laid to his charge, viz. for bringing into the realm and of uttering a certain slanderous and lewd book against her majesty and the realm, devised by one Dr. Allen. To the which Alfield answered and said expressly, that the same book was a loyal book, a lawful book, a good and true book, and that the same was printed at Paris under the king's privilege there, and was allowed for a good and lawful book throughout all the universities in Christendom beyond the seas, and that it taught nothing but matters of religion. And being asked whether it were a matter of religion that the Pope had authority to deprive the Queen of England, he answered that in generality it was a matter of religion that the Pope had authority to deprive any king if he saw cause, for that the Pope was a regal king and prince, and that he might take arms in hand as well as other kings might do. It was answered him, that the court sat not to try matters of religion, but a matter *de facto*, that whether he brought the said slanderous books into the realm, and whether he had dispersed them. To the which he answered, that he had brought five or six hundred of the same books into the realm, and that he had dispersed them as he saw occasion; and further, he affirmed expressly that the book was a good book and lawful, and declared, as he had before done,

* Namely, against Thomas Alfield, William Wiggs, and Leonard Hyde.

how the same was allowed, &c. And after he was urged to put himself upon his trial, and was put in remembrance what the punishment of the law was, if judgment were given against him *de peine fort et dure*, and therefore it was asked him how he would be tried, and he answered, by God and the country; and then he was told by the court, that upon the evidence given he should be heard at large; and then was a jury of very sufficient commoners called, and he was especially warned by the town-clerk to take his challenges unto them as they should come to the book to be sworn. The jury being sworn, the indictment was read, the which contained divers false, lewd, and slanderous parts of Dr. Allen's book, tending plainly, and by express words, not only to treason, but most manifest and shameful slanders against her majesty. Yet did Alfield not stick to say, that it touched not the queen any more than it did the French king or Spanish king. He travelled very much to make the commissioners believe that they understood not the slanderous book, adding this withal, the same book was especially devised and written by Dr. Allen to answer him who had written the book of justice of England, and not to slander the queen. And after much speech used and many repetitions made, all to one effect, by Alfield, there was delivered to the jury one of the books to compare the words of the indictment with the book and the examinations; and they finding them to agree, and hearing him so stout to justify the same to be a loyal book, they returned after a competent time, and being called by name, and the prisoner being called to the bar, they were asked first of Alfield whether he were guilty of the offence that was contained in the indictment. The foreman said, Guilty, &c. And after being asked what he could say why judgment of death should not be given against him, he answered that the offence was pardoned. The pardon was read, and it was told him that his offence was excepted out of the pardon; and then did the recorder call him forth, and recited the effect of the indictment, and how that he was found guilty; and told him that he wondered that his father, in King Henry VIII.'s days, being an usher of Eton and of a good religion, and had brought up many learned divines and others that served the queen in temporal causes, whereof hundreds, the recorder himself was one of the meanest, and that the same prisoner passed through the same college, and so to the queen's college, being both of the queen's highness's foundation, and now had he so unnaturally and beastly behaved himself, that he was become the first that ever was arraigned of felony of any that ever passed those colleges by the space of these fifty years and more; and then said the recorder, Ye know that Christ paid tribute to Cæsar, and commanded that Cæsar should be obeyed, and that each man should yield to Cæsar his duties; and that St. Paul, at the end of the Acts, was accused of religion by the Jews, and it was told him that he should be sent to Jerusalem to be tried before the priest there; and he answered that he stood before the tribunal or judgment-seat of Cæsar, and there he ought to be tried; and so he appealed to Cæsar, where his cause

was heard, and he dismissed. Here, quoth the recorder, ye see that Christ commanded that Cæsar should be obeyed, he said not deposed; and St. Paul did appeal to Cæsar, and not to Peter, because he took Cæsar to be his lawful king, and all men know that Cæsar was not of the faith of Christ, nor yet did he believe as St. Paul did. And after a few words more, he gave judgment, and commanded the sheriff to do execution. This Alfield appeared to have no skill at all, either in the Old or New Testament; there appeared no manner of learning in him; he was bold, stout, and arrogant. He behaved himself more arrogantly than any the commissioners had heard or seen in their time. His words were such against her majesty that all the people fell into a murmur. He never used one word of reverence towards her highness, and all his passage to execution the people offered to pray with him, and he refused their offer, and said that if there were any Catholics there, he would be glad to have their assistance."

Leonard Hyde and William Wiggs were spared the gallows, but condemned to a lifelong imprisonment. We find them at Wisbeach in 1595. Webley suffered with Alfield; both were offered their lives if they would go to church, but both refused. They were executed the day after Alfield's trial, July 6, 1585. Their offence being felony, not treason, they were only hanged, not butchered alive with the knife of the executioner. Both (says the author of *Crudelitatis Calvinianæ exempla*, published about the end of 1585) endured their punishment with the greatest patience and constancy, to the great edification of the people.

SEYMOUR'S CURSE;

OR,

THE LAST MASS OF OWSLEBURY:

A Legend of Edward the Sixth's Reign.

BY CECILIA CADDELL.

—◆—

WHILE Amy slowly ascended the path which led to the village, her brother remained with his eyes so riveted on her receding form, that he saw not another maiden advancing towards him from behind the yew-tree, beneath which his conversation with his sister had taken place. The lady who now approached was of tall and almost majestic figure, looking

older by some years than Amy, as in fact she was, besides being of a style of beauty which rather added to her years than detracted from them. The jet-black hair, the large liquid eyes brimful of passion, the classic features, proud and haughty even in their beautiful repose, the full development of the graceful figure,—all conveyed the idea of a woman who had reached the utmost perfection of her beauty, and to whom any further change must be the commencement of decay. Slowly she advanced towards Bernard, and her step, stately as it was, was yet so light upon the gravel that he never heard it, never saw her, never so much as dreamt of her presence there, even after she was standing at his side, and had fixed her burning eyes upon him with such a strange mixture of love and hatred in their glance, that it would have been difficult for the most intimate of her associates to have guessed which of the two was the predominant passion.

“Bernard,” she said at length, the proud blood mantling even to her forehead at this unwonted inattention to her presence,—“Bernard, hast thou, then, so entirely forgotten Katherine?”

Her voice sent the blood, though from a very different cause, to the cheek and brow of the youthful priest; but it was back again to his heart in an instant, and he was, if possible, paler than before, as he turned to confront the lady who addressed him. Katherine lifted her eyes wistfully, it might almost be termed in one so proud as she was, but there was nothing in the clear depths of the dark orbs that met her own to soothe her wounded pride—nothing to rekindle long-vanished hopes in the calm measure of the voice that responded to her question of, “Hast thou forgotten Katherine?”

“Not if Katherine forgets not herself. And what would she now of her unworthy kinsman?”

“Thou art no prophet to ask the question, Bernard,” she evasively replied. “Marry, I did wish to look on one who, for all that he might have ruffled it with the goodliest knights of King Edward’s court, hath chosen rather to make a mummer of himself in the sandalled shoon and dingy garb of a monk of the old papal superstitions.”

“Thou wert ever of a quick wit, fair cousin,” replied the other coldly; “and so long as it is used against my poor person only, thou art welcome to let fly its sharpest arrows.”

“Nay,” continued Katherine, feigning that she had not heard him, “there be men who do even whisper that, not content with the cowl and cord, thou hast set thy heart upon

the martyr's palm as well, by the doughty resolution thou hast come to of reading the old idolatrous Latin Mass to-morrow in the wretched little village-church where chance or thine own perversity has fixed thy doom."

It was plain by Katherine's manner that she was rather hazarding a guess at his intentions than declaring what she knew for certain; and perhaps she feared, perhaps she hoped, that she had hit upon a fact; but it was next to impossible to read the ambiguous language of her eyes correctly.

"The cowl and cord," replied the young priest calmly, "would ill become me if I neglected the work for which I donned them. Natheless, as thou already knowest, Katherine, however it may suit thee to feign ignorance of the matter, I am not a monk, but an anointed priest, and one, too, who will never shrink from the duties of that office (so help me God and our most dear Lady), whatever the false wit or wisdom of the world may produce in argument against it."

"Which most eloquent oration amounteth but to this, sir knight of the cowl and cord, that thou wilt read the Latin idolatries of Rome to-morrow in preference to breaking to the people the word of God in the only language that can give it meaning to their ears."

"Which oration, eloquent or not, doth simply amount to this, that I will use the language which the Church hath consecrated to such holy office ever since the days when Peter taught at Rome, and kings and emperors came and bowed them before the throne of his successors."

"And knowest thou not that a certain penalty hath been attached by the wisdom of our rulers to such an infringement of the law, sir priest."

"Katherine, I know it well. But I do also know that a yet more terrible penalty attaches to that frailty which, out of undue deference to the creature man, is guilty of high treason to the Creator God."

"Thou speakest bravely," replied Katherine. "But it is already whispered that once or twice thou hast been guilty on this count already; and I warrant me thou hast never thought that if thine offence to-morrow can be proven to be the *third* one, the imprisonment thou dost hold so lightly will be for life."

"And if indeed it be so, surely I can obey it, Katherine. Or wherefore should I complain, seeing that the Lord Bishop of Winchester himself hath worn fetters for these two years on a count of hardly so much importance to the Church as this one?"

"Ay, but for life, Bernard; bethink thee, it is for life,

A temporary restraint the weakest mind can bear; a lifelong captivity tries the mettle of the strongest. In the first case, the sympathy of friends, the admiration of the world, the gratified self-love, which he will of a surety mistake for the approval of his own conscience;—all these, united to the possibility of future freedom, do give a man such false courage for the nonce, as that he deems himself sighing for the martyr's palm when he is only feasting on the vanity of such desires. But set this would-be martyr in the contrary case. Give to him fetters that will be unbound never; a prison that will open to his steps no more; friends that desert him, since the very hopelessness they feel about him will drive them from his side; self-love that for very weariness upbraids, and conscience that grows dumb with sorrow; and in that so sad and desolate plight let him feel the bright-haired days of youth departing, and dreary age commencing;—and then, Bernard, then," cried Katherine, suddenly applying in her eagerness the dismal picture she had drawn to his own case,—“then, with thine utterly wasted life behind thee, and a lonely grave beyond thee; thy faded form stretched out upon a death-bed unsmoothed by the friendly hands, uncheered by the loving voices, that would otherwise have been crowding round thee,—then, perchance, wilt thou repent thee, when it is all too late to do so, of the folly which turned from the realities of this world we live in, to seek a fate from whence the stern hand of approaching death will so ruthlessly have torn all of fictitious glory thy fancy flings round it now.”

“And though it should be even as thou sayest, Katherine, my faith, I do humbly trust, will never fail me; nor, indeed, can that life be properly designated as wasted which is spent in the assertion of a mighty truth, seeing that so to spend it, is to accomplish by one superhuman effort the end for which it has been bestowed, and which others less favoured are compelled to work out by the daily and hourly small sacrifices of their lives. And as to the lonely deathbed, the unhonoured grave, upon which thou layest such stress,—ah, Kate, Kate, I fear me thou knowest little of such things, or it would surely have occurred to thee that such a deathbed is the very one to which Christ and His most dear Mother will come the oftenest and stay the longest; and such a grave hath a ray of glory on it that the earth could never yield it, even a ray of glory caught from the very portals of heaven itself, as they open for the admittance of the departing soul.”

“Thou art a poet, Master Bernard,” replied the lady, a slight touch of mockery in her manner; “and of a verity rays

of glory and unfolding portals make pretty music to the poet's ear! Natherless, take heed, I pray thee, my good cousin, lest such fond conceits do leave thee at the very moment when thou wilt need them most, even when they have led thee to the verge of ruin."

"Mistress Katherine," replied the young priest gravely, "idle would it be to bandy words much longer with one who cannot, or doth not choose to understand; wherefore, I pray thee to inform me, without further parley, to what end this speech is tending?"

"To what end?" cried Katherine, striking her hands together, and speaking with such passionate earnestness that the blood rushed tumultuously to her temples. "Marry to this, that I love thee, Bernard! O, hear me to an end, and leave me not," she continued, clutching his arm with so tight a grasp, that he could not, without positive violence, have freed himself from it, "surely, surely this is no new tale to thee. Thou knowest that I have loved thee ever,—loved thee, when we were children together at the feet of the Lady Seymour, our common guardian,—loved thee, when we were boy and girl, growing up side by side in those bright dreams and fantasies that youth doth always breed in the untried imagination,—loved thee, when, at a later period still, we were divided in our outward lives, albeit perchance united still in thought and feeling, and thou wert toiling in the fields of classic lore, while I wove garlands yet on the banks of that fair stream so familiar to our childish footsteps. I know thou lovest me not, and yet still I cannot choose but love thee, sith that love has become, as it were, an incorporation of my very being; and easier were it now to separate life from the body than this so constant affection from the soul. And therefore it is, Bernard," she continued, sinking her voice to almost a whisper, and still speaking so rapidly that it was impossible to interrupt her,—“therefore it is that I have never ceased to love thee—no, not for a moment, even on that fatal day when thou, ungrateful! turned from the suit that, overleaping the bounds of maidenly decorum, compelled me to utter in thine ear, and coldly pleaded against my words of fire thine own intended service to that Church which, demanding victims instead of servants, forbids to her ministers any indulgence of those virtuous affections that nature herself, and doubtless for most wise intents, hath implanted within our bosoms."

"I have heard thee to an end, even as thou hast thyself requested, Katherine," Bernard replied resolutely, and yet most gently; "and now thou must suffer that I leave thee; for it is not meet that I, an anointed priest of the Catholic

Church, should listen, much less reply, to such words as these."

"Yet is it for thine own sake only that I am speaking now," cried Katherine, still with a detaining grasp upon his arm. "Rash man! and canst thou not imagine that the reading of the Latin Mass will not be thy worst crime to-morrow in the eyes of the Seymour?"

"That of a verity I can well believe," replied Bernard coldly; "sith there be also the contested lands of Owslebury; Seymour hath told me so much himself."

"And, prithee, did he also whisper that he had it in his mind to waylay thee with his vassal bands, and, under cover of thine offence against the law, to seal thine abdication of such part of the manor of Twyford as Owslebury includeth, in thy blood?"

"So much hath he also hinted in mine ear; but I have also received a yet more certain notice of his intentions through the kindness of an ever-watchful never-failing friend."

And Bernard unwittingly laid his hand upon his vest, beneath which he had deposited the Lady Seymour's note during his interview with his sister.

"Does not the confessor's crown content thee, that thou must needs aspire to the martyr's palm as well?" Kate asked, in a tone of irrepressible vexation.

"Katherine," replied the young priest, quietly but resolutely, "I may not in fitness declare that I aspire to a destiny of which I hold myself unworthy altogether; nathless, and in all humility, do I trust that strength will be given to me for either, if either is presented to mine acceptance. God knoweth best my life is His, and into His paternal care do I resign it, certain that whatever fate He may assign me will be better far for me than aught that I could possibly have chosen for myself. And thou too, Kate, long hast thou known that such were my sentiments in the matter; to what purpose, therefore, dost thou urge me now?"

"To what purpose!" Katherine indignantly exclaimed. "Idiot, have I not already said it? Because I love thee, spite of thy proud disdain and bigot folly,—because I love thee, and fain would save thee from thyself, and from the doom thou art so madly calling down upon thine own head. Harken to me, Bernard; be ruled for once by Kate. Let bigots bleed for what bigots love; it is for the wise to profit of their madness. Sir Henry thinks to foist off thine intended massacre as the just chastisement of thy legal guilt. It is yet in thy power to deprive him of the pretext. Read for once—once only will suffice—the English service; or,

which were better still, come not to the church at all. And trust to me, and my well-tried influence with powerful friends at court, for the advancement of thy future fortunes—and—and—”

“And what,” he asked, observing that she hesitated,—“what final step wouldst thou urge upon me now in this path of guilty treason to the high majesty of God?”

“A murrain on thy stupidity that thou canst not guess!” cried Katherine impatiently. “Hearken to me, Bernard. Thou art a priest, and once I thought that the very name would have blotted out my love; but the old habit is too strong upon me, and for thy sake, Bernard—Dullard! canst thou not understand e’en now? In these days the marriage of the clergy is not altogether forbid, sith Cranmer himself standeth stoutly for the measure; and priest albeit thou art, and scornful as men do hold me, yet would I make a good and loving wife to thee. O, turn not away so coldly! Remember the days when we played together, and I was scarce less innocent than thou. Turn not away; and if I seem proud and passionate and unmaidenlike to thee, bethink thee, Bernard, thou thyself it is that hath made me what I am. You! for my feelings have been turned back upon myself, and the waters of bitterness have overflowed my soul. O, Bernard, Bernard, does nothing ever whisper to thee who it is that hath marred what nature made, and that if Katherine Mortimer has learned to dream of vengeance, it is because Bernard de Mowbray refused to teach her lessons more meet for the woman’s heart that, after all, is beating within her bosom?”

“Katherine,” replied the young priest, with that strange mixture of firmness and affection in his manner which had marked it from the outset, and which doubtless was the fruit of former intimacy and friendship, mingled with his unhesitating sense of what was due to himself and his profession,—“Katherine, I have heard thee to an end, and I have not checked thee at the outset, as perchance I ought to have done, because thou hast said but the very truth when thou didst affirm that we have been—yes, and God wot we still might be, if thou wouldst only have it so—as brother and sister to each other. Now, however, it is my turn to speak; and albeit unwilling to offend, natheless, seeing it is my bounden duty, I may not hesitate to tell thee that thou it is thyself, not me, that hast marred the fair work of nature in thee. Thou sayest that God gave thee strong affections, and thou sayest rightly; but, Katherine, He gave them to thee that they might be fixed upon Him above all His creatures, and thou, instead, hast bowed them to one as lowly and sinful as

thyself. He gave thee a will strong enow to betray thee to the darkest deeds, but which He intended by that very strength should lead thee to the highest. He endowed thee also with health and noble birth and genius, and (wherefore should I hesitate to say it) with beauty also, because all these things are offerings most meet from the creature to the Creator, and to the Creator assuredly it was designed they should be offered ; yea, for I have not forgotten, Katherine, thy young dream of giving back to Him in religious life all that He hath bestowed on thee with such a lavish hand, as that few of thine age and sex have been so profusely gifted. And tell me, I pray thee, if it is His fault or mine that thou hast put aside this inspiration, to listen to the voice of the tempter, or that having so stooped thine ear to listen, that false spirit should have been found capable to persuade thee to seek for life where death only is to be found ; to mistake the pleadings of self-love for the disinterested workings of a generous affection ; to bow to the promptings of pride and avarice and ambition, as if they had been the teachings of a more liberal and enlightened age, instead of the dark deceptions that they are ? Alas, alas, when I consider within me of what thou wert in those days, and what thou art become in these, my heart cries wo to thee, Katherine, and thrice wo, for that, being destined by Him to gain the inestimable pearl of His heavenly kingdom, thou hast heedlessly flung it from thee to batten upon the husks of swine."

"And so at last thou hast admitted that I am not altogether so uncomely in thine eyes," said Katherine, her voice vibrating between vanity and pride, which his words had alternately flattered and enraged. "Cold and careless as thou hast ever been, yet hast thou had an eye, sir priest, to mark that I was fair."

"And maybe thou still seemest so to others, albeit to me thou hast never been so since the comeliness of thy face ceased to reflect the hidden beauty of thy soul."

"Hast thou done, pale monk," cried Katherine, her anger kindling more and more at every word he spoke,—"hast thou done ? Or is there aught else in the way of insult thou wouldst heap upon my head ?"

"In so far as thou art concerned, I have ; nor meant I to insult thee, Katherine ; yet, as thou hast listened to me so long, bear with yet a moment sith one little word there still remains to utter on mine own account. Thou hast proposed to me a destiny than which (as men do judge these things) it were impossible to offer fairer,—wealth, honour, station, marriage with a beautiful and loving woman,—all these are in thy gift,

and all these hast thou offered to bestow; and yet solemnly I do swear to thee, not one or all these things have such power to move my soul to joy, as the bare shadow of a hope that the crown of martyrdom awaits me, and that my pilgrimage is drawing to a close. Yes, my God," he cried, reverently uncovering his head with such a look, that for one brief moment Katherine felt abashed as though she had been speaking to an angel, "in a desert land, pathless, and without water, has my soul thirsted after Thee, that I might behold Thy strength and Thy glory. For this indeed it was that I have left all things—wealth and station, the knight's sword, the ceremony of the court, and, more than all these, the fair young sister whose life has been to me as mine own. All these indeed I left to follow Thee; and yet all is nothing. What is my all in comparison to Thine? Or can it be, in truth, that Thou art so over-generous as to requite me for mine intentions only, and almost before I had begun the battle to crown me as a victor? O, if it be so indeed, eternal thanks to Thee, my God, that mine early sacrifice has been accepted; and that, instead of a lingering service of toil, of temptation, Thou art calling me to Thee by the short and easy passage of the tomb. And thou too, Katherine, my good cousin, I thank thee also, for that thou hast been as an instrument in His hands for effecting so happy a consummation. I thank thee; and albeit such thanks may touch thee little now, the time may come when they will glance like sunshine in thy memory. A time, perchance, of sorrow and deep grief to thee. A time when youth will have faded and beauty failed thee, and the friends of thine happier hours fallen off and left thee. And if such a time should ever come to thee—and who shall say it will not?—then, my cousin, in the midst of unavailing tears and sadness, it may soothe thee somewhat to remember that Bernard de Mowbray blest thee with his latest breath, for that through thee he had attained to the topmost summit of his desires. Now I have spoken, Katherine, for thee and for myself; and naught remains at present but to say farewell. Farewell for ever, then; unless, indeed, as I do humbly trust, we may meet some day in Paradise."

Katherine did not reply. The unexpected kindness of his last few words had struck the only chord in her heart that was capable of being moved just then; and tears rushed into her eyes at the tone of tenderness in which he had addressed her. Bernard saw that she was weeping, although, true to the natural pride of her character, she had turned aside to conceal her emotion from him; and hope that she might yet be persuaded to better things made him linger near her for a moment longer.

"Thou art weeping, Katherine," he observed in a low voice. "O, tell me, my cousin, that thou art weeping for the past; that thou hast some regret for the unhappy part thou hast lately taken in the matter we have discoursed this night. Tell me this, I entreat thee! Or rather, be silent if thou wilt, and suffer me to implore instead, that thou wilt pause a little ere plunging into a career that, begun in sin, can end in naught but misery."

For a brief moment Katherine seemed to hesitate; but her proud nature could as little stoop to meet a tacit avowal of guilt and weakness, as he required of her, as it could sit down quietly under the obloquy of a despised affection; and dashing the tears from her eyes, she looked him full in the face, while, with an expression of unmitigated scorn, she haughtily exclaimed: "Sir priest, sir priest, thou dost wrong me by the bare suggestion! Repent the past? No, not though the furies scourged me! Howbeit I should much repent the present were I weak enow to let thee cheat me of my purpose."

"Thy purpose, Katherine," Bernard was beginning; but she interrupted him with a scornful laugh.

"Nay, trouble not thyself anent my purpose, priest, but content thee: the martyrdom thou dost covet, by the rood, thou shalt have it, if Katherine Mortimer hath power to insure it! But for thy poor puling sister, she is not worthy to be Seymour's bride. Ha!" she cried, interrupting herself, as she caught the expression of intense relief that at those words instantly lighted up his features. "Gramercy for that glance, sir monk. Troth," she continued, with an almost hysterical laugh, "an you had looked any other fashion than the one you did, I had reserved him for mine own person, to help me to the greatness I had desired to share with thee; but revenge is sweet, and perchance even yet the hand which lays thee in a bloody grave shall clasp thy sister's in the bonds of wedlock."

"Katherine," replied Bernard, coldly, "I have already said it. All this will be as it pleases God, not thee. Where I have confided mine own soul, I can confide my sister's also. His arm is not shortened; He can still protect her from the cunningest of thy cruel wiles. Thy treachery perchance may fall on thine own guilty head."

What Katherine might have answered to this warning, Bernard waited not to hear; for he instantly turned on his heel, and was halfway to Twyford village ere his cousin had sufficiently recovered her presence of mind to take the opposite path, which led directly to Marwell Manor.

The Lady Seymour, whose name has so often occurred in the preceding chapters as the mother of Sir Henry, was own aunt to Katherine Mortimer, though but distantly related to Bernard and his sister. She was a woman of commanding intellect, with that strength of will and power of adapting herself to circumstances which was certain in such an age to bear its possessor to the highest position in society. With many of the faults of Katharine's character, she had a far larger share of those better qualities which were calculated to keep them in subjection. Like Katherine, she was haughty, passionate, and proud, but unlike her, she could put aside her haughtiness when it suited her purpose; she could subjugate her affections to her reason, and her pride was of a nobler order, for while it urged her to fly at the highest game, it not seldom had prevented her from stooping to seize it. Nevertheless, in a venal and a worldly age, she was, if not as venal, at any rate as worldly as most of those around her. Her marriage with Seymour had been one of prudence and ambition, rather than of love. She had ever followed the religion most in vogue, and had scrupulously adhered to the men most in power, and she had already met the chastisement of her wild ambition in the very accomplishment of the hopes it had engendered. Scarcely had she done homage to her daughter as the crowned queen of Henry, ere she had to follow her to an early grave. She had seen one of her sons raised to be protector and governor of the king of England, and the other named lord high admiral of the fleet; and even while the prospect was so bright before her for them both, both had perished on the scaffold; one the victim of his brother's envy, the other of his own ambition. From that hour Lady Seymour had ceased to appear at court; yet so strong were her old habits, that from the half-darkened chamber where she had hid her sorrows since the death of Somerset, she ruled the destinies of her youngest and only remaining son; and having by prudent management contrived to save the bulk of his paternal property from the confiscation which had fallen on many others less nearly connected by blood with the late protector, she had devoted herself to the amassing of such a fortune for him as might enable him at some time to compete successfully with those who had wrought the downfall of his brother. In this she had succeeded beyond her utmost expectations, the estates having well-nigh doubled their value in her thrifty keeping. She had besides contrived to keep up such friendly relations with young Edward's court as would insure an opening to her son whenever he felt inclined to try it; and, in fact, he had very recently begun to take advantage

of this policy by entering into certain negotiations with Northumberland, which had resulted in the grant of Twyford manor, lately ceded to government by Poynt, the intruded bishop of Winchester, *vice* Gardiner deprived and in the Tower for contumacy in religion. To do Lady Seymour justice, she had set her face against this new robbery of the Church, and all the more so because she feared it might bring her son into collision with young De Mowbray, to whom she knew the rectory of Owslebury, which was included in Sir Henry's new possessions, had been lately assigned by Bishop Gardiner.

Between these two young men there had existed a kind of unconfessed antagonism from almost the first moment of their residence beneath the same roof. In Bernard, however, this was passive, being merely a seldom expressed disapproval of his cousin's conduct ; in Sir Henry it was active, arising at first from jealousy of the other's nobler qualities, of which he saw that Lady Seymour was only too well aware. Soon his boyish love for Amy was added to this smouldering cause of dislike ; and as this feeling grew, so also grew his hatred for her brother, which reached its height on the day when Amy had rejected him. Bernard had only a few days before returned to the country, and naturally enough Henry connected a refusal, for which Amy's previous conduct had by no means prepared him, with the counsels of her brother. Nor was Katherine, to whom alone he had mentioned his suspicions, at all backward in fostering the idea ; she possessed, in fact, as Amy had remarked, an extraordinary influence over her cousin's mind ; the strength and constancy of her passions effectually domineering over his, which, though not less violent, were more wavering and uncertain, and therefore it was to Katherine that, in all stages of his love for Amy, he had turned for sympathy and counsel. Thus she had been enabled to guide him as she pleased, and having, as we have seen, a private grudge to gratify against Bernard, she had latterly used her power to inflame Sir Henry and prompt him to vengeance.

The Lady Seymour had for some time been an anxious observer of these proceedings, though she felt bitterly that she had little power to prevent them. From his childhood she had ruled her son by fear rather than love, and he still regarded her with awe, but for this very reason, perhaps, she had never been able to command his confidence, and consequently now possessed but little influence for good or evil upon his actions. She was reaping the bitter fruits of an evil system of education, and she knew it. Her niece openly defied her ; her son, never having confided in her, had never given her an opportunity for remonstrance or command ; Amy, the uncon-

scious cause of half the coming mischief, she knew to be far too guileless to perceive it, and too inexperienced to prevent it; while in Bernard she intuitively felt she would find a counsellor who would endeavour to guide her actions and his own by the rigid principles of right and wrong, rather than by the influence they might exercise on his own fortunes. Affairs had reached this pass on the evening on which our true tale commences; and on the very morning of that day, Lady Seymour had received, through the gossip of her attendants, such a formidable account of the warlike gatherings at the manor, that, no longer doubting violence was intended, she sent through the unconscious Amy the warning billet which we have already seen delivered into Bernard's hands; while, in the faint hope of being able to induce her son to give up his scheme of vengeance, she summoned him to a private conference in her chamber. Unfortunately she could not have hit upon a more unfavourable moment. Sir Henry was just then waiting Katherine's return from the village with more anxiety than he deigned to confess even to himself, and irritated at being called away from the place where she had agreed to meet him, it was with a flushed cheek and angry brow that he entered his mother's chamber. Either the latter did not perceive his annoyance, or she was too proud to notice it, and too unbending not to brave it to the utmost; in fact, she was indignant almost beyond the exercise of forbearance, and scarcely had her son set his foot upon the threshold, when she began abruptly,

"What is this I hear, Sir Henry,—that thou art contriving the destruction of that poor ward of mine, for whose life I have sworn to be answerable with mine own? Hast thou no heed for thy mother, boy, that thou wouldst render her faithless to her word by compelling her to connive or to countenance such a deed as this?"

"I have neither asked you to countenance nor connive, Lady Seymour," coldly replied her son. "All I ask you is, to suffer in silence what you can never hinder, talk as loudly or as well as you may."

"God's life!" cried the Lady Seymour, "art thou thus resolved? But, after all, what hath this poor youth done to thee, that thou shouldst be thus obstinately bent against him?"

"What hath he done, madam, dost thou say? rather, I pray you, ask what he hath not done to brave me. Hath he not, in the first place, contemptuously refused to yield me up the lands which are mine own by order of Northumberland and the Lords of the Council?"

"Notwithstanding which refusal, grounded, I warrant me,

less on cupidity than on some scruple of an over-tender conscience, the lands of which thou speakest are already in thine own possession. Is it not so, my son? And prithee, then, what wouldst thou more of this poor De Mowbray?"

"What would I more?" cried the young knight fiercely, "I would have him frankly and fairly to acknowledge to my right. Ay, an he still refuse, let him take heed that I write not my title in his blood."

"An' if such refusal be his only crime, unbacked as it is by any effort to maintain the disputed lands by forcible possession, I see not wherefore it might not pass unheeded," replied his mother coldly.

"But it is not his only crime,—no, by the Mass, nor the blackest," Sir Henry passionately rejoined. "'Sdeath, madam, hath he not from first to last thwarted my suit to Amy; ever frowning when she hath smiled upon me, and smiling when she hath retreated from mine advances? Nay, hath he not even at this present time instigated her to refuse me—me, whom the haughtiest damsel in the land might wed without dishonour to her name? Saints and angels, mother! can you sit there and hear that your son has been rejected by this malapert girl, with as little ceremony as though he had been a village barber, and not feel the blood of thine ancient race stir vengefully within thy bosom?"

"That Amy should have done so by thee, my son, I grieve to learn; and yet it might be well perchance to tax thyself a little on this count, and to see if some just umbrage taken at thy wild and reckless conduct may not have led to such misfortune fully as much as the counsels of De Mowbray."

"Just umbrage! God's death, mother! Is it possible you are ignorant, or do you only feign it, that Amy never refused to look with eyes of favour on me until after the return from beyond seas of this ghostly brother of hers, whom you have ever prized, to the dishonour of your only son; and then, no sooner has he had speech with her, than in comes the dainty damsel to me, to chide me as a heretic, forsooth,—an evil liver, a devourer of the substance of the widow and the orphan,—winding me up the whole with a declaration that she never can be my mate, and that I must look elsewhere for that companionship which I have never sought but from her. Ay, doubtless he told her to rid her of me. But he shall pay for it!" cried the knight, striking his hand violently on the table. "The false priest! the arch traitor!"

"Pledge not yourself to such unknighly revenge," replied his mother, "on one whose profession prohibits him the defence of weapons; or tarry at least until I have told

thee the history of the man on whose head thou hast vowed such vengeance."

"The history?" asked Sir Henry, pausing in his uneasy walk. "I had but deemed him a poor kinsman of your house."

"He hath a history that might move even a foeman's pity. Come hither, and sit at my feet, and thou shalt hear how Bernard de Mowbray and his young sister came to be my wards, and the companions of thy childhood."

"In sooth, good mother, an' if you can tell me that," cried Sir Henry, seating himself on the stool she had indicated with her finger, "for Amy's sake I shall be right glad to hear it."

"The dearest friend I ever had," resumed the Lady Seymour, after a moment's pause, "was the mother of these two: Alice de Mowbray was her maiden name."

"Ha!" cried Sir Henry; "and their father?"

"His name, for certain reasons, they have never borne within these walls, though they have every right of lawful wedlock to what honour it can give them. Alice was two years younger than myself, timid, unworldly, and unselfish. We were girls at court together, being both in the service of the Spanish Katherine, and both found helpmates within a few months of each other every way suited to our opposite dispositions. My spouse was a man of goodly birth, and of ambition yet more goodly, affecting the society of the great and noble; while hers was an honest gentleman, who cared for nothing so much as for the due ordering of his house and lands; and with him subsiding into the life of a quiet dame, bountiful at home, she was neither seen nor heard of more among the beauties of the court of Henry. Many were glad to be quit thus easily of one whose charms made her so dangerous a rival to their ambitions; but Alice de Mowbray had never been to me a rival. Natheless I did not regret her, because, occupied in schemes for mine own aggrandisement, I had no time to bestow on friendship; but neither also did I forget her, for the oath I took on parting ever, to befriend her to the utmost of mine ability; for those were days when fortune, and life too, were often dependent on a person's credit at court, and such credit I could command by my husband's influence and mine own far more entirely than she could. Many years passed away, however, and I was never called on for the fulfilment of this pledge; nor, indeed, heard I aught of Alice save that she was a happy albeit a childless wife, until one day nearly two years after you were born, my son (the youngest, and alack the only one now living, of the ten that I bore my lord), a messenger in hot haste arrived to say that Lady Montgomerie also had become the mother of a fair

boy. Greatly for the moment did I rejoice to hear of them, and yet so immersed were both head and heart just then in the work of mine own ambition, that I soon forgot all about them; nor did I again remember them until at least ten years afterwards, when they were once more recalled to my recollection, and this time in a way so sad and moving that even to this very hour my voice well-nigh fails me to recount it. I had reached by this time almost to the topmost branch of my desires. My sons were already stablished in office about the court; my daughter had been appointed maid of honour to the new queen, Anne Boleyn (little guessed I at that time how such promotion, which I had so greedily desired for her, would win her at last both a crown and a coffin); my husband, besides many other rich possessions, had lately received a grant of this estate of Marwell, forfeit of the former possessor, then lying in the Tower under sentence of death for refusing to acknowledge King Henry as the only lawful head of the Church in England. I knew that my husband had been of late engaged in bringing this affair to pass, but I had made no inquiries as to the name and condition of the gentleman dispossessed, and I was still in ignorance when I had to leave the court, and spend a few months at Marwell Manor. It was a long and weary journey, and the evening was too dark when I arrived to permit me to gain a knowledge of my new possessions until the next day; when, as I had heard such tidings of the beauty of the manor, I rose at dawn, and flung open the window of my sleeping chamber. Thou knowest the room, and the wide and wonderful prospect it commands, and thou mayst therefore guess somewhat of the exultation of my heart, as I whispered myself, 'This is to be all mine own;' for even then my lord had passed his word that Marwell should be my dower if I survived him. At last I withdrew my delighted eyes from the wide view beyond, to look at the stately avenue that led towards the house, when I saw a woman who was slowly advancing up it, an infant upon her bosom, and a young boy toiling wearily at her side. Something there was both in garb and gait that made my heart stir within me as I watched her; yet I neither spoke nor moved until she stood directly beneath the window from whence I was looking forth, and lifting up the hood that had hitherto concealed her features, discovered to me the eyes of my still loved Alice, gazing upon mine with such a look of agony and reproach, that it wrung my very soul with sorrow to behold it. Swiftly I left the casement, and flew down stairs, nor stopped I until I had Alice in mine arms. I perceived that she by no means returned my embraces so warmly as I had

expected. I deemed it might be her maternal fear lest the babe she carried should be hurt, and I made a motion to take it from her, when she put me coldly on one side, and said :

“ ‘No child of mine shall lie upon thy bosom, Constance, until thou hast granted that which I have come to demand of thee—justice for myself and for these, so soon, perchance, to be orphans.’

“ ‘Justice,’ said I, puzzled both at the matter and manner of this speech,—‘justice is all too little, Alice, for a friendship such as mine. Justice may do passing well for others ; but for thee, my more than sister, naught but most princely generosity could satisfy my soul.’

“ ‘Constance,’ she coldly answered, ‘I crave not thy generosity, princely though it be, I doubt not ; and what more is, I would not now accept it at thy hands, however truthfully it might be offered. Bare justice indeed I do desire, and therefore have I come thus far to ask thee what Alice Montgomerie hath done that thou shouldst have become the pursuer of her husband’s blood, the defrauder of her children’s birthright?’

“ ‘Pursuer of his blood ! Defrauder of their birthright ! Beshrew thee, Alice, art thou distraught wholly?’ cried I, too much astonished to be even angry.

“ ‘Is not she a pursuer of his blood whose wiles have plunged him into prison, that may never open but to send him to the scaffold ? Is not she a defrauder of their rights who grasps at the lands that might otherwise have been kept for them ?’ Alice almost wildly demanded, keeping her eyes fixed upon me the while, with such a look of questioning severity as I never thought her features could have assumed.

“ ‘Mother of Heaven ! of what dost thou accuse me, Alice ?’ I commenced ; but there I ceased, for I was of a verity stricken into silence.

“ ‘Nay, then,’ she replied hastily, for methinks she found it impossible to resist the expression of innocence on my face,—‘nay, then, Constance, is it possible that thou art still my friend,—the friend of other days,—and that thy name has been falsely associated with thine husband’s in this deed of iniquity against me and mine ?’

“ ‘My husband’s !’ Ah me, my son, as that name pierced my brain, a thousand unheeded circumstances rushed upon my mind, which all convinced me that it was no idle calumny Alice had uttered against him. Well I knew that he had been most active lately in denouncing to the council some one of great wealth among those who persisted in retaining the old religion ; well I knew that he had won favour in the eyes

of the king by his zeal in pursuing this recusant to his doom; too well I knew that he had been rewarded with a great portion of the forfeited estates, and that it was to this very spot that he had sent me, while he remained at court himself, for the obtaining, if possible, of yet further gifts than already had been assigned him on the lands of the gentleman attainted. Ah me! and could it be, thought I, that this domain, in whose beauty I had rejoiced so lately, had been acquired by treachery towards my friend? Could it be that it was indeed the place of mine own Alice I had come hither to usurp? The bare suspicion struck me to the earth with sorrow, and I cried out sharply, 'Speak, Alice, in the name of Christ, I bid thee! Who is the lord of this domain, that yesterday I first called mine own?'

"'To-day,' she answered bitterly, 'it is thine; but a few days since it was the property of another, even of Sir Robert Montgomerie, my husband; to-morrow, perchance another may wrest it from thee, if another can be found who will forswear himself more entirely than thy husband hath already done for the adding it to his possessions.'

"My son," continued Lady Seymour, with vehemence and passion, "what could I do? What thinkest thou that I could do but fall at the feet of my friend, and implore her pardon for the ill turn which another indeed had done her, but which I had prompted, albeit unconsciously, by mine own ambition, and in the worldly advantages of which I should have shared so largely. What could I do but lead the deprived Alice into the home where she once had reigned as mistress, and swear by all I held sacred, that, if ever the opportunity should be offered to me, I would right her children in all those points where I, for the sake of mine, so fearfully had wronged them—"

"By the mighty King of Heaven, madam," here Sir Henry broke in, while, springing from his seat, he paced the room in a fit of uncontrollable fury,—“by the mighty King of Heaven, but this is past endurance! What! bid me give up this fair domain, to make him lord of that which I have ever been taught to look upon as all mine own? Bid me go forth to seek my fortunes, as though I were a bastard or discarded page; or, in default of that, to linger about my whilome inheritance, fawning and crouching on him, like some base hound, for the very crumbs that shall fall from his table? I’faith, while I confess that I did hesitate before, now am I most absolutely resolved; and know it is your own hand, lady, which has struck the death-blow, since you have given me the strongest possible motive for inflicting it.”

“And dost thou think, my son,” replied the Lady Seymour, a slight touch of irony in her voice and manner, when Sir Henry had flung himself once more upon his seat in moody silence,—“dost thou think that I know so little of thy fierce passions as to give thee such an incentive to their indulgence without an antidote? Dost thou think me such a fool as to have revealed to thee the precariousness of thy title, had I not also that to show thee in the conduct of thy rival which I did hope might calm thine anger, even if it did not shame thee into equal nobleness in thy conduct?”

“But I will finish the tale of this unhappy mother first; it shall be brief, because great misfortunes need few words to paint them.

“Somewhat soothed by my earnest promises and my so evident chagrin, she left her children in my care at length, and departed herself for London; where she hoped to be able to obtain permission, sometimes at least, to wait upon her husband in his prison. She went alone, without attendance,—for who dared befriend the enemy of the king’s religion?—and to save me from suspicion, she refused all my offers of servants or assistance; she did accept at last of a little money for the sake of her dear lord, who would doubtless need all the comforts she could procure him in his captivity. And she suffered me to thrust the purse I offered into her bosom, and then set out on her weary travel. Little do I know of aught that befell her on the road, which then she traversed in poverty and sorrow, though she had often, doubtless, journeyed that way in all the pomp of wealth and honour. Little can I tell you either of the passages between Alice and her husband in prison; only know I this, that, after weeks of dire suspense (for my husband, whom I constantly implored for tidings, as constantly neglected to impart them), Alice, one afternoon, reappeared at Marwell Manor, with death already visible in the hollow temples, and ashy cheek, and dark-encircled eyes; when flinging herself at my feet, she reminded me of the promise I had plighted in my girlhood, claiming its fulfilment then for the befriending of her orphans. Ah me! never may I forget that night when she lay in my arms, my once so joyous Alice, dying of a broken heart, while helplessly I was sitting there, and watching her while she sank into the grave which mine own and my husband’s rapacity had dug for her. She never shed a tear, poor child, and she spoke but little; albeit she gave me to understand somewhat of the life she had led in London, and how each day she had contrived to visit her husband in the Tower; each day to be grieved anew in seeing how the rude treatment of the prison, the sorry

fare, the heavy fetters, and yet worse, the cruel torture of the rack, had told upon the strength of his once robust frame. All things come to an end at last, and so did this, and in quivering syllables Alice told me how, when his captivity ended in death, she had followed him to the scaffold, and with eyes all tearless, and her heart breaking, she had seen him pass beneath the hands of the executioner, she standing so close that his blood (one small spot, she showed it me as it had been a relic) spouted out upon her garments, the last gift of his love, and the only inheritance he had to leave her.

"After that Alice had revealed to me the sad outline of her story, she called for her poor babes, to bless them before she went to rejoin their father in Heaven. To Bernard, who was of years and gravity sufficient to understand her, she spoke in a saintly and most moving fashion, exhorting him to stand fast (whatever evil might betide him for his firmness) by the faith for which his father had died, yet in every less important matter to honour and obey me as a mother; but, above all other things, she did beseech him to stand in her place as a parent to the little Amy, by loving and cherishing and preserving her to the best of his abilities from the ill example and evil doings of the age:—all which the boy did promise with an earnestness and discretion above his years, and which I appeal to thine own conscience, Henry, if he have not to the utmost letter most perfectly accomplished?"

"Go on, madam," said her son abruptly; for he loved not to hear his rival praised, and he was touched besides, and anxious for the sequel of the story.

"And then she turned to her little Amy, and all the mother's soul was in her eyes as she kissed the pretty babe, so unconscious of all it had already lost, of all it was about to be made bankrupt of in a moment. She kissed her once, a long lingering kiss, as if it were more pain to part from her little one than to die; and a tear, the only one poor Alice shed that night, was on the infant's cheek as I took it from her arms. And then—and then," continued the Lady Seymour, speaking through tears that would flow forth in spite of her utmost efforts to restrain them,—“and then, my poor Alice turned her to the wall, saying, she had done with this world and its affections, and that henceforth all her thoughts should be for her husband and her God, both of whom she trusted were waiting to receive her joyfully into the inheritance of the kingdom; and so she died, without another word or look, without a sob or sigh.”

[To be continued.]

A LETTER OF FATHER CAMPION.

OF all our English martyrs, none were so famous as Campion. The affection and admiration with which he is always mentioned by his contemporaries and successors are quite touching; he is the champion of religion, the jewel of England, the flower of our nation. His death stirred crowds of young men to aspire to the same crown that he had so gloriously won; and the letters and confessions of succeeding martyrs not unfrequently testify that the first occasion of their recognising their vocation to the noble struggle in which they were engaged, was their first hearing or reading of his conflict. For years after his death the press teemed with pamphlets concerning him; Protestant and Catholic agreed in considering him the representative of the cause. One side busied itself in studiously depreciating the intellect of the man whose pamphlets were to be answered, by order of government, by a commission of bishops, deans, and archdeacons; and whose conferences, even when he was chained and at bay, and only allowed to answer, never to object, were stopped, at the petition of the bishops to the council, as dangerous to the Protestant cause. On the other side, Catholic printers and booksellers risked their ears and necks in multiplying and distributing copies of his "Ten Reasons," or of his "impudent brag and challenge," as the parsons called it; while the government was as unwearied in its pursuit of these contraband pamphlets as a modern customs officer in tracking smuggled spirits or tobacco. Any thing that can bring back the memory of this glorious martyr to the minds and hearts of this generation seems to us of especial value. It is therefore with no small satisfaction that we print the following letter, which we lately discovered* among the untold treasures of the State-Paper office. It is written by Campion, probably to Dr. Allen, the founder and president of the Seminary of Rheims, which had migrated from Douay in 1578. Only a copy of it was sent to the English Government, probably from some spy in the college; for the letter evidently reached its destination, and was seen

* We use the word 'discovered' advisedly. Although the documents in that office are arranged with an exactness, and catalogued with a fidelity, which do honour to all parties concerned, yet among the papers it is impossible but that some should have escaped even the penetrating eyes of Mr. Lemon himself. The following letter was found in a bundle which had not yet been scrutinised by him, otherwise it would have appeared in its proper place in the printed calendar.

by Bombinus, Campion's biographer, who gives a literal translation of some few sentences from it in his history. The letter is undated, but it was clearly written about November 1580, as the opening sentence shews.

"Having now passed, by God's great mercy, five months in these places, I thought it good to give you intelligence by my letters of the present state of things here, and what we may of likelihood look for to come; for I am sure, both for the common care of us all, and special love to me, you long to know what I do, what hope I have, how I proceed. Of other things that fell before, I wrote from St. Omers; what has sithence happened now I will briefly recount unto you. It fell out, as I construe it, by God's special providence, that, tarrying for wind four days together, I should at length take sea the fifth day in the evening, which was the feast of St. John Baptist, my particular patron, to whom I had often before commended my cause and journey. So we arrived safely at Dover the morrow following, very early, my little man and I together. There we were at the very point to be taken, being by commandment brought before the mayor of the town, who conjectured many things,—suspected us to be such as indeed we were, adversaries of the new heretical faction, favourers of the old fathers' faith, that we dissembled our names, had been abroad for religion, and returned again to spread the same. One thing he specially urged, that I was Dr. Allen; which I denied, proffering my oath, if need were, for the verifying thereof. At length he resolveth, and that it so should be, he often repeated, that, with some to guard me, I should be sent to the council. Neither can I tell who altered his determination, saving God, to whom underhand I then humbly prayed, using St. John's intercession also, by whose happy help I safely came so far. Suddenly cometh forth an old man, God give him grace for his labour. 'Well,' quoth he, 'it is agreed you shall be dismissed; fare you well.' And so we to go apace. The which thing considered, and the like that daily befall unto me, I am verily persuaded that one day I shall be apprehended, but that when it shall most pertain to God's glory, and not before. Well, I came to London, and my good angel guided me into the same house that had harboured Father Robert [Parsons] before, whither young gentlemen came to me on every hand. They embrace me, reapparel me, furnish me, weapon me, and convey me out of the city. I ride about some piece of the country every day. The harvest is wonderful great. On horseback I meditate my sermon; when I come to the house I polish it. Then I talk with such as come to speak with me, or hear their confessions. In the morning, after mass, I preach; they hear with exceeding greediness, and very often receive the sacrament, for the ministration whereof we are ever well assisted by priests, whom we find in every place, whereby both the people is well served, and we much eased in our charge. The priests of our country themselves being most excellent for virtue and learning, yet

have raised so great an opinion of our society, that I dare scarcely touch the exceeding reverence all Catholics do unto us. How much more is it requisite that such as hereafter are to be sent for supply, whereof we have great need, be such as may answer all men's expectation of them! Specially let them be well trained for the pulpit. I cannot long escape the hands of the heretics; the enemies have so many eyes, so many tongues, so many scouts and crafts. I am in apparel to myself very ridiculous; I often change it, and my name also. I read letters sometimes myself that in the first front tell news that Campion is taken, which noised in every place where I come, so filleth my ears with the sound thereof, that fear itself hath taken away all fear. My soul is in mine own hands ever. Let such as you send for supply premeditate and make count of this always. Marry, the solaces that are ever intermingled with these miseries are so great, that they do not only countervail the fear of what punishment temporal soever, but by infinite sweetness make all worldly pains, be they never so great, seem nothing. A conscience pure, a courage invincible, zeal incredible, a work so worthy, the number innumerable, of high degree, of mean calling, of the inferior sort, of every age and sex. Here, even amongst the Protestants themselves that are of milder nature, it is turned into a proverb, that he must be a Catholic that payeth faithfully what he oweth, insomuch that if any Catholic do injury, every body expostulateth with him as for an act unworthy of men of that calling. To be short, heresy heareth ill of all men; neither is there any condition of people commonly counted more vile and impure than their ministers, and we worthily have indignation that fellows so unlearned, so evil, so derided, so base, should in so desperate a quarrel overrule such a number of noble wits as our realm hath. Threatening edicts come forth against us daily, notwithstanding, by good heed, and the prayers of good men, and, which is the chief of all, God's special gift, we have passed safely through the most part of the island. I find many neglecting their own security to have only care of my safety. A certain matter fell out these days unlooked for. I had set down in writing by several articles the causes of my coming in, and made certain demands most reasonable. I professed myself to be a priest of the society; that I returned to enlarge the Catholic faith, to teach the Gospel, to minister the sacraments, humbly asking audience of the queen and the nobility of the realm, and proffering disputations to the adversaries. One copy of this writing I determined to keep with me, that if I should fall into the officer's hands, it might go with me; another copy I laid in a friend's hand, that when myself with the other should be seized, another might thereupon straight be dispersed. But my said friend kept it not close long, but divulged it, and it was read greedily; whereat the adversaries were mad, answering out of the pulpit, that themselves certes would not refuse to dispute, but the queen's pleasure was not that matters should be called in question being already established. In the mean while they tear and sting us with

their venomous tongues, calling us seditious, hypocrites, yea, heretics too, which is much laughed at. The people hereupon is ours, and that error of spreading abroad this writing hath much advanced the cause. If we be commanded, and may have safe conduct, we will into the court. But they mean nothing less, for they have filled all the old prisons with Catholics, and now make new; and, in fine, plainly affirm that it were better to make a few traitors away than that so many souls should be lost. Of their martyrs they brag no more now; for it is now come to pass, that for a few apostates and cobblers of theirs burnt, we have bishops, lords, knights, the old nobility, patterns of learning, piety, and prudence, the flower of the youth, noble matrons, and of the inferior sort innumerable, either martyred at once, or by consuming prisonment dying daily. At the very writing hereof, the persecution rages most cruelly. The house where I am is sad; no other talk but of death, flight, prison, or spoil of their friends; nevertheless they proceed with courage. Very many, even at this present, being restored to the Church, new soldiers give up their names, while the old offer up their blood; by which holy hosts and oblations God will be pleased, and we shall no question by Him overcome. You see now, therefore, reverend father, how much need we have of your prayers and sacrifices, and other heavenly help, to go through with these things. There will never want in England men that will have care of their own salvation, nor such as shall advance other men's; neither shall this Church here ever fail so long as priests and pastors shall be found for their sheep, rage man or devil never so much. But the rumour of present peril causeth me here to make an end. Arise God, His enemies avoid. Fare you well.

E. C."

Campion's "little man" was Ralph Emerson, a Jesuit lay brother. It is interesting to see that from the very first the society came into this country perfect in its proportions, and not docked of a very necessary member. More than twelve years after the date of this letter, April 17, 1593, the little man gives the following account of himself:

"Ralph Emerson, of the bishopric of Durham, scholar, forty-two years old, or thereabouts, examined before Sir Owen Hopton, Knt., Mr. Dr. Goodman, Dean of Westminster, Messrs. Dale, Fuller, and Younge, refuseth to be sworn, but saith:

1st. That he has been in prison these nine years, viz. three years and a quarter in the Counter in the Poultry, and the rest of that time hath been in the Clink, committed by Mr. Young for bringing over of books, called my Lord of Leicester's books, as he saith, and hath been examined before Sir Francis Walsingham, Mr. Young, and others, divers times, and was never indicted to his knowledge.

Item. He confesseth that he is a lay Jesuit, and took that degree at Rome fourteen years since, and was some time Campion's

boy ; and saith, when he took that order he did vow chastity, poverty, and obedience to the superior of their house ; and if he sent him to the Turk, he must go.

Item. Being urged to take the oath of allegiance to her majesty, refuseth the same ; and saith that he may not take any oath.

Item. He saith he hath neither lands, goods, nor other living, but will not set down by whom he is maintained and how relieved.

Item. He refuseth to be reformed and come to church, affirming that he will live and die in his faith.

Item. Being demanded whether, if the Pope shall send an army into this realm to establish that which he calleth the Catholic Roman religion, he would in the like case fight for the queen's majesty on her side against the said army, or on the army's side, saith he will never fight against her majesty, nor against the religion which he professeth.*

In the examination of one Ralph Miller, the 9th Oct. 1584, is the following :

"There is a little fellow called Ralph, who is in England for Father Parsons ; he is a great dealer for Papists ; a slender brown little fellow."

He was committed to the Counter in the Poultry, Sept. 26, 1584, by Sir Edward Osborn, then Lord Mayor of London, and examined, probably with torture, by Topcliffe and Young (State-Paper Office, Dom. June 14, 1586). Bombinus, the biographer of Campion, mentions him in words considerably taller than the little man himself. "*Novus suo cum homulo mercator (ita enim Rudolphum a staturæ modo per jocum appellavit olim Campianus) pervigilio nascentis Baptistæ consensâ nave, ejusdem natali illucescente Dorobernium tenuit.*"†

The paper to which Campion alludes as deposited in a friend's hands, is the famous letter to the Lords of the Council, which he intrusted to Mr. Poundes, to be published in case of his arrest and imprisonment ; but which that gentleman prematurely gave to the world. In it he states that he has come from Bohemia by order of his superiors to aid in the conversion of his dear country. He owns that he is a priest of the Society of Jesus ; that he had just visited the general of his order in Rome ; that his charge was free cost to preach the Gospel, minister the Sacraments, and reconcile sinners ; and that he was forbidden to deal in any matters of state or policy, from which he entirely sequestered his thoughts. Then he demands to be allowed to address three sorts of indifferent

* Harleian, vol. 6998, p. 65. (Puckering Papers.)

† Campion, in his new character of merchant, with his little man, as he facetiously called Ralph, embarked at Calais on the vigil of the Nativity of St. John Baptist, and reached Dover at dawn the next day.

audiences; to discourse before the council of religion so far as it affects the state and the nobles. Before the graduates of both Universities, to avow the Catholic faith by proofs invincible,—Scriptures, councils, fathers, histories, natural and moral reasons. And before the people, to justify the said faith by the common wisdom of the laws yet standing in force. He protests that it is not brag, but the justice of his cause, which gives him confidence; and that the kingdom of the Protestant preachers is only over raw youths and ignorant ears. He begs that the queen will deign to listen to the controversy; and that the council will not silence those who are willing to shed their blood for the good of souls. He declares that,

“As touching our society, we have made a league, all the Jesuits in the world, whose succession and multitude must overreach all the practices of England, cheerfully to carry the cross that God shall lay upon us, and never to despair of your recovery while we have a man left to enjoy your Tyburn, or to be racked with your torments, or to be consumed with your prisons. The expense is reckoned, the enterprise is begun; it is of God, it cannot be withstood; so it was first planted, so it must be restored.”

Finally, he declares, that if his offer is refused, he has no more to say than to recommend his own and his country's cause to God, and to pray that he and his persecutors may at last be friends in heaven, where all injuries shall be forgotten.

We shall have to allude further to this in a biographical notice of Mr. Poundes, which we propose to give in our next number.

Reviews.

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA, TARTARY, AND THIBET.

Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet. By M. L'Abbé Huc, formerly Missionary Apostolic in China, &c. London: Longmans. 2 vols.

THE name of the Abbé Huc has become a household word with us. From the elders of the family down to the youngest “literate” member of it, his genial writings have been read and re-read with delight. Among the small people, according to their respective ages, he takes rank with the authors

of *Robinson Crusoe*, *Little Snowdrop*, and *Puss in Boots*; and, in truth, it is no small gift to be able to rivet the attention of children on a genuine traveller's chronicle, however full of incidents. He has found the way to their sympathies and confidence. They would rejoice at a visit from the good father, receive him as an old friend, and plague him with all sorts of questions about *Samdadchiemba*, whose queer name trips over their tongues as easily as *Jack* or *Lizzie*. Our own feelings towards the intrepid missionary apostolic are very much the same, only tempered by high respect and admiration for his intellectual and personal qualities. We hail with the greatest pleasure every fresh contribution to our modern literature, striking as it is in quantity rather than quality, from the pen of a man who has really something to say, and who combines French vivacity and acuteness with English solidity. We know not how M. l'Abbé would accept this description, but we mean it as the highest compliment we can pay him.

Leaving the field of personal narrative, he now presents us with a history of Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet. No living man is more competent to undertake so important a task; with which short but emphatic preface we shall at once address ourselves to the examination of the two volumes containing the translation of the result of his labours and research.

By way of building up an *à priori* foundation for the probable authenticity of later and disputed records, the abbé commences with a careful detail and investigation of the proofs that orthodox Christianity was introduced into China in the first ages of the Church. Seven centuries before Christ the captivity of the Jews disseminated their books, doctrines, and prophecies over the whole of Asia. At length, according to Strabo, "the Jews were scattered into all cities; and it was not easy to find a spot on the earth which had not received them, and where they were not settled." Thus a current of the truth flowed over the entire surface of the globe; and no surprise can be felt at finding in any nation modes of worship, biblical fragments, and ideas that may be called Christian. The sibyls, the poets, and the augurs kept alive "the expectation of the nations;" and the Messiah was looked for at Rome, among the Goths and Scandinavians, in India, in China, and in High Asia especially, where almost all religious systems are founded on the dogma of a Divine incarnation. The great empires of Rome and China were in those days in close proximity. The arms of Pompey had extended the dominion of the former to the western shores of the Caspian, while the territories of the latter had nearly approached its

eastern shores. Thus the one people expected a monarch from the East, the other from the West; and in the birth of the Messiah at Bethlehem of Judæa the expectation of each was fulfilled. In the year A.D. 67, as recorded in the annals of the celestial empire, the emperor Young-Ping, moved by predictions, a thousand years old, of the future appearance of a great saint in the West, whose religion was finally to penetrate into China, actually despatched emissaries to obtain information respecting the doctrines of Buddha. These ambassadors, missing the spirit of their mission, executed it in too literal a manner; and returning with a statue of Buddha, and some Sanscrit books, so introduced Buddhism into the Chinese empire, in place of the religion which the dark words of the ancient sages had indicated. But the evidence that the faith was really preached there in primitive times may be thus summed up. A tradition, ascending to the very earliest ages of the Christian era, proclaims St. Thomas the Apostle to have evangelised the East, and to have suffered martyrdom in India. This tradition is supported by Greek, Latin, and Syriac monuments, by all the martyrologies, and by that most pure and authentic source of evidence, the ancient liturgies. In the Syriac Jacobite office of his day, he is commemorated as the apostle of India and as martyr; in the Nestorian office, as giving to the Indians the perfume of spiritual life, modesty, and chastity. Gregorius Bar-Hebræus, in his Syriac Chronicle, speaks of "Thomas the Apostle, the first Pontiff of the East," as preaching in the East and to the Indians in the second year after the ascension of our Lord. Then the Roman Breviary tells us that he proclaimed the faith to the Parthians, Medes, Persians, Hircanians, and Bactrians, and finally to the Indians, being at last pierced with arrows at Calamina. The tradition is carried on by Bishop Dorotheus, as quoted in the Paschal Chronicle, by St. Jerome, Theodoret, Nicephorus, Gaudentius, Sophronius, and downwards in an unvarying course. It is found among the Arabs, in the kingdoms of Madura and the Carnatic, in short, throughout the Indies. The exclusive policy of China was not then developed; so the Christians of India, Persia, and Bactriana freely entered the celestial empire, carrying with them the evangelical light; while the Chinese, on their part, traded to the coasts of Malacca, the ports of Ceylon, the Persian Gulf, and the Red Sea. Thus it is impossible but that the Chinese must have been reached by the wave of Christian revolution, for the access of which, as we have seen, they had a certain preparation, whether St. Thomas preached to them in person or not. In the Malabar Breviary, however, his office dis-

tinctly propounds, that "by St. Thomas the Chinese and Ethiopians were converted to the truth;" and this, if nothing more, at least confirms the opinion that the most distant oriental churches regard him as their founder. But further, Christianity so flourished on the banks of the Ganges, that in 325 the Council of Nice nominated a primate of India. Arnobius, who lived in the third century, counts the Chinese among nations which had already received the Gospel; and Assemani, the learned orientalist, quotes from Amrus the list of metropolitans subject to the patriarch of Seleucia, reckoning the metropolitan see of China *with* that of India. Ebed-jesus, a great Syrian authority on Christian antiquities, says expressly, "The primacy of sees is determined by the priority of time in which the patriarchs lived who founded them." It is, then, a most fair inference, that the propagation of the faith in China and India was contemporary.

The Abbé Huc having detailed and insisted on these proofs of the early introduction of Christianity into China, proceeds to the examination of the evidence relating to the much-disputed inscription of Si-gnan-Fou. In 1625, some Chinese workmen found buried in the earth a large monumental tablet of dark marble, ten feet high and five broad, bearing on one side an inscription in ancient Chinese, and other characters unknown in China. It excited immense curiosity; and the Jesuit missionaries at that time scattered about the country visited it among the rest, and succeeded in tracing and sending to Europe careful copies of the inscription. Some of these still exist. The stone itself was removed by order of the emperor to a celebrated pagoda about a quarter of a league from Si-gnan-Fou, the place of its discovery. The inscription is too long to quote, but is to the effect that in 635 a religious man, Olopen, came from *Ta Thsin* (the Roman empire) to Si-gnan-Fou; that the emperor sent officers to meet him, and ordered the translation of the sacred books he had brought with him; and the doctrine being found good, a decree was issued permitting its publication. This decree is cited in the inscription, and states that the doctrine in question proclaims Aloho (God, in Syriac) to have created the heavens and the earth; that Satan having seduced the first man, God sent the Messiah, born of a virgin in the country of Ta Thsin, to deliver the human race from original sin, and that the Persians went to adore him to accomplish the law. Ninety lines in Syriac characters contain the names of the priests who came in the suite of Olopen.

As might be expected, a discovery so awkward for the theories of the *savans* excited all their animosity; and Vol-

taire, and the philosophical party in France "out of love for Voltaire and hatred of the Jesuits," together contested the authenticity of the inscription, declaring it to be a "pious fraud" of those religious to deceive the Chinese. The question, nevertheless, is definitively settled; and no candid mind can refuse to yield its conviction to the masterly chain of evidence, historical, geographical, and critical, which M. Huc recapitulates, strengthens, and closes, and which decides beyond a doubt that the inscription is truly of the date it bears, viz. "the second year of Kien Tchoung, of the great dynasty of Thang" (A.D. 781), and that the propagators of the faith in Upper Asia in the seventh century professed the Nestorian heresy. The dynasty of Thang was the most celebrated and illustrious of those that have held the empire of China, which, in fact, reached a very high point of civilisation, and kept up full relations with foreign countries while under its sway. It is quite a mistake to suppose that any inveterate antipathy to foreigners existed before the accession to power of the Mantchoo Tartars.

Modern writers and travellers of "low" views, and wit to match, in their anxiety to start "Bible" missions in China with a clear stage, have blundered into objections like those of the French philosophers. We recommend to their notice the following short lesson, but with small hope of its piercing the fog of prejudice which broods perpetually over the dull level of such understandings.

"Voltaire knew his own epoch and his own country rather better than he did China, and his decisive argument against the inscription is this: 'The Jesuits have made us acquainted with it, therefore it is false.' But this mode of reasoning, though not without its value in France at that time, will hardly, it is to be hoped, be esteemed very cogent at present. We may have no great affection for the Jesuits, and yet not be willing to subscribe to mere absurdities in order to throw blame on them."

It should be added, while on the subject of the inscription of Si-gnan-Fou, that M. Huc, after exhausting historic and scientific testimony, relies on one consideration more conclusive than them all, and most cheerfully do we yield him our adhesion. It is this, that entire trust is due to the sincerity of the noble men, Franciscans, Dominicans, and Jesuits, from all the countries in Europe, who at the time of the discovery laboured for the conversion of the infidels in China amid privations and sufferings of every kind, at the hourly risk of their lives, and who unanimously attest its authenticity. Father Alvares Semedo, of the Society of Jesus, who was then at Si-gnan-Fou, says: "I have seen, read, and consi-

dered this stone at my leisure ; and have been astonished that it was so complete, and the letters so entire and well-formed, after the lapse of so many years." On what ground is Father Semedo to be accused of an abominable and useless falsehood?

While this monument was being erected in China, a great religious movement was going on in Upper Asia, which has been much overlooked by those who contest the authenticity of the inscription of Si-gnan-Fou. The disciples of Mahomet and Buddha were alike animated with a fanatic fury of proselytism. The Mahometans were widely diffused, pushing their way by commerce where they could not by their arms, in India, in Ceylon, in the Straits of Sunda, and in China, where they promulgated the doctrine of the Koran in perfect liberty. The Manicheans also, and fire-worshippers, came in crowds ; and the Buddhists especially arrived in countless caravans, driven from India by a Brahminical reaction, which pursued them every where. They found a refuge in Tartary, Thibet, and China, where Pantheism had already made much way among the disciples of Lao-tze and Confucius, and where the dynasty of Thang tolerated all opinions with a most eclectic philosophy, which became characteristic, not only of the head of the state, but of the whole nation. Temples were raised, in which the statues of Buddha, Lao-tze, and Confucius were placed on the same level, and honoured by similar rites, an inscription in golden characters proclaiming, "The three religions are but one." In such a day, is it at all surprising that Christian priests should also freely preach their own doctrines, and receive an edict from a philosophic emperor, in which he most truly describes their religion as "mysterious, excellent, peaceful," and compares it to the metaphysical system of Lao-tze?

From the year of the inscription of Si-gnan-Fou (781) the records of the Syrian Church still furnish authentic information respecting the propagation of the faith. Timotheus, who occupied the patriarchal see of the Nestorians from 777 till 820, sent religious men to preach in Upper Asia ; and one of them, Subchal-Jésu, traversed Tartary and China. Afterwards, seven monks of the monastery of Bethhobeh were consecrated bishops, some being sent to India, others to China ; and in a canon of the synod held by the patriarch Theodosius, in 850, these last are dispensed from an attendance on the patriarchal seat once in four years on account of the enormous distance. It is in the Arab literature alone that the track of the propagation of the faith in the far east is to be looked for ; and the search is not in vain. For ex-

ample, Assemani notices a book, probably of the eighth or ninth century, beginning thus: "This is what Abraham Bishop of Bassora says: I was passing one day near the cell of one of the monks of China." Again, in an Arabic narrative, translated by Renaudot, Abou-Zeyd Hassan de Syraf, speaking from the information of Ibn-Vahab, a Mussulman merchant of Bassora, tells us that Ibn-Vahab arrived at Singnan-Fou, and had an audience of the emperor, who said, "Should you recognise your master if you were to see him?" and receiving an answer in the affirmative, ordered a box to be placed before him, saying, "Show him his master." The box contained the "portraits of the prophets." First came Noah; and Ibn-Vahab said, "Here is Noah in his ark, he who saved himself with his family when the Most High commanded the waters to overwhelm the whole earth with its inhabitants: Noah and his family alone escaped." At these words the emperor began to laugh, and said, "You guessed rightly when you said it was Noah; but as to the submersion of the whole earth, that is a thing we do not admit. The deluge only affected a part of the earth, and not either our own country or India." Then came Moses; and after him, says Ibn-Vahab, "I resumed, Here is Jesus, sitting upon an ass, and surrounded by his apostles." The emperor said, "He, too, had very little time to appear on the stage; his mission did not last more than thirty months." Of course Ibn-Vahab saw, and did due homage to "the face of the prophet, on whom be peace;" and he also saw other figures, which he was told were the prophets of India and China. We can want no better proof of the indifference of the princes of the dynasty of Thang, than this hodge-podge of Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and so forth. The Chinese emperor who held this strange dialogue M. Huc asserts to be Hi-Tsoug, who ascended the throne in 874, when the dynasty was in its decline, and the empire pregnant with one of the tremendous revolutions which have so often convulsed it, but which have always ended by re-establishing things on the ancient basis. In the fearful sufferings caused by this revolution, with its attendant ravages and massacres, the decay and ruin of the missions, which had been so flourishing under the Thangs, began. That dynasty disappeared at the beginning of the tenth century, and with it nearly all trace of the Church in China; but a strong presumption is afforded that the faith had already extended beyond the Great Wall, and reached the Tartar tribes, who were about to play so great a part in the world.

At the beginning of the eleventh century, a prodigious

sensation was excited by the conversion of a prince who was termed *Priest*, or *Prester John*. The wonderful and monstrous heap of fables which was piled up in the middle ages respecting this priestly Cræsus is amusingly sifted by M. Huc, who arrives at the conclusion that the kingly pontiff was no other than the Khan of the Kéraite Tartars, who became at that time a Nestorian convert, and whose conversion was treated by the Nestorians with a very exaggerated importance. The eternal longevity of Prester John he accounts for by the fact, that all the Kéraite rulers in succession bore the title of *Khan*, which in the writings of western travellers became in turns Chan, Caan, Ghan, Gehan, and finally John. Our author may be wrong in his conjecture; but, at all events, his guess has a great air of probability, and it is indubitable that the tremendous cloud which was soon to burst in a tornado of fire, blood, and desolation on Poland, Russia, and Hungary, and to shake all Europe with fear, was then gathering together its rolling masses in the Tartar desert. The Kéraite Nestorian missions were flourishing up to the beginning of the thirteenth century, when they were absorbed by the victorious Temoutchin, afterwards Tchinguiz Khan, the Scourge of God. With him the kingdom of Prester John comes to an end.

A few years had sufficed this cunning, perfidious, ambitious, and able chieftain to collect under his banner a crowd of the ferocious and turbulent hordes who had wandered with their flocks in the most elevated regions of Tartary. In 1206, at a *Kouriltai*, or general assembly, he took, at the instance of a renowned soothsayer, the name Tchinguiz Khan, or "Khan of the Strong," and commenced his career of devastation. First he ravaged China to the banks of the Yellow river; then desolated Transoxiana, Khorassan, and Persia; penetrated through Georgia to the northern shores of the Black Sea, poured over the Crimea, laid waste part of Russia, and attacked the Bulgarians on the Upper Wolga. Towns taken by assault were treated with incredible ferocity, every living thing being massacred to the very dogs and cats. The heads of men, women, and children were piled in immense separate pyramids. When places surrendered at discretion, they were treated with somewhat less barbarity; but while the invaders gave themselves up to brutal revelry, the chief of the magistrates, doctors of law, and religious persons were forced to tend them as slaves. This bloodthirsty demon died in 1227, with his last breath desiring his sons to walk in his footsteps. "My children," said he, "I have raised an empire so vast, that from the centre to one of its extremities is a

year's journey. If you wish to preserve it, remain united." History gives little information concerning his religion, that being a matter of small concern to him; but he appears to have believed in a Supreme Being. He strongly recommended his successors to give no preference to any religion in particular, but to favour each in turn, as it might suit the interests of policy. His son Ogotai followed his instructions to the letter; and the sovereigns of Europe and Asia felt themselves totter on their thrones. The Queen of Georgia, who had once before claimed help from Pope Honorius III., in her new distress wrote urgently to Pope Gregory IX.; but he mournfully replied that help he could not give, since the Emperor Frederick (Barbarossa) had just raised a tempest in the Church, which was attacked on all sides by Saracens, by Moors, and, worst of all, by false Christians. The Mongols continued their frightful course unchecked. In 1240 they sacked Kiew, the then capital of Russia, killing the inhabitants and burning the town. It was during this scene of carnage that St. Hyacinth bore away safely with one arm the Holy Elements, and with the other the statue of the Blessed Virgin; thus saving both Mother and Son miraculously from the insults of the wicked.

Poland was now attacked; but the Mongols met a repulse at the hands of Vladimir, Palatine of Cracow. Returning with new strength, they defeated Henry Duke of Silesia, with his army of thirty-five thousand men, and filled nine sacks with ears; cutting one only from each slaughtered Polish soldier. Hungary was next to feel the scourge; and King Bela IV., pious, but no warrior, took a few feeble measures of defence, which were swept away in a moment, and cities and fields covered with fire and blood. Many of his wretched people fled for safety to Varadin, a fortified town; but it was captured with ease, and the population beheaded. The ladies had sought refuge in the cathedral; but the furious barbarians, not even taking the trouble to burst open the doors, set fire to the building and burnt them without mercy. This sad history has been preserved by Roger, one of the canons of Varadin, who escaped the general fate, and has recorded the invasion and destruction of Hungary in his *Miserabile Carmen*. While King Bela was continuing to implore for succour, the miserable divisions among the Christian princes of the West rendered all the efforts of Pope Gregory in his favour of no effect; the Emperor Frederic contented himself with rhetorical flourishes, and did nothing to organise any effectual combination. It was probably the death of Ogotai which alone saved other European nations from the deplorable fate of the

Russians, Hungarians, and Poles, by drawing away the Tartar chiefs to take part in a new election for sovereign.

In the East, the Christians had found in prompt submission something like rest and peace; a Syrian doctor, named Simeon, having attained influence with Ogotai, and been by him appointed administrator of their affairs, and provided with letters from the Kha-Khan, as warrants of his authority, addressed to the generals who occupied those countries. At last, in 1245, a general council assembled at Lyons under Pope Innocent IV., deliberated on the mode of defending Europe against Tartar invasion; and among other measures, such as solemn fasts and prayers, "in order to appease the anger of God," the fortification of towns and blockade of roads, the spiritual arms of the Church were also invoked, and missions determined on, to entreat the Mongols to shed no more Christian blood, and to be converted to the true faith.

When were volunteers wanting in such a cause? Four of the children of St. Dominic,—Anselm, Simon, Alberic, and Alexander,—chosen from a crowd contending for the office, threw themselves at the feet of the Holy Father, and received letters from him addressed to the Tartar chiefs, with orders to proceed to Persia to the camp of the Tartar general Baidjou. At the same time three children of St. Francis—Benedict of Poland, Laurence of Portugal,* and John of Plano Carpini—were sent to Tartary. The religious ideas of the barbarians were thought not unfavourable to their conversion. It was known that they acknowledged one Almighty God, whom they named *Tengri*, heaven; and that to this belief they did not add any very precise accessory, or many superstitious practices.

In 1246 the two embassies started. We first follow the Franciscans in M. Huc's narrative. After some dangers and sufferings, John de Plano Carpini and Benedict of Poland alone reached the banks of the Dnieper and the advanced posts of the Mongols, Kiew, the then metropolis of Russia, being in their hands. No one was able to translate their Latin missives, so the monks were thence forwarded to the court of Batou, grandson of Tchinguiz Khan, and galloping every day for five weeks, changing their horses seven times a day, having no food but millet, and no drink but melted snow, at last reached the camp of that chief on the banks of the Wolga. To this proud barbarian, next in power to the Grand Khan, shrewd, cruel in action, dreaded by his own people,

* There appears a little confusion as to this father; for in the succeeding chapter Friar Stephen of Bohemia is mentioned as the travelling companion of John de Plano Carpini. We have not the original French to refer to.

and affecting great luxury and imperial magnificence, the poor monks, kneeling, presented their letters, and begged that they might be translated by some interpreter. They were accordingly rendered into the Mongol, Russian, and Arabic languages; and again the missionaries, so weak that they could hardly sit on their horses, were galloped off on a fresh journey to the Yellow Horde, and arrived at the imperial residence. When they so arrived, the Khan Ogotai was dead, and his widow Tourakina was using every effort to obtain the proclamation of Couyouk, her son, at the coming Kouriltai, or general election. At this convocation were assembled all the Tartar princes in the full magnificence of barbaric pomp, and glittering with the spoils of recent conquest; and Couyouk, placed on a golden seat in the midst, answered their election formula: "We will, we pray, and we command that you have power and dominion over us," with the questions, "Are you resolved and disposed to do all that I shall command; to come when I shall call you; to go where I shall send you; and to kill all those whom I shall tell you to kill?" The reply being "Yes;" the khan rejoined, "From henceforward my simple word shall serve me as a sword."

After a month the Franciscans were admitted to audiences of this mighty ruler; but little notice was taken of them until, seizing the opportunity of a solemn audience given to all ambassadors, they put a home-question whether a report that the Kha-Khan had embraced Christianity were true. "God knows it," said he; "and if the Pope wishes to know too, he has but to come to see." They had, in truth, come to Tartary in the persuasion that the khan protected the Christians, of whom there were many in his service; but Father John was not long in perceiving "that this emperor, in concert with his vassals, had raised his banner against the Roman Church, and against all Christian kings and princes."

Finally, the Franciscans were sent back with a letter from the Tartar monarch, "Couyouk, by the power of God, khan and emperor of all men," conceived in a spirit of which the following sentence may serve as a specimen: "If, then, you wish to have peace, you Pope, and you emperors, kings, chiefs of towns, and governors of countries, do not delay to come to me and settle this peace. You shall hear our answer and our pleasure." The courageous Franciscans, mostly "sleeping in snow, or in a hole they had scraped for themselves in the ground," reached Europe in safety; and the archbishopric of Dalmatia having become vacant, Friar John was raised to it by Pope Innocent, who fully appreciated his labours. He did not long survive them; and no wonder, he being sixty-

five when he undertook his perilous journey, and "afflicted by painful corpulence."

In the mean time the Dominican Fathers, making their way along the southern shores of the Caspian, in August 1247, reached the camp of the General Baidjou. Boldly mentioning the tenor of their message, they were threatened with death; and it was suggested that the chief of the embassy should be flayed alive, his skin stuffed with straw, and thus sent back to the Pope by his companions; but the eldest of Baidjou's six wives interposed, and the crime remained unperpetrated. After nine weeks of contemptuous treatment and misery, they received a letter addressed to the Pope in terms very similar to those used by the khan: "Thou must come, thou Pope, in person to us, and afterwards go and present thyself to him who is the master of the whole earth;" and in addition, an impertinent and absurdly arrogant manifesto from the khan to his lieutenant Baidjou was transmitted to Innocent by Tartar messengers, who were, notwithstanding, well received by the Holy Pontiff, and given scarlet robes lined with costly furs. Ill as the Franciscans and Dominicans had been treated, the effect of contact with them was nevertheless such as to make the Mongols desire to enter into relation with the Franks against their Mussulman enemies.

In 1248, the King of France, St. Louis, in consequence of a written communication, said to be from Ilitchikadai, the successor of Baidjou in command of the Persian armies, but no doubt forged, or at least much sophisticated, somewhat prematurely sent three Dominicans with two secular clerks, and two of his own officers, as an embassy to the khan, with valuable presents, including a relic of the Holy Cross. When they arrived, Couyouk also was dead, and Ogoul, the queen-regent, received them with distinction, interpreting their coming into an acknowledgment that France was tributary to the Tartars. Our author remarks on this style of dealing with foreigners, that it is quite in accordance with that still maintained by the Chinese.

"St. Louis sends an ambassador, therefore he acknowledges himself tributary; his presents are a token of his submission to the Tartars. This has always been the mode of reasoning adopted at the court of the Son of Heaven; and the Mongols certainly employed no other." M. Huc should be taken into the counsels of Lord Elgin, beyond a doubt. The ambassadors of King Louis returned in two years with no result; and as to the embassy, says Joinville, the king "much repented of having sent it."

In 1252, the rumour of the conversion of a Prince Sartak,

the son of Batou, spread into Palestine, and greatly rejoiced all Christian hearts, especially the warm loving one of King Louis, who forgot the insults of the Regent Ogoul, and hazarded a new attempt, sending William of Rubruk, known as Rubruquis, and Bartholomew of Cremona, both Franciscans, with a fresh message of peace and charity. The narrative of Rubruk is charming in its vigorous and quaint simplicity; his details of the persons, manners, and customs of the Mongols being almost entirely applicable to the present day, when these formidable shepherds, after having ravaged the world, have once more become mere wanderers on their immeasurable steppes. The pictures given by the missionaries of their physical characteristics have the truth of photographs—broad flat faces, prominent cheek-bones, little oblique eyes separated by a great space, and beard scanty or entirely wanting. The travellers first reached the camp of Scakatay, one of Sartak's officers, and found him seated on a divan, with his wife by his side and a guitar in his hand. "And I really thought," says Rubruk, "that his nose had been cut off, so flat was it." The missionary could make nothing of him; he was as flat as his nose. Proceeding from camp to camp, through hardships and trials of all kinds, they came to the tents of Sartak, and gaining access to him, were soon undeceived as to the report of his conversion: they were told they must not say he was a Christian, for he was not, but a *Mongol*. However, having with him some Nestorian priests, who celebrated Christian rites according to their own tenets, he desired the monks also to bring to the audience their books and sacred vessels. Dressed, therefore, in their best vestments, and carrying missal, cross, and censer, they entered the tent, chanting the *Salve Regina*, and profited by the opportunity to present the letters of St. Louis, with translations into Syriac and Arabic. Sartak sent the missionaries on to his father Batou, who replied to their request to be allowed to remain in Tartary to preach the Christian faith, that he would not take upon himself to grant permission, but they must ask it of the Emperor Mangou, who had been proclaimed khan in 1250. Continuing their weary journey, and passing many Buddhist monasteries,—for already the active Lama organisation was outstripping the ignorant and immoral Nestorianism that dimly bore witness to the faith among these populous hordes,—they arrived at the residence of Mangou Khan, and on the 4th of January 1254 were admitted to an audience. They entered singing the hymn, *A solis ortus cardine*, &c., and found the place hung with cloth-of-gold, and in the midst a chafing-dish filled with a fire made of dried dung, the Grand Khan seated

on a small bed, and clothed in a rich furred robe. Kumys (fermented mare's milk) and rice-wine were introduced, and much honour done them, the khan regaling himself and his guests with equal assiduity. Presently he asked a torrent of questions of Rubruk concerning the object of his journey, the Pope, and Christian kings; but the kumys had so muddled the wits of the interpreter, that questions and answers got into the wildest confusion. "For my part," says Rubruk, "I understood nothing from what our interpreter said, except that he was very drunk, and the emperor, in my opinion, not much better." True to the policy of Tchinguiz Khan, this jolly toper favoured no one religion more than another, but actually got up a public discussion between Christians, Mahometans, and Buddhists for his amusement, and Rubruk was chosen the champion of the first. He acquitted himself so well, that he was declared by the umpires, three of the emperor's secretaries, to have gained the victory. The next day Mangou made a profession of faith to him. "We Mongols believe in one God. As God has given the hand several fingers, so has He prepared for men various ways by which they may go to heaven. He has given the Gospel to the Christians, but they do not obey it; he has given soothsayers to the Mongols, and the Mongols do what their soothsayers command, and therefore they live in peace." He then dismissed Rubruk, telling him it was time to return to his home, but did not forget to add an arrogant epistle, in the true Tartar vein, to be delivered to King Louis: "This is the command of the Eternal God! Such are the commands of the god of the earth, the sovereign of the Mongols," and so forth. Rubruk returned to the nomadic court of Batou, but at length quitted the Tartars, and, in August 1255, re-entered his convent at St. Jean d'Acre, whence he addressed to St. Louis the narrative of his journey. It abounds with interest and shrewd observation,—for the good monk's piety did not obscure his intelligence in worldly matters,—and it affords many a proof of the truth of Solomon's declaration, that there is nothing new under the sun. Teetotalism, we find, is but the re-appearance of a Tartar superstition; and in calling vulgar names, it may be that a pet formula of Mangou himself is used in the very unpolite sense in which it passed the royal lips. The peaceful religious measured the barbarians with a truer estimate than the terrors of beaten warriors had permitted them to make, and concludes his story with an opinion, that hereafter, not mere monks, but a bishop or prelate, with the rank of ambassador, should be sent, as more likely to impress this rude people; adding, that they are not really so formidable as has been imagined, and

that their conquests have been effected as much by trickery as by force of arms. "I positively declare," he says to St. Louis, "that if our peasants would live as frugally, and dress like these Tartars, they might make the same conquests."

We must here take leave for the present of M. Huc's delightful volumes. We feel that no apology is needed for thus presenting a somewhat full outline of their contents to our readers, many of whom will probably not feel disposed to make a personal acquaintance with the abbé's work until it pleases Messrs. Longman to issue it in a less expensive form. We propose to continue our notice in the next Number of the *Rambler*.

A DOCTOR'S OPINIONS ON PHYSIC.

Of Nature and Art in the Cure of Disease. By Sir John Forbes, M.D., &c. Churchill.

A SENSIBLE book is a rare thing. It is a rarer phenomenon than a sensible man or woman. For when you call a man "sensible," you mean that he is sensible on the whole, though possibly on one or two points his common sense may in practice be rather thrust aside. A book, however, represents a man's views on one particular subject. It may prove to be the very thing to bring out the eccentricities or exaggerations of an author, who on all other matters would be a model of sobriety and sound discretion. In fact, books have a special tendency to call forth the eccentricities and exaggerations of their writers. People often take to scribbling on some certain topic from the sole cause that on that one point they *are* a little whimsical and singular. Finding their ideas unlike those of other people, they straightway conclude that these notions are of extraordinary worth, and that they will wrong their generation as well as themselves if they keep silence and leave an ignorant world untaught.

Especially rare, moreover, is a sensible book by a professional man on the subject of his profession. Of course we do not include under this category books in which the details of any matter are treated scientifically or didactically. It is when a man treats his own special subject philosophically, or with a view to be read by non-professional readers, that as we rightly look for common sense, so we are frequently doomed to be disappointed. One does not complain that a mathemati-

cian shows few signs of common sense when writing a treatise on conic sections or the differential calculus; but we do complain when he writes on the general study of mathematics as an element of liberal education, and treats his subject as a professional mathematician rather than as a philosopher and a man.

Above all, in medical books is the display of good sense extraordinarily rare. Nobody rides his hobby like a doctor. No class of men are regarded with such implicit veneration by coteries of worshippers as the medical practitioners. In every alternate household you enter, you find that it is an established axiom, that if you are ill, and have not consulted the intelligent Mr. Colocynth of the village, or the wonderful Dr. Opium of the next town, you have never given yourself a fair chance of recovery. And as doctors' patients delight to lay aside the rules of common sense in estimating the merits of their oracles, so it is a rare thing indeed to read a book from one of these oracles themselves which can address itself to miscellaneous readers, or treat the general subject of medical science without running riot in extravagancies which make the looker-on smile and wonder. If there is "nothing like leather" with the currier, still more is there "nothing like physic" with the doctor.

And the same tendency to push things to the farthest limits of exaggeration is discoverable in controversies on various systems of medicine. An opponent is synonymous with a rogue or a fool. If a fact tells against a certain theory, it is thought amply sufficient to deny it rather than disprove it. Medical sects almost equal in number, and quite equal in bitterness, the various sects who dispute about the doctrines of Christianity. One sect imagines that the final cause of the stomach is to imbibe mercury; another, that blood was created for the express purpose of being drawn off with the lancet; a third would wash out all diseases with water, and turn the physician into a sort of scientific laundress; a fourth holds that every dose of physic which is larger than the millionth of the millionth of a grain is just so much injury to the human system.

What a pleasant novelty, then, it is to find one of the oldest and most experienced authorities in the medical world coming out with a book, addressed to his brethren and the world at large, actually written on the principles of common sense! Strange as it may seem, here is an M.D., a D.C.L., an F.R.S., a Queen's physician, and what not besides, assuring mankind, after a lifelong experience, that Nature is the best of all doctors; that physicking is generally more or less

humbug ; that, in five cases out of six, doctors do more harm than good ; and that, though the medical profession is of great use, and might be of much greater, the doctor's chief business is to let Nature, on the whole, have her own way, to clear away hindrances to the operations of her powers, to comfort and soothe her in her struggles with disease ; and, above all, to set the mind of the patient at rest, and so stimulate his brain and nervous system to that healthy action which goes five-sixths of the way towards the cure of all the curable ills that flesh is heir to.

"Although," says Sir John, "no one doubts the power of Nature to cure many slight and even some severe diseases, there yet exists in the minds of the members of the medical profession, and still more strongly in the minds of the public, a most unjust appreciation of the extent of this power" (p. 134).

"A vast amount of evidence (of the power of Nature)—though, for obvious reasons, not formally recorded—exists in medical tradition and in the unwritten testimony of medical men. I could supply a good deal myself. When old Dr. Warren, in answer to the question, 'What will cure acute rheumatism?' replied 'Six weeks,' he merely expressed what his experience had led him to know of the relative power of Nature and Art in this disease. The same kind of testimony was given, and on a wider scale, by another celebrated professor, who, on being told that a new sect (the Homœopathists) had sprung up, which cured diseases by infinitesimal doses of medicine, replied that he himself had long been in the habit of doing more than this, viz. curing diseases by none" (pp. 155, 6).

He then details the various sources from which his conclusions are gathered, and thus sums up the result :

"The one great result obtained from the study of these various authorities is this, that the power of Nature to cure diseases is infinitely greater than is generally believed by the great body of medical practitioners and by the public generally. So great, indeed, is this power, and so universally operative, that it is a simple statement of the facts to say, that of all diseases that are curable and cured, the vast majority are cured by Nature independently of Art ; and of the number of diseases that, according to our present mode of viewing things, may be fairly said to be curable by Art, the far larger proportion may be justly set down as cured by Nature and Art conjointly. The number of diseases cured entirely by Art (of course, I omit in all these statements *surgical art*) and, in spite of Nature,—in other words, the number of cases that recover and would have died, had Art not interfered,—is extremely small" (pp. 170, 171).

Sir John then proceeds to expound what he holds really is the use of doctors. First, he holds that the practical consequence of the improved knowledge of the *comparative use*—

lessness of physic, and of the curative powers of unassisted nature,—in which he holds that homœopathy, otherwise a farce, has done great good,—will be, that the principal occupation of medical men will be to advise in the prevention of disease.

“If the future more precise experience of enlightened physicians, and the sure advance of medical science, must tend, as it is believed they will tend, to lessen considerably the confidence in the powers of medicinal therapeutics at present entertained by medical men, it cannot be doubted but that an ample compensation, both to medicine and humanity, will be found in the proportionate development of the hygienic or preventive department of the art.

But however much overlooked and neglected from the beginning the hygienic department of medicine may have been, it has never been entirely lost sight of; and has, on many occasions, presented such brilliant results, as have, at the time, demonstrated its importance and dignity, and indicated, though perhaps only darkly, the high consideration it is destined to attain in the future.

During the present century, at least, statesmen, as well as the professors of medicine, have had their attention turned much more to sanitary measures of a general kind than in any previous period of man's history. The practical movement hence originating, though yet merely inchoate, has already acquired such an impulse as must issue in great results; and it cannot be doubted that such results in public hygiene must necessarily direct attention to domestic and individual hygiene; so that while the services of a large body of the members of the medical profession shall be claimed for the former, the attention of the private practitioners will be devoted in an equal degree to the latter, that is, to the prevention of disease in households and in the individuals constituting households” (pp. 181, 2).

How far all this will succeed with the multitude may, we think, be doubted. Men, and women too, dearly love a nasty dose. As there are people who think that the great use of sermons is to furnish occasions of self-mortification to an audience, so there are others who hold that it is a law of nature that one must suffer a certain amount of sickness, and that the more nauseous the remedy, the more efficacious its influence. Still, on the whole, it may be hoped that Sir John's prognostications will prove correct; and as we have heard a doctor allege that he once cured a patient of an apparently incurable chronic disease by simply forbidding him to eat the jam-tarts which formed a portion of his daily dinner, so the regulation of daily life, and the enforcement of healthy occupations and amusements, may come to be reckoned as the chief business of the family doctor. What a condition of wisdom, indeed, should we have reached, when, instead of the old style of apothecaries' bills,—“Monday, draughts, 4s. 6d.;

Tuesday, ditto, 4s. 6d.; Wednesday, draughts and powder, 7s.; Thursday, pills and lotion, 5s.,"—we should receive a document running thus: "To making you get up at seven o'clock, 10s.; to advising an alteration in your drainage, 7s. 6d.; to cutting off two cigars per diem, 5s.; to calling for an hour's gossip, and reviving your spirits, 21s.!" And yet, after all, what can pills and potions, except in rare cases, do for the cure of sickness half so useful as these latter kinds of remedies?

The chapter in which, after making the above admissions, Sir John Forbes discusses the relative merits of the various modes of treating diseases on the ordinary "allopathic" system of medicine, is one of the most curious collections of admissions on the part of a professional man which medical literature can supply. He discusses the four different modifications in use at the present day: the "extinguishing treatment," the "active treatment," the "auxiliary or mild treatment," and the "negative or totally inert treatment." The two first are called by their upholders,—still, unfortunately for mankind, a majority of the medical profession,—the "heroic" treatment, in a lesser or greater degree; though why they should be called "heroic," except on the ground that the old-fashioned "heroes" of antiquity were awful destroyers of human life, we never could conceive. The third method is that which Sir John himself advocates, and on this ground, we shall allow him to explain it in his own words:

"AUXILIARY OR MILD TREATMENT: RATIONAL EXPECTANCY.—This modification of the indirect physiological method of treating diseases (more especially acute diseases), I regard as at once the most philosophical, the safest, the surest, and the most successful of all the forms it assumes in practice. Although in appearance it differs little from the last form of treatment, except in degree, it is based on a somewhat different principle, and seeks to fulfil different indications. In the first place, it completely recognises the autocracy of Nature in the cure of acute diseases, and proceeds on the principle that it is not only useless but injurious to attempt to suppress or greatly to modify the morbid processes by strong measures of a perturbative or exhaustive kind.

The indications which this mode of treatment seeks to fulfil are chiefly the following: 1st. To place the diseased body in the most favourable circumstances for the development and exercise of its own conservative powers, by the institution of a proper regimen, in the most comprehensive sense of that term. 2d. To endeavour thereby, or through the use of medicaments, to remove such obstacles to the favourable action of the conservative and restorative powers as may be removable without the risk of checking or injuriously perverting them. 3d. Applying these measures under a

watchful supervision ; not to attempt, by any vigorous measures, to alter the course of the morbid processes so long as they seem to keep within the limit of safety, and when they transgress or threaten to transgress this limit, only then to endeavour to modify them by such mild measures as, if they fail in doing good, cannot do much harm. 4th. To be on the watch against possible contingencies, which may demand the employment of measures of exceptional activity, whether in the form of regimen or medicine ; and, when required, to apply such measures with the necessary vigour. This last indication refers to such contingencies as great irritation or pain, exhaustion, sleeplessness, diarrhœa, vomiting, intercurrent local inflammations, &c., which often admit of great mitigation at least, if not of complete removal, by drugs, dietetic stimulants, &c." (pp. 238-240).

The fourth system he of course condemns ; but it is evident that, were he driven to a choice between its adoption and that of either of the more active methods, he would incline rather to do nothing than to do too much. The homœopathic system he includes under the class of the do-nothings. We remark also, what will surprise many persons, that he is far from denying the assertion of the homœopathists, that it is in violent and acute diseases that their method is most signally successful. Precisely so, says Sir John ; for it is exactly in those very cases that most mischief is done by an injudicious meddling with Nature in her efforts to work a cure. He reminds us, indeed, of what was once said to us by a Catholic priest who had been largely cognisant of the effects of the various modes of treatment adopted by different practitioners when the cholera was at its worst in the north of England. " If I had the cholera myself," said he, " I should send for *no doctor at all*."

On the whole, then, we look on Sir John Forbes's book as a most valuable contribution to the health of mankind. Whether it will contribute as powerfully towards the incomes of apothecaries may be another question. We do not see, however, that the value of medical advice is to be measured by the amount of physic which their patients swallow—By the way, what an expressive word is that term " patient," as used to describe a sick person in the hands of a doctor ! What sick people want, is to be cured of their diseases ; and there is just as much call for the physician to cure them by gentle and rational means, or by allaying their fears and enlivening their spirits, as by butchering them with calomel, or assassinating them with the lancet.

DR. OLIVER'S COLLECTIONS.

Collections illustrating the History of the Catholic Religion in the Counties of Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Somerset, Wilts, and Gloucester. By the Very Rev. George Oliver, D.D. Dolman, 1857.

THIS is the latest work from one of the most authentic and most prolific sources of historical information that the Catholics of England have possessed in our days. The author's whole life has been dedicated to these researches; he has been personally acquainted with many of the most interesting persons, both lay and clerical, of whom he writes; his industry is unquestionable, his accuracy in noting down such facts as he discovers unparalleled, his temper in treating of them imperturbable to a fault, his personal amiability has given him access to many private stores of knowledge that are shut to other writers, his book has been long hoped for and long announced; but we must confess, now we have got it, it has given us quite as much disappointment as pleasure. This is an ungracious reception to give in return for so much conscientious labour, and some really valuable results from it; and we might easily avoid the disagreeable reproaches which our frankness is sure to earn for us by taking refuge under the usual complimentary platitudes, which, in ordinary cases, authors and publishers expect from reviewers; but we feel this to be an instance where even a compromise of opinion involves a dereliction of duty, and a great injustice to the public interests of the Catholic body.

We readily admit that we have here a book of "Collections," as announced in the title-page; but we think we had a right to expect from such a collector more than the appendix to his note-books. For many years he has been flinging to the Catholic public most dainty scraps in the periodical literature of the day, stimulating our appetite for the hour when we should sit down to the full banquet of his matured information about the great heroes of the faith in past generations of Catholics; and we cannot now be satisfied with a dry dish of dates, and a cool reference to some more savoury morsel formerly cooked up in the *Catholicon*, the *Orthodox Journal*, *Dolman's Magazine*, or some other fossil publication that lived in the days of the megatherium and ichthyosaurus, which perhaps exists in the British Museum, but which few living men have ever seen, and fewer can possibly possess. We would not wish to say a word that can be construed as unkind of the author's talents, capabilities, or industry; and

we cannot doubt, that if he *would*, he *could* make *history* of his *collections*. We complain that he has not done so. He jots down little isolated facts, often mere half-stories, valuable only as parcels of a whole, and does not trouble himself to joint his dry bones and breathe the spirit of life into them. It is not enough to imitate the industry of the ant in collecting little dry details, unless the chronicler will take the trouble to go beyond the style of architecture peculiar to that insect, and reduce his heaps into some cemented form. If we cannot have proofs that a man lived to some purpose, we care little to know the precise period at which he was blessed with a godmother. The accuracy of a day on which nothing particular happened does not interest us, though it has cost a world of trouble to fix it precisely. Now, with the exception of a few valuable original documents, and some general expressions which derive their chief force from what we know otherwise, we might read this book and go away believing that the great exploits achieved by the Catholics of the West for the faith mainly consisted in having birthdays and anniversaries. For our part, we think these are just the two days in a man's life which, however important to the individual, the public generally cares least to know, because these are probably the very two on which he did least that interested the public. We want the intermediate history between these limits of his earthly existence; and as we feel sure that Dr. Oliver could frequently give it if he would, we are impatient and disappointed to have received so little. While he was collecting materials for this book, and sending occasional hints of his subject to periodicals, any deficiency or reticence of detail was excusable, and inevitable; but this was a transitory state of things. We want the conclusion from all these premises; the fabric built of these masses of materials. What he has given in scraps is lost. History printed in periodicals is written in water. If he does not, as he best can, while there is yet time, fix his records in as complete a form as his matured information will allow, and bring together his *dissecta membra*, he neither does justice to himself nor to his subject, and he has merely spent his life in amassing collections that some dashing writer will hereafter appropriate and convert into literary capital in a more accessible form.

It may satisfy his modesty to be entered in the "Biographical List of the Clergy" as, Oliver, George, D.D., with ten lines of chronology after his name and (at, we trust, a remote date) a supplementary eleventh line of necrology; but it will not satisfy his duty to himself that the public should be obliged to annex to it a *Sic vos non vobis* epitaph; and though

"his only ambition is, that his name may be written in the Book of Life," we think it will look much better there with the praise of having glorified before men the hosts of saints and martyrs among whose chronicles he has spent his innocent and useful life. He has already done this partially; we urge him to do it completely.

We must make one incidental remark on the antiquarian portion of his book. Dr. Oliver has shown by his various publications how much may be done towards illustrating the history of the Catholic Church in England, by industry and perseverance, even under the disadvantage of labouring in a limited field, in a provincial town, almost exclusively among private sources of information. He has done wonders to save future historians the trouble of painful research; we give him credit for having, within the limits of his subject, exhausted the vein he has been working, though he has not brought all the rich ore to the surface. We are the more convinced that it is not in private stores, often poor, sometimes suspicious, always difficult of access, that are to be sought the great treasures of Catholic history yet extant. From all the results we have seen, we judge that these fields are almost barren in comparison with the rich harvests yet untouched among the more or less accessible archives of various public institutions at home and abroad. We have already given the readers of our late Numbers a few samples of these treasures. If it were in our power to command the co-operation of a few such industrious labourers in these fields as Dr. Oliver has proved in his, we might indeed hope to set before the reading world such a view of the iniquities of the so-called Reformation, and the heroic fidelity to their God and their country of the Catholics of these lands, as would create a revolution in the accepted history of these latter ages.

We wish we could heartily praise, or honestly dismiss without notice, that part of Dr. Oliver's book which relates to the present time. But it may not be. There is nothing perhaps in the whole range of authorship that requires a cooler judgment, or a stronger nerve, to steer a writer through its perils, than recent or living biography. Here we could have respected his difficulties, and have been contented with a bare chronological catalogue of names and dates; but unluckily this is the very part of his work where the author has preferred to go beyond these skeletons of history and to venture most hazardously upon biographical fullness. If he had suppressed all personal narrative involving character, we should have commended his prudence or his delicacy; if he had praised every body and every thing indiscriminately, we

could have winked at his simplicity, or his charity, or his over-anxiety to avoid giving offence, even at the expense of his courage or his judgment;—but he has just praised with indiscretion enough in some cases to destroy the value of many more panegyrics which were far better deserved, and exposed in some parts of his book transactions very discreditable to personages who elsewhere receive high general commendations. Now, to us, this does not seem a satisfactory mode of treating facts. There are revelations enough dispersed about the book to show that the old Western District (of which, with the addition of Gloucestershire, his book treats) has been in modern times the victim of grievous evils in the management of its temporal affairs, and the erratic ungovernable characters of the miscellaneous clergy whom the bishops, in their destitution of a regular succession of pastors, have been obliged to accept as occasional missionaries; and it would have been quite as well not to have fenced with such truths. All writers on such delicate topics are liable to be misled by partial or erroneous information; we cannot congratulate Dr. Oliver on having escaped this danger. We have under our eye at this moment one very elaborate and passionate encomium on a person whom but a little careful inquiry, in an obvious quarter, would have placed in the deepest shadow of the author's picture. There are others of whom he has said both too much and too little.

We will pass over a certain number of minor inaccuracies, some of which may probably be attributed to the printer, in the hope that the author may be induced to re-edit the book in a shape more worthy of his fame, when they will doubtless be corrected. It would cost him but little labour to add, to what is here given of the history of past times, other facts of which he is evidently in possession, and some which he has formerly wasted upon periodicals and newspapers. As to that part of the book which treats of the present period of religion in the West, we would urgently recommend a cautious revision of it, but most especially of the biographical notices. Grave delinquencies may be shielded by silence, but never with unmerited praise. A bishop who ruins his diocese by his imprudence, and only escapes ecclesiastical censures for his writings by giving pledges of amendment, which he immediately and publicly violates, can hardly be called a luminary of the Church; and no amount of satire against his accusers will remove the stigma from a priest suspended for grievous wickedness, after the accusations have been fully proved and sentence pronounced by the competent tribunal. We entreat Dr. Oliver to be cautious, lest his unsuspecting good-nature

should allow his unblemished name to be used as the mantle to cloak iniquities that will inevitably tarnish it. Charity may cover any sins by silence; it ceases to be charity when sinners are defended at the expense of truth.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Maxims and Sayings of St. Theresa. Translated by the Rev. Canon Dalton. 2d edition. (Dolman.) We are glad to see a second edition of this remarkable little book.

1. *The Days of my Life.* By the Author of "Mrs. Margaret Maitland." (Hurst and Blackett.) 2. *Hidden Links; or the Schoolfellows.* (Newby).—We are sometimes asked to mention the names of a few novels which may be safely recommended, whether as unexceptionable in morals, or with Catholic personages concerned in a non-controversial story, or as furnishing a little pleasant reading with an absence of violent or unhealthy excitement, or as inculcating good principles without any of that distinctive "preaching" which is the vice of so much of the fiction of the present day. The two stories before us may be named as supplying one or other of these wants. One is by a very decided Protestant, and a Scotch woman to boot; the other is by an Englishman, and a Catholic. One contains few incidents; and its merit lies in combining a certain amount of quiet strength with an entire absence of rhetorical exaggeration. The other looks more to a variety of character and action for its interest, and for bringing the reader into contact with people too little familiar in their natural every-day life with the English public. We have so few novels of this kind written by English Catholics, that we regret that an accident has prevented our welcoming the first appearance of the author of *Hidden Links* until now; and we should be glad to see him as successful with the general public as he deserves.

1. *Willy Reilly and his dear Colleen Bawn.* By William Carleton. 3d edition. (Duffy.) 2. *The Works of Gerald Griffin.* (Duffy's National Edition.)—A line or two is all that new editions like these require. Carleton is one of the most taking and popular of the delineators of Irish life; and two years have brought his last story to a third edition. Gerald Griffin was a writer of great power, of the same class as Carleton and Banim, with this difference, that he was a devoted Catholic, and died while preparing to take the vows in a religious order. Duffy's re-issues of his works are as readable and good-looking as they can be at the price, and, in fact, far better than many of the cheap railway series. It is satisfactory to learn that it pays to bring them out in such a form, for they are really very fairly turned out.

1. *The Life of Mrs. Seton, Foundress of the Sisters of Charity in America.* 2d edition. By Dr. White, Baltimore. (Murphy.) 2. *Pauline Seward, a Tale.* By Dr. Bryant. 5th edition. (Murphy.) 3. *Goodwon, and other Poems.* By A. Dewar. 2d edition. (Partridge.)

4. *Evangéline, traduite de Longfellow par le Chevalier de Chatelain.* (Rolandi.) 5. *The Fijihof Saga.* Translated by Heckethorn. (Trübner.) 6. *Flowers from Foreign Lands.* By Father Charles. (Duffy.) 7. *Turkey and the Crimea.* By the Rev. E. Owen. (Hatchard.) 8. *The Young Crusader, and other Tales.* (Duffy.)—A word of notice must similarly suffice for all the above, as they are only new editions or translations, save the two last, one of which is interesting as coming from one of the Protestant chaplains who attended the army. It is a sensible and agreeable lecture, and tells a good deal in a small space. The other is a series similar to those which the same publisher has brought out before, and with the same merits.

State Rationalism in Education. 2d Series. A Digest of the Reasons on which certain Members of the Clergy are unable to accept the Privy-Council Education Grants. By the Rev. H. Formby. We are not willing to slay the slain, or to rake up old controversies for the sake of criticising a book ; but we cannot help thinking that the whole cause of Catholic education suffers when the opinions of one party, however weak, are represented by such a pamphlet as this. Fancy being taught that the Government-grants to schools must be one of two things : either an alms, or a *douceur* given to promote a godless system ! It cannot be an alms, because the Privy Council does not ask our prayers. Therefore it is only a wily *douceur*. The author forgets that people may act without a thought about religion, or about any particular system of teaching at all. A benevolent person, in cholera time, may distribute money for medicines without making himself a partisan of allopathist, homœopathist, hydropathist, or hygeist. He sees people perishing, he pities, he fears that the plague may approach his own doors, and he distributes his money by handfuls, begging the poor people to clean out their pigsties, whitewash their bedrooms, and send for the doctor. So our Government fears the increase of the criminal population that is brought up in the streets ; it sees that the only remedy is education ; it knows that the country will not allow a uniform Prussian or Russian state-system ; the only thing left is to aid the ministers of religion in procuring means of education for their respective flocks. The grant is not an alms nor a wily *douceur*, but an assistance to enable us to bring up our children so as not to enlarge the terrible mass of the criminal population. Whether the grant to us is due to the fear of this evil, or to a growing sense of justice, or any such natural motive, it is a real boon, and though our own by the strictest distributive justice, may be received with that amount of gratitude which is due to all men who, when they might have done evil, abstained from doing it. Our own intrinsic strength is not sufficient to compel them to make these grants ; the tradition, perhaps the feeling, of the country is against their being conceded to us ; and yet they are given, and given in a manner which has hitherto satisfied those who have the commission to watch over our souls. We hope the controversy about them is settled for some years to come.

Complaints of a Convert ; or, our Religious Relations with the Continent. By E. S. Foulkes, late Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxon. (London : Lumley.) The title of this little pamphlet is striking, and suggestive of unpleasant contents. The Catholic will be agreeably disappointed to find that the convert's complaints are not against the Church, but against his countrymen for their treatment of the Church, especially for their European ecclesiastical policy. The author is speaking to Protestants, and puts himself more or less into their position, and therefore makes every possible concession to them. But some of these

concessions are put into language that will easily bear a meaning offensive to pious ears,—as when he draws out the parallel between the rise of the English Constitution and the rise of the Papal power ; where the meaning is, that the right lodged with the successor of Peter from the first only gradually developed into action ; but where careless readers will be sure to find the admission that the *right* itself was but of gradual growth. And again, when he advocates political relations with the Holy See, in order that our Government may be able to have some control over the spiritual power of the Pope in the colonies (p. 91). Like the writers in the *Union*, Mr. Foulkes advocates “concessions on both sides,” and talks against “extreme opinions.” He has a notion that the Anglicans have a succession unbroken from the medieval Church, and several other fancies, ordinarily harmless, but hardly so innocent in present circumstances. Yet, for all this, the pamphlet is well written, and calculated to do good among those to whom it is addressed, our Protestant fellow-countrymen, if it chances to reach their hands.

Phantasmata ; or, Illusions and Fanaticisms of Protean Forms productive of great Evils. By Dr. Madden. 2 vols. (London: Newby.) In these two goodly volumes Dr. Madden undertakes to discuss the phenomena of sorcery, possession, and all the various mental states which the common sense of mankind has hitherto referred to extra-natural agencies. Dr. Madden, in common with modern philosophers, takes a physician’s view of these phenomena, and refers them to the mutual action and re-action of the imagination and the body. Imagination is the Proteus of these fanaticisms, by which he would, if he were not too good a Catholic to be consistent in his philosophy, account not only for the demonopathy of the Jansenist nuns, but also for the visions of St. Teresa. But the holiness of the saint overcomes his theory, and he is obliged to concede an objective reality for the unseen world with which she communicated. In all other cases the modern philosopher has it all his own way ; and a very unreasonable way it is. Because all spiritual disorders have certain effects on the body, because these effects can be tabulated, and presented in a statistical form, therefore—what?—therefore they are mere phenomena of nature, and are not caused by any preternatural influences. Whatever can be numbered is natural, not supernatural ; or, in other words, because two and two are four, therefore there is no God ; because God’s own immediate creations are wrought in number, measure, and weight, therefore they are not His creations at all ! Because there is an average of crimes, therefore crimes are not the result of free-will, but of a natural law. “If one person in thirty thousand eats shoes or marries his grandmother, then one person in thirty thousand must eat shoes or marry his grandmother,” as we are told by an American philosopher. Dr. Madden’s principle is not fundamentally different. He tabulates and reduces to statistics all phenomena of sorcery and possession, and finds their medical characteristics, and then at once, by a jump, for which we can find no logical justification, concludes they are natural, not caused by demoniacal agency. We are pained at this conclusion ; for we think that in this age it is almost as necessary to believe in the devil as to believe in God. Doubtless many such cases are mere illusions or cheats ; but to refer the whole class to such agencies, logically, we fear, leads to deplorable consequences in religion. As we said before, Dr. Madden’s religion is too strong for his philosophy, and in consequence he has given us a valuable compilation, which the Catholic who takes an interest in this repulsive subject may, if forewarned, read with advantage.
